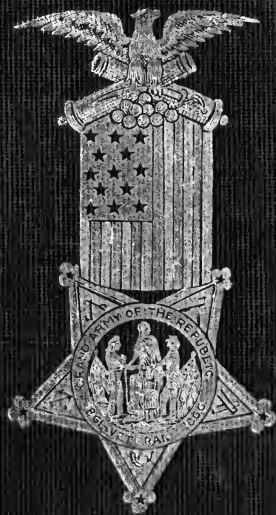


The Village Mystery

THROUGH WAR TO PEACE

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# THE VILLAGE MYSTERY AND THROUGH WAR TO PEACE

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BY  
**BENJAMIN F. MASON**



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**PART I.**  
**THE VILLAGE MYSTERY.**





# THE VILLAGE MYSTERY.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE RESCUE FROM THE RIVER.

Adieu, the city's ceaseless hum,  
The haunts of sensual life, adieu!  
Green fields and silent glens! we come  
To spend this bright spring day with you.—*Aldrich.*

It was a soft balmy afternoon in May. The sun shone brightly on hill and vale, and glittered gayly on the clear waters of the river that ran through the village of St. Arlyle, fringed on each side by rows of trees dressed in their brightest green, forming a pretty picture.

Just beneath the shadow of a large oak stood the bridge spanning the river, a spot where the idle rover leaning upon the railing could gaze into the clear waters of the stream.

A short distance below the bridge a young man about five and twenty was standing on a broad rock, beneath the shadow of a willow, fishing. He was tall and straight, with a well-formed figure. A small, arched foot was planted firmly on the rock. He was dressed in gray, with the exception of a double-breasted, black velvet vest,

across which glittered a heavy gold chain. His hat was lying carelessly on the rock at his feet, and his brown, curly hair was pushed back, except several ringlets that would mischievously curl down upon a strong, white forehead, beneath which shone his clear hazel eyes. He had a well formed nose, a small mouth, well cut lips shadowed by a dark-brown mustache, plump, smooth cheeks, and a dimpled chin. In short, a handsome, boyish face, that one would admire and be willing to trust.

All this was taken in at a glance by the young lady crossing the bridge, even to the dimple in his chin.

His head was bent gazing into the water beneath, and he did not notice the mounted beauty, till he heard the crash of the bridge railing, and saw horse and rider in the river. He threw off his coat and vest and running a short distance along the bank, sprang into the stream, and swam to the young lady's rescue. After a short struggle he placed her on *terra firma* again.

She had not lost consciousness even for a moment, but not a word passed between them till they stood safe on the bank, when she exclaimed:

"Oh! it was a fearful struggle! I certainly should have drowned had you not rescued me!"

At this moment a boy brought back the truant horse, which had been easily caught, having swam ashore and cantered down a neighboring lane.

Giving a coin to the boy, who ran away in great glee, the young man said:

"Now, my lady, mount your horse and ride

home, and change your wet clothing. You will catch a severe cold if you don't. Come! mount, my lady," said he, impatiently.

She smiled at his tone of authority, and said, laughingly:

"I'm not used to being ordered, Sir."

"Physicians sometimes order," he replied.

"Old ones do, but I thought you were a fisherman," she said archly.

"Away! if you do not wish to catch cold," he said smilingly, as he turned on his heel. But he wheeled again, and, looking after her, muttered:

"She's a fine rider, and a perfect beauty. I wonder who she can be."

With this remark he picked up his coat, vest and hat and disappeared among the willows.

She had ridden a short distance at a rapid pace when she remembered that she had not thanked her rescuer. She suddenly pulled up her horse, and turning around looked for him, but he was nowhere to be seen. Then she pushed rapidly onward, as she brushed the long wet golden curls from her rosy cheeks, and taking the jaunty velvet hat from her head, with its long drooping scarlet feather, wet and limp, she muttered, laughingly:

"Poor abused feather, and wet hat! Didn't you get a ducking? And didn't *I* get one too!"

"But I wonder, what his name is? He said he was a physician, I know that much. But, then, never mind! I'll hear all about him to-morrow. For of course he'll be a hero, and all that. But, then, he's a good looking young fellow."

Thus her thoughts wandered on, as she rode along, forming a pretty picture, dressed in a bright blue riding habit, trimmed with white fur, thrown open at the neck showing a sailor's collar, and exposing the plump white throat and bosom. Upon the latter lay a golden locket suspended by a black ribbon, which formed a dark circle around the smooth, white neck. Her damp golden curls floating in the gentle breeze, surmounted by the jaunty hat, with its drooping, scarlet feather, so becoming to the regal little head with its clear white brow; lustrous black eyes, with long drooping lashes; a dainty straight nose; a little, pouting mouth, framed by the ripest red lips; a well-formed chin, rosy and plump cheeks, that dimpled whenever the little mouth opened. It was a rare, sweet face, but with a dash of wild waywardness in it.

She was in her seventeenth year, the daughter of Captain Merton, a wealthy, retired army officer and widower, who owned one of the finest residences in the village: a large brick house surrounded by a handsome garden, with its fine flowers, shady arbors and bubbling fountain. Here was Bertha Merton's home. The very idol of her father and a maiden aunt, and the pet of her friends. She was at times a wild and willful little beauty, but still she owned a noble, sympathetic heart. She always had an open hand for the needy, and a kind word for those in affliction. Many of the poor in the village had blessed her for aid in their distress.

On reaching her father's door, the first person to greet the little lady was her aunt.

"O Bertie," she cried, "how in the world did you get so wet? Why you are as wet as you can be!"

"O, auntie, I went swimming in the river, and that was real jolly!"

"Oh, mercy on us!" cried the latter in horror.

"Yes, auntie, and in a young man's arms. And that was real jolly too!"

An explanation followed, and Bertie was petted and cried over, till she was glad to be alone.

The next day Miss Merton neither saw nor heard anything of the handsome stranger, who had rescued her from the river. Days passed into weeks, but still she heard nothing of him, though the circumstance was the talk of the whole town. Some knowing old women and credulous young ones hinted at something superhuman about it.

But Miss Bertie would declare, to all their questions, that he was real flesh and blood. She remembered him too well to allow his image to leave her mind's eye. She had been intently taking in his every feature when the horse so unceremoniously sprang into the river. And the after occurrences had impressed every lineament of his face on her memory. A handsome head of curly dark brown hair, ever floated before her visionary dreams.

"I really wonder who he can be?" said Bertie to her aunt. "He won't even come to be thanked, and be lionized for his bravery. He must be an independent fellow indeed. But, then, he was too independent, for he didn't try to please me one

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bit, and you know I'm not used to being treated in that way?"

"No," replied her aunt, laughing, "I should think not, by the number of suitors at your command."

The young beauty was really piqued at the neglect of the "handsome fellow," as she called him. It was a new thing to her not to be sought out and courted.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in our philosophy,  
'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world.—*Hamlet*.

It was a bleak December night in St. Arlyle; the strong gusts of wind and rain blowed fiercely into the faces of those treading the streets. It was late, and but a single person was pushing along the principal street of the town. It was the village blacksmith, Thomas Gleaton, (the wit of the place) wending his way homeward. As he strode onward he gave an occasional grumble at the weather, as a gust of wind and rain struck him full in the face. He pushed along till he had nearly reached the outskirts of the village, and commenced to ascend the low hill, overlooking the town, upon which his house and shop stood; while nearly opposite frowned against the sky the "Haunted House," a large, massive, stone



structure, two stories in height. It was surrounded by a garden, once beautifully arranged and planted with choice trees and flowers; but it had been neglected for years, and the trees and flowers had long since run wild, or been choked by the weeds. In the middle of the yard stood a fountain decorated with marble statues, which had long grown green from the moss that had been accumulating on them for years. The garden and house were surrounded by a high iron fence.

It was called the *Haunted House*, on account of its being said that the apparition of a murdered man, the former owner, was wont to visit his once earthly home.

When Gleaton was nearly opposite the old building, he saw a ghostly blue light gleam from one of the upper windows of its dark walls. Could it be possible, he thought, that the light came from the *Haunted House*, or was he mistaken? He looked again; it was surely there. A weird, blue light, that grew brighter each moment.

He stopped and stood gazing in wonder at the light. Had the murdered man's spirit really come back to visit his earthly residence? No; he must be mistaken; his eyes were deceiving him. For Gleaton was one of those that had scouted the idea that the house was haunted. He looked again and again, but still the light became more and more brilliant!

The history of the "Haunted House" was a strange one and, no wonder, the legend ran that it was haunted. Though it had been uninhabited

for nearly a quarter of a century, yet it was in nearly as good condition as when first constructed. Its gray stone walls formed a clear contrast to the wild masses of green ivy and running roses that clambered up its sides and encircled its columns. Its many battlements and turrets loomed up sharp and gloomy, against the moon-lit sky. Even the many windows remained unbroken; for the legend of the apparition, that nightly visited the house, kept the mischievous school-boy away; though the high iron fence would have been no barrier to his nimble legs.

Its history was, that about twenty-six years before this night, two brothers had built this castellated mansion, and after residing happily together for a couple of years, they commenced quarrelling, it was said, about a woman, but none even knew, for one morning the elder of the brothers was found dead in front of his house. His skull had been crushed with an axe, and the blood spattered over bench and ivy. The murderer was never heard of after.

After this sad occurrence the house became the property of a nephew of the unfortunate men. He had it sold, and it was purchased by a rich chemist, in the neighboring city, who let it remain unoccupied year after year, until nearly a quarter of a century had fled.

The house, standing on a hill, commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding neighborhood and the distant city. It would have been a beautiful place, had it received proper care.

It was said by the superstitious of the village, that since the fratricide the murdered brother

paid nightly visits to his former home. Though no ghost had ever been seen, yet strange sounds were heard to issue from the old building.

Gleaton stood in the cold gazing almost thunderstruck at the bright blue light shining from the old house.

"Now," he muttered, "if I were inclined to believe in ghosts, here is something unreal and unnatural! Here is a strange light issuing from the 'Haunted House,' where there has not been seen a ray for a quarter of a century.

"Why, the mischief! The blue flame has changed to a green one! I must see this thing closer," he continued, as he pushed on toward the iron fence that surrounded the place.

He strode up to the inclosure nearest to the window whence came the light. He had a plain view of the room, and he saw what appeared to be a huge furnace, from which issued large volumes of green flame. He stood watching the room. The fire seemed to grow gradually less; when suddenly a bright light burst from the windows illuminating all around, even the garden and fence. It was so bright that it dazzled his eyes. When he looked again toward the window, he saw an old man with long hair standing before the furnace. He had watched the form but a few minutes when suddenly the flame changed to a *blood red*, followed by a loud explosion, and the building was enveloped in darkness. Gleaton remained a short time leaning against the fence, but he could see nothing of the light. Then turning his steps, he moved homeward as he muttered:

"Strange performance, by jingo! There must be some trick about it. But, then, what would a person gain by going to so much trouble? And, then, when no one might see the strange sight, for I do not believe any one but myself saw it."

In this he was mistaken, for those in front of the public house had also seen the strange phenomenon, and as Gleaton passed they eagerly asked if he had seen the ghostly performance.

"Yes," he replied, "I saw the spectacle."

"Well, what do you think now? You must acknowledge there's something strange about it."

"Yes, you've got to acknowledge it now," said another, "there's no way to get out of it. The old house is haunted."

"Yes," said the public-house keeper, "there are strange uncanny things over there," pointing at the old house.

These questions were thrown in an exultant tone at the blacksmith, for he was among those who had ridiculed the idea of a ghost haunting the old house.

"Well, gentlemen," said Gleaton with a twinkle in his eye, "those lights in that window are mere reflections from a comet that astronomers have just discovered. The comet is not visible yet, being below the horizon."

At this reply they all laughed, while Gleaton moved onward. He was the wit of the village and never allowed an opportunity to pass of making a joke. He was a man a little above the ordinary height, rather slimly built; but a well-knit form. He had a large head, with a high, broad forehead, from which were pushed masses

of black wavy hair; bright hazel eyes with a peculiar merry twinkle in them; a well-formed nose, and a sharp cut mouth, bearded with dark brown whiskers.

He had a strong intellect and a fair education, which was much improved by his retentive memory and his love of reading. There was ever a droll humor about him and a keen appreciation of the ridiculous. He was nearly always prepared for repartee, no matter how sudden the attack. He soon discovered the humorous qualities of the villagers, and always improved his opportunities. He saw the witty side of life when others failed to appreciate it, and then presented it so plainly that they could not help seeing the hidden humor. As the poet says:

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed;  
That oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH SHOP.

And children coming home from school,  
Look in at the open door,  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff, from a threshing floor.—*Longfellow.*

The next morning the strange lights and scenes in the Haunted House were the all absorbing topics of conversation in the village and surrounding country.

Was there really a ghost in the old house?

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If not, what produced the marvellous scenes? Many who were skeptical before now thought there was something unearthly in the strange performances; and those who had believed in the apparition before were now more firmly convinced.

At night, quite large crowds collected at different public places, but by far the largest one was in the blacksmith shop, to discuss the apparition with Tom Gleaton.

The crowd had seated themselves on every available place in the shop. Each of the three anvils had an occupant perched upon it, while the bench in the corner was fully occupied by a dozen more; others were seated on the water barrels, tubs and astride the wooden horses, while several broken plows and wagons afforded a resting place for a large number of others.

"Well, Gleaton," said one of those assembled in the blacksmith shop, "there's something strange about this matter anyhow."

"Yes, gentlemen," said the blacksmith, with a serious countenance, "I know of no way to account for it unless Dick Lex got up in the old house when he was on a drunk."

Dick Lex, as he was called, was a lawyer who had become perfectly debauched by liquor, a talented man who had at one time stood high in his profession and had been the admiration of his friends. But the intoxicating bowl had dragged him down till he had lost all self-respect, and become the butt of the town's wit. He was noted for being able to out-talk any man in the

town, and on that account and his sharp wit, few dared to face him.

"Well, if he did," said one of those present, "I'd like to know how he could cause those strange lights."

"Well, you see," said Gleaton, "while he was up there he might have got to talking to the wall—you know how Dick can talk—and he probably talked so much that the friction from his jaws set his head on fire, and then the combustion spread to his stomach and all that bad whisky he has drank for the last ten years took fire."

This explanation was followed by a peal of laughter. When it had subsided, one of those present said: "But, Gleaton, seriously, what do you think of this strange occurrence?"

"Think," said he with a smile, "that it's very rough on Dick Lex."

"But," chimed in a third one, "I saw Dick to-day."

"Well, then," said the blacksmith, "that bursts up my theory. I was thinking of reporting it to the Professor of Chemistry at the University."

"I'll tell you what I think about it," said the village carpenter, "it's the spirit of that man who was murdered in the old place nigh on to thirty years ago."

"Yes," said another, "it must be his ghost."

"Yes, there's something unnatural about it."

"It must be a ghost," said the old shoe-maker. "Such things ain't natural."

"Yes," said the blacksmith, "there's a mystery somewhere. He must be fond of fire, to have such a large one."

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"And so many colored ones," chimed in one of those on the bench.

"He must be a partner with his Satanic Majesty in the brimstone business; he keeps up a roaring old fire."

"Yes," said Gleaton, "you'd better not fool around there, he'll catch some of you."

"Well, I'd like to see his ghostship any how," said the butcher.

"You better keep away, or the town will be without a butcher."

"Yes, and you better not be smelling around there, or the town will be minus an iron-roaster," retorted the butcher.

"But, by the way," he continued, "did you hear of the accident that occurred to-day? The railroad cars ran over a boy."

"No, no," cried several, "when did it occur?"

"This morning about eight o'clock."

"Did it hurt him much?" asked another.

"Oh! it undoubtedly killed him."

"Yes, I suppose it did," said another. "Too bad; wasn't it?"

"Whose boy was he?"

"Captain Brown's son."

"Sad thing," said a man seated on a bench.

"How old was he?"

"Brown's boy is about fifteen years old," answered another.

"Why, he was old enough to keep out of the way."

"Yes," said another, "but how did it occur, Tom?"

"Well," said the blacksmith, with very sober



countenance, "he was under the bridge fishing and the train ran over the bridge; and therefore it ran over him."

"I thought you said there was an accident to the boy," yelled the butcher.

"So there was. He lost his fishing rod in the river."

This was followed by a laugh, and some thinking it was time to go home, as Dave Johnson asked: "Did that boy catch any fish?"

"Oh yes, he caught a few suckers."

In a short time but the three remained in the shop. The blacksmith, Dave Johnson, the butcher, and Bill Anderson. These three were strong friends and were always ready for fun or mischief. Their united strength at practical jokes and hoaxes was the terror of the town.

"Well, Gleaton," said the butcher, when the crowd had left, "if you'd come along where that boy was fishing he'd have caught another sucker."

"Not if you'd sold the boy's father any of that tough beef of yours. He'd have starved to death before he got enough of it chewed."

"You've eaten a good deal of it and it didn't starve you to death," retorted the butcher.

At this juncture they were interrupted by the entrance of a rich old farmer—an Irishman—who had brought a wagon load of plows to be mended. Though a very rich man, the Irishman could neither read nor write. The three, knowing this, thought they would have a joke at his expense, so when he asked: "What's that ye's was arguin' about?" Gleaton replied: "We were just contending whether d-o-g or d-a-g was

the right way to spell dog. Now how would you spell it?"

"Wid letters ov course," he replied.

They saw they were beaten on their own ground and acknowledged it by a merry laugh.

"I tell you, Tom," said Johnson to Gleaton, when the three were alone, "we must investigate this ghost business, that we must do."

"Now, suppose we pay a visit next Saturday night and try and discover the mystery."

"Let me see. This is Wednesday," said Anderson, "we can do it, can't we?"

"Agreed," said the other two.

"There is something strange about this thing."

"Yes, there's a deep mystery."

"And we must look into it, if we can," said Johnson, as they turned out of the shop.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A VISIT TO THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Of clanking fetters—low, mysterious groans—  
Blood-crusted daggers, and uncoffin'd bones—  
Pale gliding ghosts, with fingers dripping gore  
And blue flames dancing round a dungeon door.—*Sprague.*

It was a dark, cold night, as Gleaton and his two companions climbed over the iron fence into the garden that surrounded the Haunted House. The clock in the neighboring tavern had chimed the hour of ten and most of the villagers had retired for the night.

The old house loomed up dark and grim against the cloudy sky. Its massive stone walls



*(A Village Mystery and  
Through War to Peace)*



and pinnacles seemed to frown ominously down upon the three adventurers.

"By jingo! Gleaton," said Anderson, "it is cold!"

"Yes, as cold as the Arctic regions."

"Now this is the best side to watch the ghostly window," said Anderson.

"No," said Gleaton; "over there by the rosebush, we can get the best view."

"Well, here we are in position," said Johnson, "I hope we won't have long to wait for his ghostship, it's too cold for pleasure."

"No, I don't think we will. It's after ten o'clock, isn't it, Joe?"

"Yes, it's time for the ghost to appear."

"He might be poking around in the Infernal Regions and forget his usual visit on earth," said Gleaton.

"Yes, he might be stirring up his Satanic Majesty's fires and be unable to get away from business."

"Keep cool, Gleaton, you'll see the spectre soon enough."

At this moment Johnson exclaimed: "There's the ghost!"

They turned their eyes toward the window and beheld a bright green light gleaming forth, illuminating the garden where they stood. It was a large window and admitted a view of most of the interior of the room.

Eagerly they gazed through the window, when suddenly the light changed to brilliant red.

"Well," exclaimed Johnson, breaking the silence, "the spectre's at his work."



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"Yes, and he seems to be changing his colors."

"By jingo! look at the flames leap up. The whole apartment seems to be a mass of fire."

"Yes, my heavens, he's got a roaring old fire there!"

"He must have obtained some fire and brimstone from the other world and started a small-sized hell on earth."

"Listen," exclaimed Anderson, "do you hear the roaring of the flames?"

"Yes, I should think so. It is growing louder every moment!"

"I tell you what it is, the house is on fire. Wait a moment and the flames will burst through the roof."

"No," answered Gleaton, "the fire has been seen there for the last week, just as it is now. It's always confined to the one room."

At this moment groans and shrieks issued forth as of some lost spirit in anguish. They grew louder and louder till they filled the room with their wild melody! Meanwhile the red flames poured forth in huge volumes till they lit up the garden with a ghastly glare. The men looked at each other, pale and terror-stricken.

"There's something supernatural about this thing," exclaimed Anderson.

"Yes," replied Gleaton, "there's a deep weird mystery here."

"The devil himself must be loose. Let's leave, I've seen enough," cried Johnson, pale and trembling.

"No, not yet," replied Gleaton, "let's see the mystery to the end!"

"No," answered the former. "I've seen enough. I'm going to get out."

"Don't leave yet, Johnson. I know it seems as if there were something supernatural about it, but stay and see the thing out."

"No, my curiosity is satisfied, I am going. I've seen enough for my peace of mind. It must be a demon's work."

"By thunder," exclaimed Gleaton, when Johnson had left them, "I don't believe in spirits; but there's something here I can't account for by human causes."

"Yes, there's something strange and unearthly," replied the other.

"And we must try to discover it."

"I don't know," said Anderson, with a shake of the head, "we had better leave unnatural things alone."

"No; let's see more of the spirits; if they are spirits they won't hurt us, and if it's a trick, let us find it out."

The other shook his head in a deprecatory manner as he answered: "I can't see who would play the trick. What would they gain by it? Besides, it's strange and unnatural. I'm convinced that it's the work of ghostly beings."

"Ghost or no ghost," said the other, "I am determined to see more. You may go if you wish to do so, but I intend to remain."

"No, I'll stay with you. But I believe these strange scenes are the work of no human hands. It may be the work of the old Nick himself. But I'll stay and see the program out."

"Bravo! Anderson, that's right, I'm glad you'll stay and see the thing through."

"I'll stay as long as you will," said Anderson.

"That's right. Now let's move forward."

Meanwhile, the strange lights and noises continued to issue from the old house.

"What do you propose to do, Gleaton?" asked Anderson.

"Climb that tree that stands near the house and look through the window. We will be able to see a good deal of the interior of the room from the tree top. It's a high tree nearly on a level with the window."

When they had climbed nearly two-thirds of the way up the pine tree they took a firm hold of the limbs and eagerly looked into the room. At first they could see nothing but a mass of red flames; but gradually they could distinguish a huge furnace whence the red fire issued. It was a large room, and they were unable to see the walls. Wild ghostly figures seemed flitting about, while loud groans and shrieks continued to issue forth. They gazed on the scene but a few minutes, when a tall, old man appeared before the furnace. He had a long, white beard reaching far down upon his flowing robe; a wrinkled face, pale and ghostly, around which hung masses of long white hair.

At intervals, he would throw some object into the flames and this would be followed by shrieks and groans.

The two men clung to the tree and looked at each other white and trembling.



"It is the Evil One himself holding his hellish carnival."

"Yes, it must be a demon at his devilish work."

"This certainly is no human being's work."

"No, it is some foul spectre at his dreadful play. Have you seen enough, Anderson?"

"No, as you said, Gleaton, let's see this thing to the end."

"What do you propose to do?"

"We must get down and try and get a closer view."

"Yes, we ought to do that; but how will we accomplish it?"

"We can climb upon that porch that runs along beneath the window. By going to the edge of the porch we can look through the window."

"Yes, I think we can struggle to the top of the portico."

"Then let's go down to the ground and make the attempt."

The two descended to the ground, and crossing the yard to the house they ascended the steps with hearts beating like trip hammers and their faces pale, but determined. They commenced to climb up one of the columns, grasping hold of the vines that twined about it. After a short struggle, they reached the top of the portico.

"Well," said Gleaton, "like the clown in the circus, 'here we are.'"

"And now for a peep at the Demon's chamber," cried the other, while the roar of the flames nearly drowned his voice.

Slowly and tremblingly the two approached the window and eagerly gazed into the haunted

chamber. They could see wild tongues of flame licking up all before them with hissing sounds and terrible groans. Suddenly two bloody hands rose amid the flames and then disappeared, while shriek followed shriek, as if a thousand lost spirits were bewailing their anguish.

The two stood terror-stricken, unable to move. They were leaning upon the window-sill for support, when, unexpectedly, the old man appeared before their vision, the colored flames giving a weird expression to his face. He stood gazing with a grim smile of satisfaction at the roaring flames and then turned toward the window. The two sprang from the window, pale, and trembling in every limb, fled down the column and across the yard, not halting till they stood outside the iron fence.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE CHANCE MEETING.

'Tis sweet to remember, I would not forego  
The charm which the past o'er the present can throw,  
For all the gay visions that fancy can weave  
In her web of illusions that shines to deceive.—*W. G. Clark.*

It was a bright, spring morning, as Miss Bertie Merton stood on the steps of her father's house, attired in her blue riding habit, holding a silver-mounted riding whip, with which she was gently tapping a large New Foundland dog that lay at her feet. The dog wagged his tail, and looked proudly up in his mistress' face as if he felt duly honored by her patronage.

As she stood waiting for her horse to be brought, the little blue figure formed a pretty picture against the grey granite steps. The queenly little head surmounted by the velvet hat with its scarlet feather drooped over her plump shoulders, as she placed it on her head that morning, and looking into the mirror, she noticed with pleasure how becoming it was to her pretty face.

She had not worn the hat since her fall into the river and her noble rescue by the handsome stranger—nearly a year ago. She could not help wondering why she had not heard of him since, and if she would ever meet him again.

As she stood on the steps she formed quite a contrast to her cousin, Miss May Wentworth, standing near her, who, since the death of her parents, had come to live with her uncle. Miss May was a handsome blonde, with a tall graceful figure, nearly a head taller than Bertie—long silken hair, reaching nearly to her waist; a clear white forehead, and an aquiline nose; a pearly-white complexion; a small rosy mouth, that showed two rows of even white teeth when the lips parted, and melting blue eyes that strongly contrasted with Bertie's bright black ones. She wore a white dress, cut low at the neck, showing a bosom and throat as white as alabaster, with a blue sash encircling her waist and fastened in a bow at the back; a little white hand was partly buried in the folds of her dress, and a small, arched foot peeped out from beneath the white robe.

She was a noble, sweet-tempered girl, whom Bertie had learned to love dearly in the three

months that they had been together. And one could soon see, by May's gentle ways, that their love was mutual. Miss Wentworth was but a year older than her cousin, though she looked much the elder. Bertie's small stature and pretty face gave her a more youthful appearance. "So you won't go with me to-day, May," said her cousin Bertie, when the horse was brought around to the steps.

"No, not to-day, Bertie; I don't feel well, I have a headache."

"I am sorry you don't feel well, May, it is the first time I've ridden without you since your arrival, and I don't like to leave cousin May behind."

"Oh, never mind, Bertie, enjoy your ride. The pain in my head will soon go away, when I lie down." Miss Merton, after kissing her cousin, bounded into the saddle, and throwing a kiss to her father, who was at the window, she galloped out into the street.

She rode rapidly onward, till she reached the bridge, where a year before she had been so unceremoniously pitched into the river and rescued from drowning. Since that day she had neither seen nor heard one word of the handsome stranger, and as she came in view of the bridge her thoughts wandered back to the event.

"I wonder what has become of him? I should really like to see him again. He was a handsome fellow; but he is too independent, not even to come and be thanked. Of course he has heard all about me, and his brave act has been the town talk ever since. Well, I don't like him a bit if

he is brave and handsome. It was naughty in him not to make himself known after the excitement he caused," continued the little beauty, as she turned her horse and rode up the road that ran along the river. She had ridden about half a mile along the river, thinking of the handsome stranger, when suddenly her horse came nearly opposite a path leading into the road, and the object of her thoughts stepped into the highway. He was dressed in a black suit, the same double-breasted, black velvet vest—or one that looked exactly the same—with the heavy gold chain across it; and the same military hat, with the double silken cords around it. He held a large book under his arm. All this Miss Merton took in at a glance, as her heart gave a wild bound beneath the blue waist.

She drew up her horse beside him. The recognition was mutual, for she had been as much the subject of his thoughts as he had been of her cogitations.

She held out her hand as he raised his hat, and as he grasped the little hand, she said with a winning smile:

"Why, how are you, Doctor?"

"How are you, Miss Merton? I see you have dried yourself after your impromptu bath."

"Yes," she replied, smiling, "but it did not take quite a year to do it."

"No, I suppose not. The same jaunty hat with its scarlet feather. How becoming," he continued, smiling.

"No, not the same feather. The water spoiled

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that one and I had to get another. A scarlet feather is essential to my happiness."

"Yes, I suppose so," he replied, smiling, "but this plume is just like the other."

"Yes, exactly the same. Now, I must thank you for rescuing me from the water—you know I didn't have time to do it then. You hurried me away. But why didn't you let me know where you were, so that I could have thanked you long ago? You've heard all about me. Now, haven't you?"

"Yes," he replied, laughing.

"Now, wasn't it naughty in you to keep me in ignorance?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do know! Wasn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, laughing.

"I know you have learned my name. But I don't know yours."

"Yes," he replied, smiling. "Mine is Charles Landon."

"Dr. Charles Landon?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"I've heard of you before, but I never met you to know you."

"This is a beautiful day to ride?"

"Yes, a very pleasant day."

"A nice day for you to take a bath in the river."

"I have no doubt, sir. But I don't intend to do so. By the way, what did you do with those fish you caught that day you helped me out of the river?"

"I forgot them and left them lying on the

rocks. I suppose they lay there till they decayed."

"No," she replied with an arch smile, "I stole them that night, and they were splendid, too."

"Oh, were they?" he replied, laughing. "I'm glad to hear it."

"Yes, indeed, they were. You are going to the University on the hill. You are their Professor of Chemistry, are you not?"

"Yes," he replied. "I am going to lecture to the students."

"Well," she said, "I must ride on. But you must come and see my father to-night, and give him an opportunity to thank you for saving his daughter's life."

"I cannot pay you a visit to-night, although it would afford me great pleasure to do so. But to-morrow evening I can, if agreeable to you."

"Well then, see that you come to-morrow evening. I must go now, good-bye!"

"Farewell," he said as he raised his hat and walked a short distance; then stopped and stood watching the little figure in blue as she rode out of sight. "She's as handsome as a Houri, and she rides like a queen. No wonder she has many admirers."

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

"I must visit her to-morrow evening. They say she's a schooled coquette, but never mind, my beauty, you won't add me to the moths around your candle."

Thus the young Doctor's thoughts ran on the

pretty face he had just left, as he strode rapidly towards the college which stood on the outskirts of the village. He held, as the reader is aware, the professorship of chemistry, and lectured every morning to the students on that science.

Dr. Charlie Landon, as he was usually called, was a noble, brilliant fellow, the most popular professor in the college, and a great favorite with the village. He was one of those men, whom, when we meet, something irresistibly seems to draw us toward them, making us feel that we have met one of nature's noblemen. Many a poor man had blessed him for his generous aid in time of sickness and his kind words of encouragement. As Miss Merton rode onward, she fell into a deep train of thought, of which the young physician was the subject.

"So, then, it was Dr. Charlie Landon who rescued me from drowning. The man the whole town has been praising, till I was sick of hearing his name. I imagined him to be a conceited fellow, but he's not the least bit conceited or proud. It was real mean in him not to let himself be known, when he knew his bravery in jumping into the river was the talk of the village. It was he who said I was a thorough coquette, when I jilted poor Dick Benedict; but, then, Dick soon recovered and married Nellie Brown. Never mind, Doctor, I'll make your heart burn yet for that remark. Then he is so provokingly cool; he knew who it was he had rescued from the water, but he never even mentioned it. Kept it a secret for a year, nobody knows how much longer, had I not accidentally met him. I don't like those kind



of men, they are so hard to do anything with. But when they do yield, they're gone. Coaxing and petting at first, and by and by they yield."

Lost in these reflections, she rode rapidly onward till she reached home. As she was dismounting from her horse, she exclaimed to her cousin, who was standing on the steps:

"Oh, May, I've found the man who pulled me from the river. And who do you think he is?"

"Why, how should I know, Bertie?"

"Why, it's Dr. Charlie Landon."

"Dr. Landon? Why, I had no idea it was he. I am indeed surprised."

"Yes, it was he; and I don't believe I like him."

"Don't think you like him? Don't you know whether you do or not?"

"Well, I don't like him for staying away and not letting me know who it was that fished me from the river, as if I were nobody. It wasn't even polite."

"How do you know he did, Bertie?"

"Why, the circumstance was talked of all about the neighborhood, and don't you believe, he had the audacity to tell me so. I really feel quite piqued."

"That's something new to Miss Bertie. But where did you meet him to-day?"

"I met him on the road."

"Why, did you never meet him before?"

"No, I never saw him till the day I fell so unceremoniously into the river. I've heard so much about him, I thought he must be a conceited fellow."

"Well, do you find him so?"

"I don't exactly know, May. But, then, he treats me with such coolness. He doesn't seem to care whether he pleases me or not."

Miss Wentworth laughed, for she had often heard Bertie speak admiringly of the handsome stranger who rescued her from the water.

The next evening found Dr. Landon knocking at Captain Merton's residence. Bertie answered the door herself, and when she saw him, exclaimed:

"Oh, Doctor, I'm glad to see you've kept your promise."

"Are you? I always keep my promises with pretty girls."

"Now, sir, no compliments," she replied, laughing.

When they had entered the parlor Bertie said: "This is my cousin, Miss May Wentworth." Miss Wentworth arose and held out her hand, as she said:

"The Doctor and I have met many times before."

"Oh, have you? Then I suppose you are old friends."

"Yes," she replied, "we have met quite often."

"I think, Bertie," continued May, laughing, "that you ought to be introduced to Dr. Landon. I don't believe you ever were."

"But, when a man takes a girl in his arms, that ought to be introduction enough."

"And kisses her, too," replied Landon.

"No, sir, you didn't kiss me; I would not allow that!"

"How do you know? Weren't you insensible when I was swimming out of the river with you?"

"No, not for an instant. Why, did you think so?"

"You kept so quiet, I thought you were insensible."

"And you thought about kissing me. Well, sir, you'd have got your ears boxed if you had."

"That wouldn't be a very severe penalty for kissing a pretty girl. Do you think it would, Miss Wentworth?"

"I don't know," she replied laughing.

They all laughed, and Miss Bertie said:

"May says you've been in California. It must be a wonderful country, where they find so much gold. Please tell us something about it. I am very anxious to hear about the land of gold."

"Yes, I went there in charge of a geological expedition. From California, we went into Arizona, and thence into Mexico, seeing in our travels quite a variety of wild life."

Thus they spent a very pleasant and instructive evening, as he described to them the scenes and adventures in those new countries, often telling them in such a humorous and droll manner that they laughed till they almost cried. Then he told so vividly and pathetically of the sad death and burial of noble comrades, while bravely doing their duty in those wild lands, (always keeping himself in the back ground) that several times tears shone in the young ladies' eyes. For, though he was but twenty-six years of age, he was old in experience, for he had studied deeply in science, and was an interesting talker.

## CHAPTER VI.

## LOVE AND SCIENCE.

Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,  
 And warbles in bondage her strain,  
 I have struggled to fly thy dominion,  
 But find that the struggle is vain.—*Morris.*

As the summer days passed rapidly away, many an evening found Dr. Charlie Landon at Captain Merton's residence; and on bright evenings Miss Bertie and he strolled along the river in pleasant conversation. It is said—forewarned, forearmed—so he thought there was no danger that he would ever fall in love with the golden-haired little lady, for he had often been told that she was a finished coquette. Though it was pleasant to linger near her, it meant nothing more. But as the poet says:

For love at first is but a dreamy thing,  
 That slyly nestles in the human heart,  
 A morning lark which never plumes his wing,  
 Till hopes and fears, like lights and shadows, part.

But he was only human after all, and his heart soon learned to beat quicker whenever the neat little figure with the jaunty hat and scarlet plume floated before his vision. So he took his first lessons in love, and rapidly became as adept a student as he ever had been in the field of science. Till now, he had been fancy free, impregnable to every woman's pretty face. But when those

men who are slow to join the ranks of cupid begin to love, they plunge in with all the passion of their heart and soul; unlike those shallow swains, who imagine themselves enamoured with every pretty form they see till some other equally pretty draws them away. Thus unconsciously he was falling in love—insensibly learning the bright lessons of love. The lessons, gentle reader, you and I have learned, or shall in the years to come. Love, the old, old story, yet ever fresh and new. The story of the heart; one of the feelings “Time cannot benumb.”

Coquette, he heard Miss Merton to be, therefore she could have no influence on him. But often where the head is cool and collected, the heart grows stronger and bravely pushes on. Perhaps it is better so; for the heart is often noble, where the intellect would be severe. So, in these three months, he had made such progress in love that to retreat was almost impossible, but to press on was easy.

This clear summer evening, Dr. Landon put his books on the shelves in the laboratory, pushed aside the chemical apparatus, and kicked the new box of minerals under the table, though there were several rare ones, and a new metal just discovered which chemists were eagerly investigating. He had taken great pains to obtain it, having sent nearly a thousand miles for the ore containing the metal. But he was studying another science now, even more interesting and complicated than chemistry—that of love. When he had extinguished the light in the laboratory, he closed the door, and walking down stairs, bent

his steps rapidly toward Captain Merton's residence. On ringing the door bell, Miss Bertie answered it in person.

"Oh, Dr. Charlie," she exclaimed, "I'm glad you've come! Ned Wilberton and May went out walking, and I could not go with them; for two are company and three are none. It is such a beautiful evening, I longed to take a stroll in the open air."

"How do you know I'll go with you?" he asked, laughing.

"Oh, I know you will. That's a good fellow. Now, won't you?"

"I don't know. But get ready and then I'll tell you."

"I knew you would," she said, laughing.

"I didn't say so."

"But you will." And she hurried away, leaving him seated on the stone steps.

Presently she returned, wearing the becoming hat with its scarlet plume and the shawl on her arm. He wrapped it around her plump shoulders, and they turned down the garden walk toward the river.

"Well, Dr. Charlie," said she, "I thought you were not coming to-night. You said you were going to examine those rare minerals and that new metal, which has just been discovered."

"Yes, I ought to have investigated them, but I thought more of you than of them. Don't you feel flattered?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes," she replied archly, "I should think so, to be compared to rare minerals," and she added,

"even if they are new ones. By the way, what are the names of the metals?"

"They are called 'Germanium Indium, and Radium.'"

"And what are their uses?"

"Chemists have found no use for them all, except Radium."

"And the new mineral is called Achrematite, isn't it?"

"Why, yes! The little lady has done well to remember that hard word."

"But what does the ore contain besides silver?"

"I do not think it contains silver at all, though it was sent from Mexico to the University as such. It undoubtedly contains lead, mixed with arsenic and molybdenum; if you remember, that rare metal I showed you in the laboratory the other day was molybdenum."

"Oh, yes, that white one almost as lustrous as silver, but not near so heavy."

"Yes, that's the metal," he replied, laughing. "Why, you will soon become a chemist."

"Oh, I should dearly love to study chemistry. But I don't like those hard formulas you gave the students,  $H_2S$  and  $CHCl_3$ ."

"Why," he exclaimed, "you do remember those formulas. I had no idea you would. No, of course, you wouldn't begin chemistry by learning those dry symbols. But they become easy enough after you understand their meaning. Since you haven't forgotten the formulas, can you tell what they represent, Pussie?"

"No, I do not know what both of them sig-

nify," she replied, as she nestled her head against his shoulder.

"They stand for sulphuretted hydrogen and chloroform."

"Then, Charlie," said she with an arch smile, "why don't you say sulphuretted hydrogen and chloroform, instead of those letters?"

"Because those letters tell of what the substances are composed; which is the idea of chemistry desolving a substance into its simplest parts. For instance,  $H_2S$ , stands for one part or one molecule of sulphuretted hydrogen, and it also tells that one part is composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of sulphur;  $CHCl_3$ , indicates that chloroform is composed of one atom each of carbon and hydrogen, and three atoms of chlorine; another reason for using letters is, that it is a shorter method of expression. And then by using letters, chemists have a universal nomenclature or language, understood by all, be he a French, German or Russian chemist. Just as a physician's prescription can be read by all druggists whatever their nationality may be. You know how these letters are derived, Bertie?"

"Yes, they are the first letter or two letters of the metals or element's Latin name. As S stands for sulphur; Co for cobalt; Au for gold, from its Latin name, aurum; and Fe for iron, its Latin, ferrum. But I did not know before why the first letters of their Latin names were used instead of their English."

"Yes, these symbols are used so as to have a unity in the science all over the civilized world. As you know, there are seventy-five elements in



Chemistry, of which five are gases, sixty-two are metals and eight are metaloids. All compounds are made from these seventy-five elements."

"I thought there were sixty elements."

"Did the book you studied at school give that number?"

"Yes, I think it did."

"I have no doubt. But chemists have discovered ten new metals since the book was written."

"How do you know some metals from others, when they look so much alike?"

"Oh, chemists have many ways by which they can determine a metal, and even quickly extract it from a compound of many different matters."

By this time they had reached the river, and as they stood gazing upon its bright surface gleaming in the moonlight, she exclaimed:

"How bright and beautiful it looks."

"Yes, wouldn't you like to plunge into it, just as you did when I first saw you, on purpose to have me pull you out."

"No, sir, I didn't fall into the river purposely! How could I prevent my horse from plunging into the water?"

"You might have made him," said he teasingly.

"No, I didn't, and it's real naughty in you to say so, Charlie?"

"Well, then, it 'might have been' purely accidental."

"You know it wasn't on purpose, now don't you?"

"No, I don't know it. But, then, as they say in law, we put the best construction on the matter,

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and say it was accidental. But still you may have fallen——”

“No, but I didn’t,” she exclaimed with a stamp of her little foot, “and it’s real mean in you to say so; besides it was you who frightened my horse, when I wasn’t looking and he plunged into the river.”

“But weren’t you looking at me all the while?”

“Yes—No!” she exclaimed, turning her head away and blushing.

“Come now, Bertie, honor bright, weren’t you?”

“I won’t answer you, Charlie. Because—it’s none of your business!”

“That’s acknowledging it,” said he, laughing.

“No, it isn’t. I don’t know why you want to tease me about falling into the river. But then you got a good wetting, and lost your fish, too,” she retorted gleefully.

“And I suppose, that was good also,” said he, smiling.

“Yes,” she replied archly, “they were nice large fish. I sent the boy down and stole them.”

“I’ve no doubt of that, for I came back and looked quite a while for them.”

“Oh, I’m glad of that,” she exclaimed, clapping her hands.

“Glad that I lost the fish intended for my supper?”

“No,” she replied demurely, “that I had them for mine.”

“So, then, you got repaid for falling into the river?”

“No, I didn’t fall in intentionally!” she ex-

claimed with a pout of the pretty red lips. "But you were going to say so," said she somewhat mollified, "now weren't you?"

"I don't know, Pussie."

"Yes, you were. But what made you keep out of the way so long?"

"Oh, because I didn't know what a charming little lady you were."

"Now, none of your compliments, sir. Tell me really what the reason was?" she asked, turning her large liquid black eyes up to his face.

"Why, I've told you."

"But tell me the true reason. Now, honor bright."

"Well, I'll tell you; because I heard you were a thorough coquette, and I wasn't anxious to play moth to your candle."

"Why, who told you such naughty things about me? And you didn't believe it?"

"Yes, of course, how could I help it?"

"But you don't believe it now?"

"Why, certainly not, Bertie."

At this moment the other lovers came in view.

"Why," exclaimed Miss Merton, "there's Mr. Wilberton and May coming toward us."

"Yes, they seem to be enjoying the evening together."

"Yes," replied Bertie demurely, "I wonder if he's telling her about the legality of being out in the moonlight. I don't think he looks as if he were. Does he?"

"I do not know. He once told me, it wasn't legal to have two beaux at the same time! I in-

formed him that Congress had repealed that law long ago."

"But, then, you wouldn't want two beaux?"

"Yes. For one might get intoxicated and fall into the river. Then, if I only had one lover, I'd be bankrupt."

"Why, that's so, and it's a poor rule won't work both ways, so I must try and find another sweetheart."

"No; it's illegal for a man to have two strings to his bow."

"I don't know. Suppose you ask Ned, when he comes up. He looks as if he were engaged in a legal question, doesn't he?" Landon asked, laughing.

"No; he looks as if he were trying to solve the problem of love."

For the young lawyer had dropped his arm about Miss Wentworth's waist, unconscious that they were watched by the others, till he glanced toward them, then his arm dropped to his side.

"There," said Miss Merton, shyly as Mr. Wilberton's arm dropped from May's waist, "he's solved the problem."

"Do you think so? Perhaps they were only flirting."

"No, May never flirts; she's too honest for that. May is a true, darling girl, and I love her better than anybody else in the world, except papa and——"

"And me," said the Doctor, laughing.

"How do you know, I was going to say that? What an egotistical fellow?"

"But that's what you were going to say. Wasn't it, Pussie?"

"Why, sir, how conceited you are. But isn't it time to turn homeward?"

When Wilberton and Miss May had passed them, the former said:

"I think your pretty cousin is caught at last. He looks down on her as if he owned her, and," he added, "nearly as much as you do me."

The pretty blonde blushed; the hot blood mantled her fair face, as she answered shyly: "I thought it was you who owned me?"

"I think," he replied, as his arm resumed its former position, "the ownership is mutual. Isn't it, May?"

"Yes, I think so," she answered archly.

As Dr. Landon and Miss Bertie were parting at her father's house, she said: "I shall be at the laboratory to-morrow. I want to see you analyze those new minerals;—farewell."

"Vale!" said he, as he kissed his hand to her.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

In the chemist's wondrous laboratory!  
What a weird mystery seems to dwell  
About those many shaped glasses and bottles;  
And what curious stories they could tell!

The afternoon of the next day was clear and bright, and Miss Merton—as she tripped through the gate and up the graveled walk that led to the College—thought it a very pleasant day; the air

seemed so fresh and light, that she felt as if thrown into some fairy land.

The University buildings—three in number—stood on a low hill, commanding a view of the surrounding country. The middle and largest building was used as an academical department, containing the lecture rooms and Professor's offices. It was a huge, brick house, two stories in height, with numerous running roses clambering up its broad walls and hanging festoon-like over the broad pediments above the windows. The edifice on the right of this one was the College museum and library; while the stone building, standing in the midst of a garden, with a bright green lawn between it and the road, was the Medical College. At the left of these buildings were the lodging and dining houses of the students. Miss Merton went up the stone steps and, entering the hall, ran up the stairs. The College halls were almost deserted, for, it being Saturday, but few students were in the building, and the first person she met was the janitor, at the head of the stairs.

"Is Dr. Landon in his lecture-room?" she asked.

"No, miss, the Professor has gone to the hospital, with a class of students."

"When do you expect him back?"

"He may be here at any moment. He usually gets here long before this time."

The Professor's hospital was four miles distant, and it took but twenty minutes to go there by the railroad. It was situated about two miles from the city, toward the village, the city being

nearly six miles from St. Arlyle. Miss Merton turned down the stairs again, and, walking out of the hall, stood on the massive granite steps looking fresh and pretty, all unconscious that she was in full view of the young Doctor, who was coming up the hill hidden by the grove of trees. And it made his heart beat with pride to see how beautiful she looked. Her small head—surmounted by the jaunty velvet hat, with its long scarlet plume drooping down on the little shoulder—was turned slightly from him, and the mass of long golden curls was fastened back with a blue ribbon, and hung nearly down to her waist. They shone in the summer sunlight like threads of gold. Her long drooping eyelashes shaded the lustrous eyes, and her little mouth was pouting, all unconscious that the plump red lips looked so temptingly pretty, and formed a dimple in each cheek. Her graceful form was attired in a well-fitting dress of light grey, fastened at the waist with a scarlet sash. The skirt was swept picturesquely back by the gentle breeze, displaying the tips of two plump little shoes. The dress was cut low at the neck, and displayed a throat and bosom of alabaster whiteness, one ~~hand~~ of almost snowy clearness, was toying with a gold locket, while the other hung listlessly by her side.

"Well, Miss Pussie, have I kept you waiting?" asked Dr. Landon, as he came up the walk.

"Oh, no, I arrived here only a few moments ago."

He dropped his arm about her, and they went upstairs together, her long curls sweeping

against his shoulder. They entered the laboratory, a very large and high room, situated in the front part of the building, and commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The floor was covered by a light, soft carpet and the ceiling was handsomely frescoed. On one side of the apartment was built a huge rosewood cabinet reaching half way across the large room, and extending from the floor nearly to the ceiling, surmounted by a heavy cornice, on which stood the bust and figures of a dozen noted chemists. It contained shelf after shelf, all closely packed with innumerable minerals of every size, shape and hue, and covered by glass doors. There were literally thousands of them to dazzle the eye with their gay colors and beauty. There were to be seen bright, transparent hexagonal quartz crystals, stalactites of lime, resembling huge cylindrical icicles, large six-sided blocks of basalt, so that they looked as if they had formed in a mould, cubic and octahedral crystals of fluor-spar, and glassy crystal feldspar. One shelf was completely filled with precious stones that dazzled the eye with their brilliant lustre and beautiful tints. Among these were sapphires of blue, yellow, violet and green colors; emeralds of yellow and green; tourmalines of blue, violet, green, yellow and red; topazes of blue, yellow and red; garnets, beryls, turquoises, amethysts, variegated agates, cornelian, varieties of jasper, and many more, too numerous to mention. Piled on the other shelves, were ores of gold, silver, lead, antimony, arsenic, bismuth, copper, iron, manganese, quicksilver, nickel, cobalt, etc. Their



colors were as varied as rainbow hue; from the white quartz glittering all over with gold and silver, to the blue and green colors of carbonate of copper, and the crystalline red resinous ores of taugstate of lead. Against the opposite wall stood another glass case fully as large as the one already mentioned. It was closely packed with chemical apparatus, and numbers of bottles, filled with solids and liquids, of every color, from which came that peculiar, agreeable odor, prevalent in all laboratories and drug shops. Against the other walls stood several book cases well filled with scientific works; and in the middle of the room stood a long rosewood table, scattered over in picturesque confusion with minerals and chemical apparatus. In the centre of the table was a balance in a glass case; around it lay glass tubes, funnels, flasks, matrasses, beakers, retorts, test tubes, etc.; while near these stood several spirit-lamps, an iron stand, crucibles, stone mortars, bell glasses, wash bottles, moulds, and the many other paraphernalia of a chemist. In one angle of the room was a furnace surrounded by its necessary utensils.

In the corner by the window, which commanded a fine view, stood a large walnut desk, with books, papers, and minerals. Among the books lying on the desk were Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry, and the works of Moore and Byron.

"Science and literature mixed," he said, smilingly, as Miss Merton stood examining the surface of the desk.

"Yes," she replied, "irrevocably, mingled like

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the waters of rivers and sea. But, which do you love the better, science or literature?"

"It would be hard to tell. But then science could make no progress without a full literature, or language. For literature is the record of the thoughts of the mind and the means of refining and polishing them. Without the use of a correct language all the arts and sciences would be in a wild, chaotic state. Scientists would continually misunderstand each other and endless arguments would ensue upon the same thing expressed, only, in different ways. As it is, words or sentences misunderstood have caused the squandering of many a life time and millions of dollars. It has been estimated by an Attorney General of the United States that this country pays annually over twenty million of dollars for the abuse of the English language concerning contract legislation. Among nations, misunderstood words, or sentences of statesmen, have engendered deadly hatred, leading to the clash of arms, and the destruction of an almost inestimable amount of property, as well as the loss of millions of human lives. These mistakes often become evident to the combatants when too late to be rectified.

"So you see literature is the treasure-house of thought, accumulated through bygone ages, where all may gather the beauties of language, science or art; and a polished literature must always precede science, for letters are its foundation."

"Yes," she replied, smilingly, "one would think you an enthusiast in literature as well as in science. But I can fully understand the force and

truth of your argument. And I can see plainer the deep meaning of Cowper's couplet:—'Sacred Interpreter of human thought, how few respect or use thee as they ought.' But what is this ore?" she asked, taking up a mineral that lay on the desk.

"It is loadstone, an iron ore. It comes from one of the most noted iron mines of the world; not celebrated on account of the great amount of iron, but on account of their peculiar property, that of magnetism."

"And where are the mines situated?"

"They are on the Black Sea, near the ancient city of Magnesia, which in ages gone by was the seat of government and oriental splendor. Magnesia is but a short distance from Constantinople, which was the capital of the Byzantine Empire—the last vestige of the great Roman government to decay. Being the last resort of Roman civilization, men of science and letters naturally congregated there. This peculiar and wonderful property of the ore—that of magnetism and polarity—soon engaged their attention. Thus the name magnetism was given to this strange property of the ore—from the name of the ancient city of Magnesia, where the ore was first found. But, finally, learned men had to leave for this being the last Christian stronghold in eastern Europe the Mohammedans concluded to capture it. So, after a desperate resistance, in which the Christians fought with a bravery never excelled, and a desperation akin to death, their king rushing nobly to the front and falling in the thickest of the fray, the Mohammedans captured Con-

stantinople. Now, Miss Bertie, can you tell in what century the downfall of the Byzantine Empire occurred? Let us see what kind of an historical scholar you are?"

"Yes, I can; you professors think none but yourselves know anything."

"But when did this event occur?"

"In the 15th century."

"Yes, you did know."

"Oh, I do know a little. But how did you get this ore from Magnesia?"

"It was given to me by a person who has been traveling in Europe. If I take a thin, narrow piece of this loadstone, and balance it on a point, it will take a direction exactly north and south. The needle of the compass, as you know, is but an arrow of steel, one end of which is rubbed with loadstone, or as mineralogists call it, magnetic iron ore."

"Is this loadstone found only at Magnesia?"

"Oh, no, it is found in many other places. It is one of the common iron ores of the United States."

"There is another kind of magnet, produced artificially. Can you tell me how it is made?"

"It is made with a galvanic or electric battery. Isn't it?"

"Yes, you're right, Pussie," said he, patting her cheek.

"I do know a little, don't I?" she asked archly.

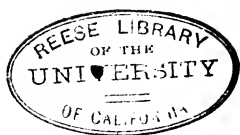
"Yes," replied he, teasingly, "a very little bit."

"You ought to have your ears boxed," said she, slapping his ears, gently.

"There is another curious matter about these



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mines, near Magnesia, they are undoubtedly the same mentioned in the *Arabian Nights* Entertainment which it calls the mountain of adamant. You remember, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, the story of Sinbad the Sailor. That when the ship came near the shore, the attraction from the mountain was so great that the nails and iron in the ship flew with violence toward the mountain, and then, it says, the ship sank."

"Yes, you remember the story, and curious to say, since navigation has commenced on the Black Sea, many ships at night and in fogs have ran ashore on account of the deflection of the compass, by magnetic influence, thus, somewhat verifying the old legend of the *Arabian Nights*."

"It is very strange, that we should have a partial realization of this ancient legend. I've heard that the *Arabian Nights* was written hundreds of years ago."

"Yes, it is at least over two thousand years since it was written. For it was nearly as popular before the Christian Era as it is now."

"Oh, I did not suppose it to be near so old and that it is one of the links of the ancient world with the modern."

"Yes, it is one of the world's oldest books."

"Why, this is common salt!" exclaimed Miss Merton, picking up a bottle from the desk containing the salt. "Do you use it in chemical manipulations?"

"Oh, yes, it is a very useful chemical. Can you tell me of what elements salt is composed? Oh, you can't. So you don't know even a little bit this time, Pussie."

"Salt is composed of two deadly poisons. But when these two are chemically united, they become inert, that is, lose their poisonous properties, and we may eat them with impunity."

"It is a curious phenomenon, isn't it, Charlie?"

"Yes, but salt is not the only mixture of two poisons that become inert."

"Salt is the most familiar because of its universal use. The two virulent poisons, opium and belladonna, counteract each other. I know of a case in which a man took an ounce of laudanum, and its poisonous effects were counteracted by the other toxical drug, belladonna, and the man's life was saved."

"As I said before, salt is composed of two virulent poisons, chlorine and sodium, thirty-five parts of the former to twenty-three of the latter. That brilliant white metal that I showed you in the glass case is sodium. And chlorine is a greenish gas—the name being derived from the Greek word Chloros, meaning green."

"Oh, yes, I've seen the gas produced."

"Then you know how it appears."

"Yes, Dr. Charlie, but what is this, in this jar."

"That is sea water, taken from the ocean, for the purpose of analyzing it."

"Do you know how much salt sea water usually contains?"

"Yes, it contains about a pound and a half."

"No, you're wrong, Pussie."

"Am I?"

"Yes; it contains two and a half pounds to every hundred pounds of fluid mixture. Do you



know of anything else the sea almost always contains?"

"Oh, yes, it contains iodine, and I believe, also bromine."

"Yes, good; and it also contains silver in solution."

"I did not think that, but I suppose it is in small quantities."

"Yes, chemists have analyzed the waters of almost innumerable parts of the ocean, and they find by a careful computation that the ocean cannot hold less than two millions of tons of silver, in solution, and a grain of gold to every ton of water. It's a good deal of silver, isn't it, Bertie?"

"Yes, truly wonderful."

"Now, Pussie, can you tell me what gives the green color to the ocean?"

"No, I cannot."

"It is caused by dissolved copper floating in it. Did you ever notice that some seas or oceans are green, while others are quite blue?"

"Yes, quite often, so that one could almost see where the green and blue come together; they somewhat resemble two fields of green grass and blue violets."

"The bluish oceans are caused by ammonical salts of copper, while the green color of others is caused by the chloride of copper."

"So, then, we can see the copper in the water but not the silver."

"Yes, for it gives a bright color to the water, just as Miss Bertie does in a crowd."

"Now, sir, none of your compliments, for you once said I was a coquette."

"Yes, but I was a naughty fellow then, and I didn't know what I was talking about. I was not aware then that you were the grandest little nuisance in the world."

"Now, sir, take that," she said, gently boxing his ears. "But why can't we see the silver in the water?"

"Because it is in an invisible state. If we take an ounce of silver and dissolve it in nitric acid, and then throw it into a bucket of water, we cannot see a particle of silver. In this way we may dissolve more than nine pounds of silver in the bucket, and not a particle will be visible in the water. In fact, the water will be as clear to our view as before putting in the silver."

"Oh, I see now why the silver is not visible," she replied.

"We may show in the laboratory how the sea is colored by dissolving a few pieces of copper in an acid, and then throwing it into a bowl of water; the liquid will immediately become a bright green. If we then add hartshorn, or aqua-ammonia, we will have a miniature bluish sea—or rather, bluish purple. But it is time to go home, is it not, Bertie?"

"Yes, I did not think it was so late," she answered, looking at her watch. "The afternoon has passed very quickly and pleasantly."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## GLEATON'S VISIT TO THE GHOST.

"On a sudden, shrilly sounding,  
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;  
Then each heart with fear confounding—  
A sad troop of ghost appeared."

Weeks and months glided by, but the phantom still held his quarters in the old Haunted House on the hill. On moonlight nights, or on dark, dismal ones, the weird, mystic colored lights are ever seen to float from the spirit window. The terrible demon of the fiery world here seemed to hold his wild carnival with the grim spectres of the infernal regions. Often, all night the bright lights gleamed from the window; but they always disappeared when the first beams of day burst in the east; as if the monster hated the daylight for his ghastly work.

As the old house stood on a hill the colored lights that burst from its window shone as a beacon to the surrounding country; and many were the hideous stories told by belated travelers of the strange phantoms seen floating in the colored flames. Superstitious people of the village long since agreed that the house was the abode of spectres. And the more incredulous persons, who had been loth to believe in the supernatural, had at last confessed that there was something beyond their comprehension, though they had

made many efforts to discover the mystery. The question, "Is there a ghost in the old house?" was no longer asked, for it was an admitted fact that the house was haunted.

The strange story of the village ghosts spread to the city, and many came from there, returning wonderstruck.

Among the last of the villagers to believe that the house was haunted was Thomas Gleaton; though he was half convinced that there was something unearthly about the strange beings, he wished to be farther satisfied and determined to visit the spectral scene and see more. His friends tried to dissuade him from this rash act, but he was determined. He tried to induce his boon companions, Johnson and Anderson, to accompany him, but they had no further curiosity in that direction—they were satisfied. Those terrible shrill shrieks, as if of some lost soul in torment, and those mystic flames that ever shone at night, struck an indescribable terror that nothing earthly could cause.

The village had become so noted on account of these spectral scenes that in the neighboring country it had almost lost its name of St. Arlyle and was known as the Phantom Village. After a while it became so that children, women and even men went into the street after dark with a feeling of dread, lest they should meet this minion of Pluto. Several persons in passing the Haunted House just at day-break had seen the spectre leave it, cross the garden and approach the gate which flew open before his touch like the magical door of the secret cave of the Forty Thieves in the

Arabian Nights before the charmed word "Sesame." Its lock had long grown rusty, and no key had been fitted to it for more than a quarter of a century, yet it swung back on its rusty hinges at the spirit's mystical touch.

The demon was described by those who had seen him to be terrible. Wild tales were told of his hideous aspect—the clouds of infernal vapor that surrounded him, the saucer-shaped eyes, surrounded by masses of tangled grey hair; the claw-like hands and, some even added, a tail and horns. In fact, he was described as one of the nine demons of the Infernal Empire, of which Beelzebub is the sovereign, so radiantly painted in mythology.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

It was a dark, windy night when Thomas Gleaton entered the garden of the Haunted House. The walls were dark and gloomy, except for the lurid blue light that gleamed from the spectre window, shining forth Argus like, as if watching over the pandemonium of death. Blue and ghostly were the gleams it cast on tree, shrub and marble statues, looking deathlike in the gloomy shadows that lay between. As he passed along the rank growth of bushes and vines his wild imagination fancied every shadow to be some spirit of the infernal regions.

The clock in the church tower had toled the hour of eleven, and as he walked up the stone steps he saw the last light in the village disappear. Alone in the darkness he muttered:

"Now to unravel the mystery, or to be in company with the spectres of Hell?"

Though was his heart beating wildly with a strange terror, and his brain on fire with excitement, he went to work filing off the staple that held the iron shutters of the window. Though he worked rapidly, the bell struck sharply the hour of midnight ere he cut the staple in two. He felt a strange terror creep over him as he stood there at midnight.

Noiselessly raising the window he sprang into the hall. Silence, except now and then the wild, demoniacal shrieks that echoed and reechoed through every part of the building, almost stagnating his blood.

Slowly and tremblingly he felt his way up stairs in the Egyptian darkness. Occasionally the piercing and terrible yells held him spell-bound. He leaned pale and trembling against the balusters for support. When they died away he would press bravely on again. At last he reached the head of the stairs, but was again checked by those wild, unearthly screams following each other in rapid succession till his heart seemed to stand still and his head to swim like that of a drunken man, while he leaned against the wall almost unconscious. But he was a man that nothing earthly could daunt; so when the sounds died away, and he had recovered somewhat from the stupor, he pushed on toward the haunted room. Tediously feeling his way in the gloom he came in view of a light which shone from the other end of the hall. Gradually he approached, his heart beating wildly with fear. Looking through the opening, he saw huge masses of flame rolling from an immense cauldron in the centre of the

room, whence issued ever and anon those hideous yells, as if of lost spirits in torment.

He could distinguish the weird demon, standing amid the flames, his long hair and grizzly beard hanging about the leering face like a pall. His countenance was sallow, and around his thin lips played a smile of devilish satisfaction, while his eyes were lit up with an awful twinkle, as he gazed into the seething, roaring cauldron—as if gloating over the anguish that he was causing some condemned spirit! It was a scene Gleaton could never forget to his dying day. The apartment was filled with a myriad of distorted forms floating about in mid air, their faces wearing a look of terrible anguish! It was a sad, hideous spectacle, having its horrors augmented by the arch-fiend pushing a haggard form into the burning pit, followed by terrible, blood-curdling yells and groans.

Almost unconsciously, Gleaton approached the fearful scene, when suddenly there arose before him a huge form as if it came out of the solid stone wall. The spectre was as black as midnight, his eyes shone like balls of fire, and were distorted by rage at the encroachment. 'Ere Gleaton could move, the fiend's black hand descended upon his shoulder with a grasp that felt as if it would crush the bone, and the next moment he was hurled with a terrible force down the steps into the gloom of the hall. Bruised and bleeding, Gleaton drew his knife and staggered up the steps, but 'ere he could use it the same black form rose again as if out of the solid stone and in greater rage than before hurled him back.

Human nature could bear no more, and in horror, with but one idea—that of escape—he staggered along the hall, while great beads of cold sweat ran down his face. He had groped his way for some distance along the wall, every moment expecting to feel the hot breath of the black monster upon his cheek, when he reached another hall, turning into which, he found a flight of stairs leading to the floor beneath. He felt his way down, each instant expecting the vice-like grip of the demon. Reaching the foot, he turned to the left, and found himself in a huge apartment dimly lighted, at the further end. The magnificence of the room struck him with such wonder that it seemed as if he had suddenly been thrown into some palace of wealth, like those creations of the *Arabian Nights*. A brilliant, soft carpet covered the floor on which stood beautifully carved stands, tables and desks, while along the walls were scarlet-covered chairs and sofas. On the walls hung many paintings in gold frames, representing battle scenes and days of chivalry. Between the seats and pictures stood large cabinets, and book-cases handsomely formed of inlaid wood, and surmounted by marble and bronze statues. The ceiling was beautifully frescoed with paintings of by-gone ages. From it hung a number of chandeliers, their long glass prisms glittering like icicles in some wondrous cave. He entered the room, and found its magnificence almost beyond description. He stopped before a large cabinet with glass doors. Here a sight met his gaze that held him spell-bound with wonder. The case contained hundreds of precious stones,



of every hue and color, that danced and glittered in the dim lamplight like stars at midnight. He stood for some time lost in wonder at their beauty and splendor! "Here," he thought, "are diamonds, topazes, emeralds and rubies by the handful. Here is wealth almost beyond one's power to calculate! Probably, millions of dollars worth of precious stones lying full in view?" As he moved onward, his wonder grew even greater, for he found cabinet after cabinet filled with valuable stones and minerals glittering with gold and silver.

"This," he continued, "must be the wondrous abode of the good Genii, while above, Beelzebub and his imps hold their wild carnival."

He walked a few paces further on, when suddenly a hideous skeleton stood before him! Its fleshless bones, white and marrowless, and the bony sockets of its eyes seemed lit with a strange fire, the bony jaws, half open, showing two massive rows of grinning teeth! The sight struck an indescribable terror into his very soul. "This," he thought, "is the skeleton of the former owner of the house, who was foully murdered." He stood in terror gazing at it, when, suddenly, the skeleton raised a bony arm, and pointed with a gory finger toward the door! He turned his gaze in the direction, and beheld in horror the large form of the black fiend! His heart beat wildly, his head swam with fright, his legs gave way under him, and he fainted. How long he lay thus he could not tell, but it must have been for some time, for when he gained consciousness he was cold and stiff, only having power enough to drag

his limbs along as he hugged the wall for support. Dragging himself out of the apartment, then along the hall into another, at the end of which he saw with joy the light shining through the window by which he had entered, he slowly crawled toward it with all his strength. It seemed hours ere he reached it and sprang with a cry of joy into the garden, just as the earliest sunlight was flooding the village. He lay there, with a feeling of gladness at his escape from the demons. He was so weak from terror, and the rough usage he had received, that it was with difficulty he could struggle to his feet. He finally reached home, though it was a very severe task on his failing strength.

Gleaton was so prostrated after this terrible adventure that he was unable to leave his bed for more than a week. The first few days he was delirious, continually muttering about the scenes he had beheld, often crying out in horror, "take them away."

The next day the whole town was talking about Gleaton's visit to the Archfiend's den, and many were the conjectures and wild stories told. But the blacksmith was too ill to give a lucid account of his adventures.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE VILLAGE VANDALS.

One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.—*Pope*.  
Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,  
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun.—*Goldsmith*.

At one extremity of the village of St. Arlyle, near the river, stood the tailor-shop, a small wooden building. Here on Saturday nights and sometimes oftener, the Vandal Club or Vandal Congress met. The club was composed of the boys of the village, headed by the town wits, who held their positions by common consent, as, one by one the rising generation left it, leaving their places to be filled by new recruits. They were a wild, jolly set always ready for a frolic. Many of the sober villagers had been members in early manhood, including Dr. Landon.

Here were discussed the questions and mysteries of the town, and the news of the day disseminated. Nothing occurred but it was told and passed upon in the tailor-shop. It was the centre of gossip, and the Vandals made it a rule to know more about every one than the person himself. All kinds of mischief was hatched and plots formed, although the Vandals always pretended to be ignorant of them. They were a motley crowd composed of many different characters. Some were nomadic and generally wandered about spending their money recklessly until they

found themselves on the ragged edge of despair. It was then they sought board and lodging at the tailor-shop till ready for another campaign. Though many had taken quarters at the shop, none were ever known to pay; yet the place was never without boarders. The tailor, Mr. Elton, received them not even expecting thanks in return. He was noted as the best-natured man in the country—nothing disturbed him. He took life as it came, his mind ever calm, even when cheated or treated meanly. He regarded things philosophically and boarded the Vandals year after year, never asking whether or not they were grateful. And they took their quarters there without as much as asking, for the custom of years had given them that privilege.

It was Saturday night. The Vandals were congregated in the tailor-shop to discuss news of the village and form plans for future fun or mischief. The building consisted of two large rooms. The first apartment was used as a shop and work-room, while the second was employed as an eating, cooking, sleeping and store-room. It was in this room that the Vandals were assembled. The club, when full, consisted of about twenty members. They were seated in various parts of the room, on barrels, boxes, chairs, benches, and the two beds held occupants. Gleaton the witty blacksmith, and his two boon companions, Dave Johnson and Bill Anderson, were seated on the table, while five others occupied a bench in a corner. Four reclined on the beds, and the rest were arranged around the stove. Among these latter was Dick Lex, the drunken lawyer, and

Jerry Marshall, editor of the village newspaper. Marshall was the town poet, being always ready to produce poetry on any occasion. It was not always original, for lines could often be found copied from Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, Pope, Moore, and others. But he was ready with an apt quotation and seemed to have learned half the poets by heart. He was a brilliant man, and spoke fluently half a dozen languages. At twenty years of age he was graduated from Dublin University, and began the study of law. After nearly two years he met with a sad calamity in the death of his sister. From that day he took to drinking, and fell a victim to the intoxicating bowl. Of her death he seldom spoke; but those about him learned that she committed suicide by taking poison after being seduced under promise of marriage, and that Marshall had challenged her betrayer. Instead of accepting the challenge, the villain had the brother of his victim arrested and lodged in jail. After his release, Marshall left his native country to become a wanderer. After traveling from one country to another and losing position after position, through his dissipated habits, he found himself in Turkey; he soon learned that language, and gained a high position in their service, but soon lost it, through drunkenness. From Turkey he went to Mexico, and understanding the Spanish language, he joined in with the affairs of the state. In that insurrectionary country he was sometimes placed in political positions when his party was successful. He next went to California, and after drifting about like

a cork on a wave, he took up his residence in St. Arlyle.

The chairman of the club occupied a stool in the corner. He said:

"The roll has been called, and we have concluded to dispense with the reading of the minutes of the last session. The next order of business, is information by Mr. Gleaton, concerning his visit to the ghost! Mr. Gleaton has the floor."

"Yes, tell us about it," cried half a dozen Vandals.

"What did Old Nick look like? Did he have horns and a tail? Was his Satanic Majesty armed with a pitch-fork?" and many other like questions assailed him from all sides.

"Well," said Gleaton, amid a death-like silence, during which every face was turned eagerly toward him, "there wasn't much fun in my visit to the Devil's den!"

"He must have used you pretty roughly to lay you up for a week," suggested Stanton.

"Yes, he made it extremely lively for a while during my stay. A little too lively to be comfortable."

"What did he say to you?"

"Oh, he was quite talkative, said he was glad to see a friend from this world, and asked me about my health. 'But,' continued he, 'you needn't have come hunting around for me, you'll get a taste of hell and brimstone soon enough.' I told him, I wasn't particularly anxious for a taste of hell.

"'Oh, no,' said his Satanic Majesty, 'they never



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are when they once feel my roasting machine. It's a big improvement on your earthly furnaces!"

"I informed him that I had no doubt it was."

"But, how does the Devil look?" asked Anderson.

"He's a rough-looking old fellow, rigged out with a tail, horns, and necessary appendages."

"You know," suggested Marshall:

"Spirits freed from mortals laws, with ease,  
Assume what shape and sex they please."

"Well," continued the blacksmith, "his Satanic Majesty said, 'Mr. Gleaton, it's about time to go.' But I demurred. Then he started the ball to rolling by giving me a kick in the rear. Then a lot of sub-devils sprang out of the gloom, and used more boot-leather! They kicked me through half a dozen glass doors! And then through several wooden ones! I tell you, boys, it was particularly lively, until I reached the street. I couldn't sit down on anything harder than a feather pillow for more than a week."

"You must have felt sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized!" remarked Marshall.

"Yes, and if any of you don't believe it, you can try it for yourselves."

"I wish to make a motion, Mr. Chairman," said Johnson, arising to his feet.

"Proceed, Mr. Johnson."

"Resolved: That Thomas Gleaton did a brave act in visiting the Haunted House; and deserves the thanks of this congress."

They were both unanimously carried.

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"The next order of business," said the chairman, "is the report of the committee on marriage. The wedding of William Glass to Nellie Pitcher."

"Mr. Chairman," said Ned Stanton, "a majority of the committee is favorable to the marriage."

"The question is now open for discussion."

"I tell you, boys," said a member sitting near the stove, "it was about time Nellie got married; she was getting pretty well along in years. And then Bill Glass was a slow sort of a fellow; if he hadn't got Nellie, he'd never got married in the world."

"Yes, it's a good thing," suggested Gleaton, "for Bill will stick to Nellie's father in his old age."

"I don't know about that," said Frank Meredith, the medical student, "Bill was always a lazy fellow."

"That's just the reason, he'll stick by the old man, he'll be too tired to leave," answered the blacksmith. "But still," he continued, "there's a good deal of work in Bill. But mighty little of it will ever come out."

"But," said a Vandal rising, "I'm opposed to losing a Pitcher for a Glass. It's retrograding, not advancing."

"Yes, it is true," replied Marshall, "that a Pitcher is changed to a Glass. But, then, we'll not complain, there'll soon be enough little glasses to fill the pitcher once again."

"It has been moved and seconded," said the presiding officer, "that the marriage of William

Glass to Nellie Pitcher is a good thing, and ought to be endorsed by the Vandal congress."

"I have," said Dick Lex, "an amendment to offer. It is, providing the marriage produces enough little Glasses to fill the Pitcher again."

The amendment was immediately seconded and carried. The whole resolution was then put and carried, though there were several dissenting voices.

"Now," said Marshall:

"May they jog along easy, o'er life's rugged course,  
Or the next thing they'll want, will be a divorce."

"Then they'd feel sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized," suggested a member.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE VANDAL CLUB.

There was a moment's silence in the club, broken by the sudden entrance of a long absent veteran Vandal.

"Hello, Kelly the Pirate. Hello! Where've you been wandering around?" cried a dozen Vandals.

"Been tramping out West—migrating. Seeing the sights, and the ilephant!"

"You look kind of used up," said a Vandal.

"Yes," continued Marshall, "sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized."

"But when did you get back?"

"Got home yisterday, just in time for the

foight at the Thunder hotel," answered the Pirate.

Kelly had gained the soubriquet of the Pirate, from his nomadic mode of life and his grasping nature. He was a wild, rollicking youth, of about twenty-two years of age, born of Irish parentage, a native of the United States, but still showing his progenitors by a slight Irish brogue.

"I move, Mr. Chairman," said a Vandal when the assembly had greeted the latest arrival, "that the congress resolve itself into a committee of investigation, and hear the evidence concerning the recent fight in the Thunder hotel."

The motion was immediately carried.

The first witness to give his version of the affair was Kelly the Pirate.

Amid silence the Pirate began: "We wuz down at the Thunder bar-room las' night, and Pate Pugnare, of Warin' Cove, wuz there. And sez he: 'Me name's Pate Pugnare, and I'm on the muscle bigger'n an ilefant, an' while I'm in St. Arlyle, the byes have got to behave themselves. I'm goin' to have ordher in this town, ef I have to clean out the whole institution.

"While Pate wuz a gallantin 'round, a tootin' his horn, he accidently collided wid Big Mike, and Mike het him a belt under the butt of the left ear, and his heels shot up inter the air, and his cocoanut came in contact wid a chair and bedad he finely sat down lively on the floor! He got up and wint for Mike, but Mike floored him agin! But he got on his fate agin, and thin they went at it solid! And finely, Pate got his back toward me, and, sez I to meself, 'Kelly, now's yer

chance fur fame an' glory!' So I gub him a kick, and a pelt in the nape of the nick, an' he lit on top of the hot sthove! He didn't sthay there long. As he was gitin' up, Ned Stanton smashed a chair over his head, and I an' another feller, guve him a couple of kicks, and he caflumexed on the floor! 'Bout thie time, one of Pate's friends from the Cove, hit me a lively one in the back, and I shot up inter th' air an' sat down on the sthove! Begorra, I tell yer, I didn't think that sthove wuz so hot, till I felt it! I got off the sthove an' looked around; Jerry Marshall an' a Cove chap were wading in rid hot! 'Bout this time a lot of Cove byes arrived, and took a chance in the malay.

"One of them Cove byes smashed me in the mouth, another kicked me in the stomick; while another chap lifted me in the ribs. Me schull started fur the floor, an' it samed like as ef the floor flew up and mit me. Shure an' I didn't care a darn who won the fight after that!"

"You felt," suggested Marshall, "sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized!"

"Yis, yis, exactly. And whin I got up, I saw thim a totin' Pate out on a door. I axed 'im how he liked th' programme? Sez he:

"'I wuz a fightin' galoot, but I'm cleaned out, cleaner'n a shot gun!'"

"And then," said Marshall, "Pete felt sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized!"

Kelly sat down, and Marshall obtained the floor and began his description of the fight:

"We were congregated in the Thunder bar-room, discussing the topics of the day, when Pete

Pugnare entered, from Waring Cove. He began a series of boasts, to the effect that Sampson's fighting qualities were nowhere when compared to his own. He was an elephant, a mammoth, a megatherium, in fact, a regular menagerie combined in one, who was spoiling for a fight! Well, while he was enlightening the boys concerning his bellicose qualities, he ran against Big Mike, who gave him a full broadside of muscle that caused him to seat himself on the floor! When the fighting rhinoceros of the Cove gained his equilibrium he went forward to battle again. While Mike attacked him in front, Kelly the Pirate opened fire on his rear, causing him to sit down on the stove. But the extreme heat soon radiated him off, and he came forward for more warfare. And he got it! Ned Stanton kicked him in the stomach, Mike hit him in the mouth, while Kelly and a half dozen other pirates attacked him in front and on both flanks.

"I felt neutral, for,

'Those who in quarrels interpose,  
Must often wipe a bloody nose,'

till one of Pete's friends fired away in my rear, then I became suddenly bellicose. In fact, it gave me a terrible belligerent feeling; I wanted to go to war, real bad. And I went! I saw a small Cove man standing near me, so I hit him a blow under the chin, gave him a kick and lifted him out of the door! I looked out, and saw him resting in a mud-puddle. After that I had some lively engagements, I kept reclining on the floor and getting up again! As Byron says:

'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,  
For one would not retreat, nor t'other flinch.'

I kept on fighting, until they got in my rear, in front, on each flank and poured in a murderous fire, and then as the poet says:

'I curled upon the floor,  
And the subsequent proceedings,  
Interested me no more!'

At the conclusion of Marshall's remarks Dick Lex arose and moved,

"Resolved: That St. Arlyle boys deserve the praise of the Vandal congress for whipping the roughs from the Cove."

It was immediately carried.

"The next order of business," said the chairman, "before this body, is courting.

"Has any one had any experience on or pertinent remarks to make on the subject?"

"Mr. Chairman," said Ned Stanton, the law student, "I've had some experience in courting."

"Mr. Stanton has the floor."

"Well," began Ned, "I fell in love with Colonel Johnson's daughter, and I called quite often to see her. But one day I met the Colonel just as I was leaving the house, and he put an injunction on my courting by informing me he didn't want me fooling around there any more. But I soon dissolved the injunction, for I called on Nellie when he wasn't around. Then the Colonel went to see the judge with whom I am studying, and filed a complaint against me. I demurred to the complaint, and I sustained the

demurrer. But old Johnson went around to the judge again, and this time he got a judgment against me. After that I had to look out lively to prevent an execution. I mean from old Johnson's boot. But I got a stay of proceedings, until the Colonel found out I still went to see Nellie. Then he made things lively in trying to get an attachment. But one day he caught me, and then things were warlike for a while, and old Johnson got an attachment and an execution both at the same time. But I got away, and then the defendant did some tall running, while the plaintiff followed but was distanced!

"Then the Colonel sent a summons for me, but I didn't consider it a copy of the original, so I didn't appear. But when he came around, I used an alibi, in other words, got out of the way. Then Johnson swore he'd whip me on sight. But he didn't ring in any *post facto* law on me. But he did send a big Irish coachman after me with a sort of a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. But we thought he lacked the jurisdiction, 'till one day he caught me fishing; then I changed my mind and used an alibi by sliding under the wharf! After that, things ran rough, or, as Shakespeare says:

'We were tossed on fortune's fickle flood.'

"And at last the coachman caught me, and brought me around to the Colonel's office. Then came a trial, not by a jury but by a magistrate. There was plenty of evidence for conviction, and a cross-examination, but no evidence allowed in rebuttal, and the result was a writ of prohibition.



And we obeyed it, for even the Spartans were crushed when the enemy got in their rear. But I felt——”

“Sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized!” interposed the editor.

“Yes, I felt exactly so.”

“Love’s a very mysterious thing,” remarked a Vandal solemnly.

“Been there, I suppose,” said the blacksmith.

“Yes,” said Jerry, “love’s a curious thing, as Addison sings:

‘Mysterious love! uncertain treasure,  
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure?  
Endless torments, dwell about thee,  
Yet who would live, and live without thee?’

But then:

‘There’s nothing half so sweet in life,  
As love’s young dream.’”

“Resolved:” said Gleaton arising, “that courting is a necessity, and that it is against progress and civilization to interfere with it.”

The vote was strongly in the affirmative.

“Never mind, Ned,” said Marshall, “you’ll win your girl yet:

‘Who listens once, will listen twice  
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice.’”

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE VANDALS.

Without or with offence to friends or foes,  
I sketch the world exactly as it goes.—*Byron.*

"The next order of business is a description of life in Turkey, by Mr. Jerry Marshall," said the chairman.

The village editor again rose and began.

"As regards the Turks, slightly change the words of Shakespeare. 'There's a pleasure in being a Turk, that none but a Turk knows,' if it's only to be lazy and rob your more industrious neighbors.

"Well, to begin, Fate, or at least circumstances, went against me in Ireland, so I concluded to emigrate, for 'fields and pastures new.' I formed a traveling partnership with Pat Malory, and we set out for the land of the Mohammedans. When we arrived in Constantinople we began by turning Musselmen, (for in Rome do as Romans do), with the hope, or at least the ambition, of some day becoming a kalif, a pasha, or better yet, a grand vizier, or even the sultan himself. For Sultan Marshall and Pasha Malory would'nt sound bad.

"On arriving in Constantinople the first tussle we had was with the language. But we got a good deal of help in it from two Irishmen, who

went by the names of Mohammed Ali and Ben Selim, although they were known in Ireland as Pat Murphy and Tim Flannigan. But, as Byron says:

‘As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway  
Our life and manners must alike obey.’

“The next tussle we had was with the food, and that was worse than the language. It came near annihilating, sort of Vandalizing us.

“We went to eat at a house where there were a dozen Turks. Real, lazy Turks. They had a huge pot hung over the fire, and after it boiled sufficiently, they took it off the fire and set it in the middle of the floor. When it had cooled, the Turks collected around it, and each one put his fist into it and drew out a piece of meat or a vegetable. They’re opposed to using knives or forks; it’s too slow a process of eating. They gnawed away on the eatable like a cat on a mouse. I looked at their fingers; they didn’t look as if they’d been stirred in water for a month. About this time a dozen or more dogs came rushing into the room. The streets of Constantinople are full of canines; there seems to be a couple of dogs for every inhabitant, and three or four over, and these superfluous dogs always follow a stranger; they followed me. Well, the dogs lay down near the Turks, sometimes one on each side of a man. And whenever the man brought the meat from his mouth, the dog would bite off a mouthful too. So the dogs and the Turks sat there taking turns on the food. But Pat and I

were hungry; so we slid toward the pot to make a grab; but just then a dog pushed his head into it up to his eyes and pulled out a bone. We looked at the dog, and then at the door, and then we turned around and slid out. After that, we found some American-Turks to board with.

"I next began studying the Koran, and looking toward Mecca. For you know, when in Rome, do as Romans do."

"Well, Jerry, how'd you progress in religion?" asked a Vandal.

"Oh, I progressed rapidly. Soon became a Musselman, from the top of my head down to my boots."

"What kind of an institution is their religion?" asked Gleaton.

"To begin with, the Turks believe Mahomet is the high muck-a-muck, or in the words of their creed, the Apostle of God, who perfected the laws of Moses and Christ. The next thing they believe in is the pilgrimage to Mecca and the festival of Ramadan. Like the Jews, they don't believe in eating hog-meat."

"Do they believe in Heaven?" asked Kelly.

"Oh, yes, they have a grand description of Heaven, for true Musselmen, they have it divided into different degrees of felicity, for the different grades of believers. Prophets have the most eminent degree; doctors and teachers of the Mosques come next; and the common clod-hopper Musselmen come last. This Heaven they describe as containing rivers of water, precious stones, trees of gold, beds of musk, garments of the richest cloth, silken carpets and couches, and

crowns of diamonds, to be worn by the blessed. They also believe they shall eat and drink in that world, as well as in this. So there will be an abundance of food served on golden dishes, and immense silver casks of wine, which one may drink without becoming intoxicated. I think that part would suit the Vandals to a dot. They will all collect under an immense tree of happiness called the Tooba, which is as large as half a continent, and which shall bear fruit of all kinds of immense size. Meantime, the ear will be filled with the songs of birds and sirens of paradise. And each Musselman shall have seventy-two wives, whose beauty shall be beyond anything imaginable. In fact, he shall be an improvement on Brigham Young.

"No matter at what age the faithful shall die in this world, it shall never exceed thirty years in paradise."

"Quite a handy age to always remain," said Gleaton.

"Do they believe in hell, and what kind of a place is it?" asked a Vandal.

"Yes, they have several hells, or degrees of punishment. It is an accommodating religion, and warms a man up to his heart's content, if not more so. The prophets are the only ones who go direct to heaven. The martyrs even suffer a sort of Pythagorean punishment in the gizzard of green birds, but are finally rescued. Another class is put in the archangel's trumpet, or thrown into Zemzen's well, or squeezed under a rock, called the Devil's Jaw. The seventh Plutonium cauldron is the worst hell of all, and is used to

warm up hypocrites of religion. This place of torment, this Ultima Thule of perdition, is filled with fire, smoke and terrible screams, while the lost spirits will have for company hideous, hissing reptiles, and a myriad of demons, who will stir them up with their double-tined pitchforks. Spanning this hell is the famous bridge of Al Sirat, over which every soul must pass to the world of bliss. It is represented to be finer than a thread, and sharper than the edge of a sword, beset with all kinds of danger; but the good easily pass over, while the wicked tumble in. Prophets pass this bridge with the rapidity of lightning, others at snail's pace, according to the load of their sins. The Turks believe that every corpse, after being buried, is awakened at midnight by two black and weird demons of fearful appearance, called Monkir and Nekir, who commanded it to sit erect in its sepulcher and pass the sublime examination for heaven or hell! If he passes, he is promoted to heaven; if he fails, he falls to the freshman class in Pluto, never to rise again.

"You see, it is a religion that suits a Turk's wild imagination.

"To be brief," continued Jerry, "I learned their language, religion, and habits; in fact, their every thing—and rose, step by step, till I became a Pasha. But it was the same old story of my life before, and since; whiskey got the best of me, and my fall was quicker than my rise. You know when a man's unfortunate he loses most of his friends; so it was with me, though a few remained firm to the last. But like Othello, my occupation

was gone. So *ex necessitate rei*, I concluded to leave.

"As I was drifting from the shores of Islam, and saw friend and foe disappear in the twilight, I thought forcibly of those lines of Byron:

'Here's a sigh for those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate;  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.'

"I never knowed but one Turk," said Kelly the Pirate. "Saw him out in Californy. He was in the mule business. He had an awful big mouth on 'im for vittles."

"Could bite an awful big hole in a pumpkin," suggested Gleaton.

"Yis, exactly, he had the habit of slappin' mules on the rump. He hit a big black mule one day, and the mule fired out wid both hind legs together. An' begorra there wuz one Turk to cross the bridge of Al Sirat in less than a minute."

"The motion to adjourn, is now in order," said the chairman.

It was immediately put and carried, followed by a general scattering of those present.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE HAUNTED GRAVEYARD.

If the spirit ever gazes,  
 From its journey back;  
 If the immortal ever traces  
 O'er its mortal track;  
 Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us,  
 Sometimes on our way,  
 And in hours of sadness greet us,  
 As a spirit may?—*Whittier.*

It was nearly mid-night, shortly after the scene described in the Vandal club as Frank Meredith strode down the stone steps of the Medical College—with Gray's Anatomy under his arm—and pressed along the solitary path that lead over the lonely hills to his home. The storm-threatening clouds swept along the sky like masses of sulphurous smoke above a field of battle. The distant village was silent and dark, except for the single mystic blue light that rolled forth in volumes from the spectre window of the haunted house, darting and reflecting from cloud to cloud, as if Argus-like, watching over the pandemonium where the demons were counseling together ere day-light should force them back across the Stygian stream to the Plutonian shore.

Meredith pressed rapidly along in the gloom, which was occasionally illumined by a stray moon-beam that struggled through the black clouds and threw its rays across his track. After walking



about three-quarters of a mile over the hill, he reached the cemetery through which his way led, and as he mounted the stile to enter, the distant church clock struck the hour of twelve.

"'Tis mid-night's holy hour—and silence now  
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er  
The still and pulseless world."

He quoted, as he entered the silent city of the dead and pressed on amid the marble monuments, without the thought whether or not, at

"Mid-night, in the lonely grave yard,  
Amid the silent dead,  
Does some restless spirit wander  
Where the soul its body fled?"

He had nearly reached the center of the cemetery, when he was aroused from his reverie on the anatomy of arteries, veins and nerves, by the rattle of a chain. He stood and listened; the sound was repeated. It seemed to come from behind a tall marble monument. He ran toward it but seemed to recede, although rattling louder than ever. He followed without a moment's hesitation, for like all medical students, he had dissected too many dead to feel any superstition in their presence. As ghosts, it was an excellent thing to crack a grim joke about in the dissecting room, while cutting the cadaver to pieces, but nothing more.

He chased the clinking chains around among the tombstones and trees for nearly an hour. For he was determined to solve the mystery, if possible. Several times he thought he had the phan-

tom within his grasp, but it seemed to melt away in the gloom. At last, tired out and bruised from tumbling over tombstones and roots of trees, he sat down on a stone to rest.

"Confound the thing! It's the worst puzzle I ever tried to solve. If I wern't so tired and sleepy I'd give the thing another race. There's something peculiar about this. The whole town seems haunted by these strange doings. I hope one of these ghosts will haunt the Medical College, I think we could catch one."

As he muttered this last remark he arose and pressing through the graveyard wound his way home.

The next day the news of his adventure spread through the whole village. The tale was heard by the people without much surprise, for ghosts had been seen in nearly all parts of the town, and was not the cemetery a natural place for one to wander where his body had mouldered to dust?

That night the Vandal club held a meeting to discuss the phantoms, and Frank Meredith told his adventure. A committee of five Vandals was appointed (three of whom were medical students) to investigate the ghost in the graveyard.

The club adjourned at ten o'clock and the five Vandals started for the haunted cemetery. They walked rapidly out of the village and over the low hills to the burying ground. Climbing over the stile, they sat down on a group of tombstones to await developments.

"I wonder whose ghost it is; he seems to be a lively fellow?" said one.

"Yes, I think it must be old Jack Jones' phan-

tom. You know he was a junkman and had a hankering after old chains. Perhaps he found one in the other world," replied another.

"Or, it may be Joe Moon, the cow jobber, he always led his cattle with a chain."

"But," said a medical student balancing himself on a marble headstone, "I rather think it's Tim Murphy's spectre, for you know when he died in jail they buried him with his chains on."

"Oh, no, they'd melt off in the Plutonian pit, for Jim undoubtedly got a taste of it."

"Yes," said Marshall, "the fire and brimstone would sort of annihilate, kind of Vandalize the chains!

'Would evaporate them away,  
As stars before the light of day.'

At this moment they were interrupted by the rattle of a chain, when all instantly sprang to their feet and rushed in the direction of the sound. They followed the fleeting monster around trees and monuments at a full run. Occasionally one of their number went tumbling head-long over a stone or root, the others pressing on leaving him alone to rub his bruised shins. They thought the mystery was surrounded a dozen times or more, but it was certain to break away, while one of their number was sure to be stretched on the earth from a severe blow, though no power was visible. But they were a plucky crowd, and each prostrate Vandal recovered and followed again in the chase. Finally they were compelled to give up the chase; they seated them-

selves for rest near the stile in a demoralized condition and looked as if they had been engaged in a prize fight. Their faces were bruised, bloody and stained with mud, so that it would be difficult to tell whether they were white or black men.

Slowly and sadly they started homeward, as Marshall said:

"Well, boys, we're sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized! But we must solve the mystery."

"Yes, we must catch the ghost," they cried in chorus.

"I tell you, boys," said Meredith, "he's a lively ghost; he struck me a blow on the skull that nearly broke my head!"

"Yis," said Kelly the Pirate, "bedads, he hit me one in the stomick that doubled me up like a jack-knife."

The following evening the Vandals held an extra session and appointed a second and larger investigating committee, but it met with no better success than the first.

They immediately held another meeting. It was a wild and stormy one in which every one spoke, for the club had never been beaten in solving secrets before, and they were determined to conquer if it lay in their power. They said: "We must win, it will never do to allow the club to be beaten by the ghost! We must ferret it out." So they appointed a still larger committee to investigate the mystery. They were to make the attempt the succeeding night, but a strange phenomenon occurred that evening which still more complicated the matter, and completely non-

plussed the Vandals as well as the entire village.

The night set in dark, but grew occasionally brighter as the moon appeared from behind a mass of clouds and myriads of stars shone out.

A small crowd of men was collected in front of the village hotel discussing the ghost, when one gazing toward the Haunted House saw a volume of dense black smoke arise a short distance above the roof and hang in mid-air. He called the attention of others, and soon every eye was directed toward the old house. It remained a black mass for several moments, then gradually grew brighter and a human form began rapidly to take shape. With excited faces they gazed at the strange spectacle. In a few seconds amid the smoke appeared the distinct form of a man, with a huge gash in his throat, from which the blood seemed to flow over his garments. An expression of wonder burst from the spectators, as one of them exclaimed:

"It is the spirit of the murdered man of the old house."

Soon the whole village was gazing at the apparition. The excitement was intense, and the villagers earnestly discussed the matter, and eagerly sought the cause of the murdered man's appearance from the confines of the tomb.

Could one longer doubt that the old house was haunted? If they had lacked proof of it before, it was now given by the ghostly form of the murdered man in full view. Women and children, as well as men, fled in terror from the awful spectacle. But still there was something irresistible tempting them to turn back and look at

the restless spirit who was unable to remain in the quiet of the tomb, but who was like Hamlet's father:

"Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night."

The apparition would grow bright, then fade away, and then become visible again. It usually appeared between nine and ten o'clock at night. For six successive nights the ghastly spectre stood bright and clear against the sky, then faded away to be succeeded by that of another, the form of a woman, or rather that of a young girl of great beauty, with a spotless white robe and mass of long yellow hair. This apparition formed a pleasing contrast, with its angelic face and calm, sweet smile playing about the lips, compared with the furrowed features, clenched teeth, and agonizing look of the other.

The third night of the appearance of the apparition, the Vandal club held a secret session. It lasted till late in the night, and the discussions were long and animated, everything was conducted *sub rosa*, but the result was that the Vandals made no further attempt to investigate the spirits.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## SPIRITUALISM.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!  
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape.—*Shakespeare.*

Toward the close of a cold, blustering day, nearly a week after the appearance of the spectre in mid-air, a mysterious, weird-looking stranger entered the village of St. Arlyle. He was tall, lank and cadaverous, with long black hair reaching to his shoulders. He was over six feet in height, and his clothes were much too short, fitting his narrow chest and pole legs like a scarecrow. He moved with a swinging stride, as if stepping over ditches, turning the toes of his large feet inward, while his arms, with one of which he carried a large valise, were moving forward and backward, like the oars of a boat. He cut a ludicrous figure as he strode into the village, and when he passed the few loungers at the door of the blacksmith shop, Gleaton remarked that he looked like a ghost who had out-grown his clothes while meandering around purgatory.

"Looks as if he'd been living on wind pudding and shadow soup," suggested Kelly.

"Oh, he's just walking around to save funeral expenses. He's hunting for a big fire to be cremated in," said Marshall.

"He needn't trouble himself about that, he'll soon dry up and blow away," said the blacksmith.

"I wonder what he's got in that valise?"

"Oh, I suppose the skeleton keys of the Plutonian world."

Meanwhile the gaunt individual strode onward till he reached the largest hotel, which he entered. He was followed soon after by two Vandals for the purpose of making inquiries. Thus it became known that he was a spiritual medium.

That night the Vandals held a meeting, and resolved to visit the medium in a body.

It was late when the Vandals, nearly twenty in number, reached the hotel. Calling for the spiritualist, the landlord informed them that he had retired. They desired to be shown to his room. This the proprietor refused on the plea that he did not wish to disturb his guest. But the Vandals insisted on seeing the medium, and the proprietor at last yielded. Leading them to the bedroom of his guest, he left them. One of the club rapped on the door, when a voice cried "Come in." They all pressed into the room.

The spiritualist was lying in bed, but on the entrance of the Vandals he raised himself to a sitting posture, with a frightened look apparently caused by the large number of visitors.

"Don't be alarmed," said Gleaton, who acted as spokesman, "we heard that you were a spiritualist, and merely called to learn something about that science, in which we are all interested. My name is Gleaton, and these men are members of the Vandal club."

"Very glad to meet you, gentlemen," gasped



the spiritualist, his sallow face beginning to lose its scared look.

"My name is Phantom, Professor Phantom. I'm a spiritual medium."

"Happy to meet you, Professor Phantom," cried a half dozen Vandals in chorus.

"I suppose," continued the blacksmith, "you have direct communication with the other world."

"Yes, when I go into a trance."

"Say, Phantom," said the Pirate, in a muffled tone, "got any ghosts wid yees, now?"

"Let's see one."

"Hush up! keep quiet," said Marshall, poking the Pirate in the side.

"This town seems to be a good field to develop the science of spiritualism," continued Gleaton, not noticing Kelly's remarks. "We have a great many spiritual manifestations here."

"Oh, yes, it is only more evidence corroborating the fact that the departed visit this world in spiritual form," replied the Phantom.

"Departed spirits of a whiskey bottle," suggested the Pirate.

"Would you like to see some of my power with the spirit world?"

"Well, no, not to-night," answered Gleaton, "some of the young men here are of a very excitable nature, and are apt to have fits at anything unusual. For example, this young man here," pointing to Kelly.

"Yes, spirits seem to stick in my throat, and somehow or other they won't go down."

"Just as I remarked, he's of a delicate disposition and can't stand excitement."

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"I suppose you intend remaining here for some time," said Marshall.

"Yes, and form a spiritual circle for the benefit of the citizens of St. Arlyle."

"That is, you intend to hold communication with those volatile spirits who are evaporating around the world," replied the editor.

"Good-night, Professor."

"Good-night, gentlemen."

"Kelly," said Gleaton, when they had reached the street, "you should have more respect when you are in the presence of a phantom of the other world."

"Sure, he looks loike a phantom in fact, as well as name."

"I think he's an animated stiff anyhow."

"Yes," said Marshall, "hunting for a graveyard."

"Bedabs, an' he'd make a peaceable looking corpse."

The next day the medium rented a house in the central part of the village, and posted a sign bearing the following in golden letters:

"Professor G. S. Phantom,  
Greatest Living Spiritual Medium; communica-  
tions with deceased friends; answers all questions  
correctly. Seances  
Tuesdays and Saturdays."

This announcement created excitement in the village, and soon drew a large number of believers in spiritualism to the medium's seances. At these seances the medium went into trances,

and showed that he was insensible to earthly things, but in communication with the spirit world. Many persons asked questions concerning deceased friends, to all of whom he gave answers of surprising accuracy as to place, date of death, and other circumstances. He soon made acquaintance of most of the people in the town, and among the first with whom he became intimate were the Vandals. He even dropped in at the club, remaining half an hour or more.

About two months after his arrival, Phantom announced that on the coming Saturday night a grand seance would take place in the large hall, at which spirit wonders would be performed.

The hall was completely filled with an eager crowd. At the appointed hour, Phantom drew aside the curtain and revealed the stage, which was hung around with black cloth. In the middle of the floor stood a small oak table, and at the back was a cabinet, about the size of a wardrobe. The stage was lighted by blue flames, emitted from a brazier standing on a tripod. Phantom stood by the table looking more ghastly than ever in the blue light. His sallow face deathly white, his long black hair hung like a pall about it, and his eyes seemed blacker in the corpse-like pallor of his countenance.

He stepped to the front and spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You will to-night witness the wonders of spiritualism, the greatest power given to civilized man. I refer to necromancy, or the power of communicating with the dead. Spiritualism is of very ancient origin, in fact it is cotemporaneous with the world's his-

tory. We can trace it from age to age, although bearing different names. For example, in the eighteenth century we find it known as the illuminati, of which the illustrious Swedenborg and Cagliostro were apostles. The seance will now begin."

Four spiritualists immediately seated themselves around the table, with the medium at its head, and after a short silence one of them asked of a deceased brother:

"Brother, are you in heaven?"

After a few moments, one rap came from the table, meaning yes.

"Are you happy?"

Again the table rapped yes.

"Would you wish to be on earth again?"

The table rapped twice, for no.

After several moments' silence, the table began a dancing motion.

"It is John Eal!" cried several.

Eal was a man who had been hanged in the village about six months before.

"Are you in heaven?"

Two raps, no.

"Where are you then?"

At this question the table began to jump wildly about, striking its legs heavily against the floor.

None wished to pursue this inquiry further.

But numerous other questions were asked and answered by the raps. The spiritualists then left the table and the audience were allowed to examine it. They examined closely for a cord or device which could have communicated motion to it, but in vain. They turned it upside down

and thoroughly looked at every part, but they found nothing unusual about it.

Phantom next brought forward a small tin box, about five inches square, which he placed on the table, as he said:

"I will show you that by the aid of this little casket we can communicate with the spirits of the departed."

He next produced a small sheet of white paper.

"Now," he continued, "will any person ask a question of some friend in the spirit land?"

Kelly immediately asked, "What was my brother's name, and how old wuz he whin he died, and is he happy?"

Phantom took one of the sheets of paper and making a pass over it, said, "I will put this sheet in the tin case and place it over the spiritual flames, when the answer will be found written upon the paper. You see the sheet is blank. I will now pass it to the audience, that you may examine it."

The paper was examined by a number, all of whom found it to be blank, when it was placed in the tin box by one of the audience and the case locked. The medium then placed it on a wire tripod above the flames. After waiting a few moments he removed the case to the table again, then requested any one to unlock the box and take out the answer. One of the audience did so, and read in bold black letters:

"John Kelly, age 19 years, I am happy."

"May I ask a question?" said an old farmer.

Certainly replied the medium.

"What was my wife's maiden name? and what was her age? An' ask her if she's happy?"

As the old man finished his questions, he remarked to several around him, "I guess I gave him a poser this time."

Phantom left the stage for a few minutes; on returning he hands the farmer a sheet of paper, remarking, "You see it is blank."

"Yes, it is," replied the old man putting on his spectacles and examining it closely.

"Now," continued Phantom, "seal it up in this envelope and place a private mark on it."

"May I put the envelope in the box," asked the farmer.

"Yes, certainly."

The farmer mounted the platform and put the envelope in the case.

"Lock it," said the medium.

"I have."

"Then place it above the spirit flames."

The farmer did so, and then left the platform. A deep silence followed.

There was a loud rap, and Phantom said, "Your questions are answered."

"May I remove the box?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, take it, open it, open the envelope, and read your answers."

He sprang upon the stage, and, removing the case and unlocking it, took out the envelope. With trembling hands and a face flushed with excitement, he read, amid an almost deathlike silence:

"Helen Porter, age 48, I am in heaven, I cannot describe the bliss."

"It is true!" wildly exclaimed the farmer. "It is true! I never believed in spiritualism before, but I do now. It's as true as gospel."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE DEVIL'S CASKET, AND THE AWAKENING OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN VICTIM OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Black it stood at night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell.—*Milton.*

But the audience were to witness a more wonderful and thrilling performance than any yet seen. The medium brought upon the stage a black box about a foot square, and covered with hieroglyphics.

"This case," said Phantom, "is known as the Devil's casket, because at times Satan is known to inhabit it. You may know when it is invested by its great weight, for a dozen men can not lift it. But when not invested by Satan, a child may pick it up."

"Be dabs," said Kelly, in an undertone, "is he there now? If he is, give us an introduction."

"This casket," continued the medium, not noticing the Pirate's remarks, "belonged to a great Egyptian necromancer over five thousand years ago, and it is therefore thousands of years old and has been in the possession of many noted mediums."

"It's a wonder," murmured Marshall, "it hasn't been annihilated, sort of Vandalized, in passing through so many hands."

"It passed," continued the medium, "from century to century with its mysterious secret, till it finally became the property of that great medium, Cagliostro, who gave exhibitions of his marvelous power of raising the spirits of the dead in the eighteenth century. He received the honor and attention due to such a great and wonderful spiritualist. For he was called to the thrones of kings and emperors, to exhibit his wonderful power. Among many others, that of Louis XV and XVI of France."

"Be jabbers," muttered Kelly, "it's a wonder he iver died. Why didn't he raise the breath in him whin he lost it?"

"Oh," remarked Gleaton, "he found a warmer place, more suitable to his Satanic taste."

Phantom raised the lid of the box and took out four eggs, about the size of a pigeon's egg.

"These are serpent's eggs, such snakes as dart about in the bottomless pit of fire and brimstone. They are true to their nature, and will instantly hatch if touched or placed in fire."

He then placed four iron dishes upon the floor, and put an egg in each. Then taking a burning torch, he applied its flames to an egg for a short time. There was a hissing sound and a serpent began to issue forth. He treated the others in like manner, and in a few minutes, amid fire and smoke, four striped serpents were uncoiling their bodies on the floor. In a short time the fire and smoke ceased, and there they lay contorted in various shapes, each nearly two yards in length. The medium dropped the curtain, and when it arose again the reptiles had been removed.



"Now I will open the Devil's box, and you will see that it is empty. Anyone may examine it."

Several persons stepped upon the stage, and one after another examined it inside and out, each being surprised at its lightness.

"You have seen how light the case is," said the medium. "I will now repeat the cabalistic formula, when it will be invested by Beelzebub. I order you in the name of Odanai, of Elohim, of Muthrattam and of Semaphoris, to appear to me. It is now inhabited by Satan. You may try and move it."

Several brawny young men sprang upon the stage, and pulled and jerked at the box but in vain. Then three men lifted together, but they could not stir it. It seemed as if it weighed tons. After a large number had exhausted their strength upon it, the Phantom said: "I will repeat another formula. Now you see a child can lift it."

The box was again examined by the audience, who could discover nothing peculiar about it, and all expressed their surprise at its lightness when not inhabited by the evil one.

"Be jabbers!" said the Pirate, "the divil's a heavy old chap whin you've got 'im boxed up."

Phantom opened the doors of the cabinet, revealing its interior, which was hung with black. It contained a plain bench, a drum, a tin horn and a bell.

"I will now proceed to show you that great spiritual feat, performed so often by the Davenport brothers, of which you all have heard and some of you may have witnessed. I refer to their

being securely bound by ropes and immediately being freed by spirit power."

The medium then had the lights extinguished, and producing a rope lay down upon the bench and was securely bound to it by two old sailors from the audience, who twisted the ropes in every conceivable shape about him and tied knot after knot.

"I guess," remarked one of the old salts, "the spirits won't loose that spar from its lashin'."

The two men left the stage, and the doors of the cabinet closed of their own accord. And immediately in the cabinet, the bell was rung, the drum was beaten and the trumpet blown, and the next instant two hands were thrust through the small holes in the upper part of the cabinet. In a few moments more the doors swung open, and Phantom was seen bound as before. The doors again closed, but in a few seconds opened again and the medium was seen sitting on the bench entirely free.

"Shiver my timbers!" shouted the sailor, "if the lubber aint loose from his lashin':"

"Now," said the medium, "to show you that I do not use my hands, you may place flour in each of them, and you will find it in them when the doors open. Will some one be kind enough to obtain some flour?"

"I will," said Kelly, and he immediately left the room.

He soon returned and, mounting the stage, placed the flour in both hands of the medium. The latter then lay down upon the bench and was bound as before. To show the audience that

he had no confederate, Phantom had the cabinet moved to the centre of the stage, and four of the spectators were placed on each side of it to watch. The cabinet was closed and the same performance as before repeated. The hands were extended wide open through the aperture, showing that they could not retain the flour, and when the doors opened Phantom arose from the bench and moving to the edge of the stage, said:

"I still retain the flour in my hands."

"Bedabs it wuzn't flour at all I guve yees. It wuz chalk."

This created some excitement, till Frank Meredith, who sat behind the Pirate, said:

"Yes, it was flour; I saw it in your hand."

"Thin, be jabbers, they fooled me!"

"Of course they did, Kelly," cried several Vandals.

"You will relight the lamp," said the Phantom to his assistants, "and remove the cabinet. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will exhibit to you the spirit-writing in letters of blood."

After removing the cabinet, the table was brought back covered with a black cloth, lapping about six inches over its edges. He seated himself by it, first removing his coat and rolling up his shirt sleeves.

"Now, will someone ask a question?"

"How old am I?" asked Meredith.

The medium immediately placed his naked arm beneath the table and the other above it in full view of all.

In a few moments he drew it forth, and, leaving the stage, held it before the audience. All

beheld upon it in blood-red letters: "Twenty-two years and six months."

"Correct. That's my age," answered Meredith.

Several other questions were then proposed and answered in the same manner.

"I will show you another spirit manifestation of the power of writing. Now for a question."

"How old was my father when he died?" said Johnson, the butcher.

"You see that sheet of paper, upon it will appear the answer. It is blank, as you see. I will now apply this fluid and by the aid of spiritual power the reply will appear.

"There is your answer."

"Sixty-one years," read the butcher. "Correct," said he, as he handed it to the others to examine.

"I will now close the seance," said Phantom, "by the great spiritual manifestation of producing Satan before you in visible form. This demoniacal spirit will impart to you an astounding secret of the Haunted House, which you may all see proven. A secret over four thousand years old, which in a few weeks will be revealed."

The lights were extinguished. And by the dim light emitted from the brazier the audience watched excitedly amid an almost breathless silence the movements of the medium.

Phantom threw a mixture into the Devil's box, then muttering a short incantation, he applied a burning torch to the contents. A dense black smoke arose. As the vapor grew gradually brighter, amid it (with a cry of horror from a

number of persons present) appeared the black form of the devil, with his cloven feet, his claw-like hands, and his long tail with its arrow-shaped end. His head surmounted by two horns, his sharp pointed chin, his forked tongue, his wild flaming eyes, and the diabolical leer on his face struck terror to the beholders.

Amid a deep silence, the demon opened his mouth and in terrible accents spoke:

"Mark ye! Mark ye! In the garden of yon Haunted House, of St. Arlyle, near its entrance, stands a statue enveloped in armor. This mail envelopes an Egyptian, who for horrible crimes was doomed to remain inanimate for forty centuries. But as the first hour of the new year dawns, he will burst his bondage, move from his pedestal and be seen no more. For then ends the centuries of his earthly bondage. Beware! Beware! For who breathes the Egyptian's breath looses his reason. I—I must go back to hell!"

With the last words the demon vanished.

"The seance is at an end," said the medium.

"And the end of the spirit-business, too," said a Vandal.

The next day nearly two-thirds of the village visited the Haunted House and gazed at the statue clad in mail. For it was but three days before the new year when the statue would move away.

The legend which had been told for years in the village concerning this statue read, that: "It was a mummy in armor, which the former owner of the Haunted House, who was a great traveller,

brought from Egypt. And that the mummy was not really dead, but had been doomed for a thousand years to stand inanimate in defiance of wear and decay, and that—some day, the Egyptian would awake from his lethean sleep, but would live long enough to reach his former home.”

The eventful new year's night was clear and bright, a full moon illuminating every object. Hundreds of people had gathered, waiting for the hour of mid-night.

“It wants but ten minutes of the hour,” exclaimed one.

Then another said: “We have but five minutes more to wait.”

Then the time dwindled to three minutes. Then it lacked but one minute, and each looked eagerly at his watch.

“It wants but half a minute!” exclaimed one. Then conversation ceased, and all stood with bated breath and wildly throbbing hearts, gazing intently at the statue.

“But five seconds,” whispered one.

Then each seemed to hold his breath with eager anticipation. The clock in the church steeple began striking the last hour of the old year. As the first stroke rang out on the air, the figure in armour, slightly moved on its pedestal, and as the last stroke sounded, it stepped from its marble base and strode through the gate, which opened at its touch, turned down the street at a rapid pace. The crowd fled in all directions, except the Vandals, who followed after the statue yelling:

“Hold on, old Egypt! Give us a speech, old

man! Ain't you going to be sociable after your long silence?"

While others answered:

"His jaws are stiff! He can't wag 'em! He's lost his tongue! He can't talk our language!"

"Then let him give us some Egyptian," answered another.

But the figure in armor strode on until it reached the river, when it was lost to view; or, as Jerry Marshall said: "He became sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized. I hoped to have interviewed him for a newspaper article. It would have been a fine historical sketch, ever so many thousands of years old. But:

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay!"

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE ESTRANGEMENT.

Alas! how light a cause may move,  
Dissension between hearts that love!  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
That stood the storms when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquility.—*Moore.*

It was the close of a bright spring day as Dr. Charles Landon walked up the path in the grove. A day that he did not dream would so affect his after life and be fraught with so much sadness to him.

As he sprang over the stile into the road, he saw Miss Merton's handsome little figure slowly walking alone the highway. Although she was nearly a quarter of a mile distant, he knew the petite form in blue in an instant. And as his heart beat quicker with expected pleasure, he accelerated his pace to overtake her. She sauntered slowly onward, occasionally glancing back, as if expecting some one, though she did not see him. When he was within about two hundred yards of her she suddenly caught sight of a person for whom she had evidently been waiting, for she immediately hurried forward and soon overtook the figure, who placed an arm about her. Landon pressed rapidly forward eagerly scanning the newcomer.

He knew Miss Merton had no brothers, or male cousins, and it was certainly not her father.

"Heavens! Bertie is false!" he exclaimed, just as her musical laugh rang out on the evening air. "False!" he continued, "but oh! how dearly I love her!"

He followed them, and though he could not hear their conversation, he could see their actions, and catch the sound of Miss Merton's merry laughter. Her queenly head was nestled as contentedly on her companion's shoulder as it ever had been on his own. At last the pair turned into a path leading into her father's garden, and were soon lost to view. He turned his steps homeward with a heavy heart. He might have seen death rob him of his idol and bowed submissively to God's will, but for her to prove false, on whose faithfulness he would have more



than staked his life, was almost more than he could bear.

"She cannot be false!" his heart kept saying, but his cooler reason kept arguing her faithlessness.

In this despondent mood he reached the college, and entered the laboratory. But each familiar object in the room only brought back to his memory the happy moments they had spent together.

"Happy days," he thought, "I never more shall know. How true are the words of the poet:

'Ah! tell me not that memory  
Sheds gladness o'er the past;  
What is recalled by faded flowers,  
Save that they did not last?'"

He could not bear to look longer at them, and flinging himself down in the chair by the window, he sat gazing out at the shadowy scenery fast fading in the twilight.

"Thus," he thought, "as fades the familiar scenes, so flies my happiness!"

At last, even the room grew hot and oppressive. He arose and went out into the cool night air. He walked about at random like one in a dream; and it was after midnight before he retired to his bed. He tossed about upon the pillow till daylight, when he fell into a light slumber, disturbed by fantastic dreams.

The next day he attended to the routine of duties, lecturing before the students as usual. A close observer could see no change in his manner or his face, except its paleness. Those about

him had always observed his calmness amid dangers and difficulties, and now in his greatest trial his habitual coolness did not desert him.

Early in the forenoon, he sat down at his desk, and wrote a short note to Miss Merton, as follows:

“MY DEAR BERTIE:—I thought I saw you strolling along the river road last night with a man’s arm about your waist. Was I mistaken? I know we are all liable to err; and in the depth of my heart I hope for once that my vision has played me false. Craving your pardon, my darling, for even doubting your love and truth,

I remain,            Ever yours affectionately,  
CHARLES LANDON.”

Hastily posting the letter, he waited anxiously all that day, and the next for an answer, but none came.

“She does not consider it worth the trouble to reply,” he thought.

He paced the floor of his room the greater part of that night. Late in the evening, receiving no answer from Miss Merton, he wrote again:

“MISS BERTHA MERTON:

Dear Miss:—I suppose you do not consider it worth the trouble to explain. I also suppose that our engagement has become distasteful to you, as well as to myself. And where there is no union of hearts, mere pledges of love are a

mockery. I should very much like to meet you if agreeable.

I remain,  
Ever your true friend,  
CHARLES LANDON."

The first letter Miss Merton did not receive, for some unaccountable reason. But the last one she took from the post-office, and her heart beat quicker, as she recognized Dr. Landon's handwriting. She tore open the envelope and read its contents. Her heart gave one wild bound of terror, and then it seemed as if it had ceased to beat. Her face grew as pale as marble, and she would have fallen, had she not supported herself against a column; but recovering her self-possession, she walked rapidly homeward, her mind dazed and bewildered. She went directly to her room. As she entered it, she caught sight of her face in the mirror, now so sad and destitute of color that it almost frightened her. She sat calmly down and read the cruel letter through, every word striking anguish into her heart. When she had finished, she exclaimed, in the deepest agony:

"Oh! my brightest hopes are blasted! I never knew till now, how deeply I loved him! Can it be possible, with all his nobleness, that he is false? Oh! how I have trusted him! Trusted, as I would my faith in heaven! My sorrow seems more than I can bear!"

Then, unable to control her anguish any longer, she threw herself upon the bed and burst into a flood of passionate tears. It seemed as if her young heart would break with the terrible pain

tearing at its very core. Was there no relief from her agony, she thought. At last nature could bear no more, and she swooned.

How long she remained insensible, she never knew, but when she regained consciousness, it was quite dark.

When her father rapped on the door, calling her to supper, she excused herself, pleading a headache. And her head did ache, but not half as badly as her heart.

Cousin May was absent from home, so she was left alone with her grief. She retired early, but not to sleep. Through that long night it seemed as if her young hopes were crushed, never to rise again, and her pillow was wet with tears. The next day she bravely bore her grief without a murmur, though her face was paler than ever. So she remained in her room, not daring to show her too evident suffering.

The next day she decided to answer Dr. Landon's letter. It was a hard task, but her pride came bravely to her rescue, and she began:

"DR. CHARLES LANDON:—

Dear Sir:—I received your letter, in which you wished to annul our engagement. Certainly, let us sever the bond that has become so distasteful to you. I am very sorry that it has enthralled you even for a moment. Hoping that our engagement has caused you no inconvenience,

I remain

Ever your friend,

BERTHA MERTON.

"P. S.—I regret, that I cannot meet you at

present, as I am not well. I will send you your letters and gifts in a few days. B. M."

She signed the letter with a steady hand, though she felt as if she were putting her signature to the death warrant of her happiness.

"Thus fades my brightest dream of life. He is so wise and handsome, but so false! Yet I love him still!"

The next day she returned his letters and gifts, while dreaming over the happy days,

"Now anchored in memory's sky."

No, not all his gifts; she retained his portrait in the locket on her bosom. As she opened it, and scanned its well known features, a sad smile played on her face.

"No, I cannot give it up. It is the only picture of him I have left. Perhaps he will not remember it. How foolish in me to love him, after he has flung me from his heart! But, by and by, I shall learn to forget him."

When Miss Merton left her room and mingled again with the household, each noticed that her face, though still plump and dimpled, had grown as white as marble, and her pretty black eyes wore a sad expression, while ever and anon a tear shone on the long drooping lashes.

On her cousin's return, she met her in the hall.

"Come in my room, May, and I'll tell you all."

Entering the room, she handed her Dr. Lan-

don's letter. The handsome blonde read it through, in silence, then exclaimed:

"Why, he is a cruel scoundrell!"

"Hush, May, don't say that, I love him too well to hear him abused," cried Bertha, passionately.

"But he must have some reason for wishing to break the engagement. Don't you know the cause for his strange action?"

"None whatever. I knew nothing, till I received this letter."

"Bertha, meet him as he desires, and ask an explanation."

"Ask him not to break our engagement? No, never!" she exclaimed passionately.

"No, I do not mean that, my poor girl. Give him an opportunity to explain his strange conduct."

"No, May," she answered sadly, her eyes filling with tears, "it is humiliation enough to think that he valued my love so lightly as to throw it aside without even giving a reason!"

"But, Bertie, dear, he has some pretext for his conduct. And I intend to find it out!"

And with a woman's tact and energy, she did, but not till long afterward when too late to change the course of events.

Miss Wentworth learned that Dr. Landon had seen Bertie walking along the river road with a man's arm about her waist, on a certain evening. That evening, she remembered very well, for she and Bertie took a walk along the road and met Ned Wilberton, when Miss Merton facetiously declared that two were company, and three were

a crowd! So she left them to visit a lady friend. When she returned, it was late, and her cousin had been waiting some time for her.

The evening grew cold, though the day had been quite warm, and May having brought no shawl, and suffering from a severe cold, caught the day before, her lover persuaded her to put on his overcoat, remarking that no one would see her in the dark.

When she met Bertie, the latter exclaimed with a laugh:

"Why, May, you make a first-class man."

It was the two cousins, whom Dr. Charles Landon had followed.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE FAREWELL.

One struggle more, and I am free  
From pangs that rend my heart in twain!  
One long last sigh to love and thee,  
Then back to busy life again.—*Byron.*

Dr. Charles Landon was sitting in his laboratory at the close of the bright spring day when he received Miss Merton's answer to his last letter. After reading it he murmured, "It is all over at last. The bright days have fled. But I shall love her as long as my heart beats. Sweet memories tinged with sadness cling around her still. Though lost, 'tis sweet to remember love's thrills of joy. For 'tis said true love is the seraphic flower of earth that draws us nearest heaven; it is the only unselfish passion of life."

It was his last evening in the old familiar room, for he felt the erratic spirit he had long thought dead, coming back with more than its former force; so he resolved to leave the old scenes and in a new field of action perhaps forget the old life, or at least bury it in the clash of strife or death. For it was just at this time that the American Civil War burst upon the nation. Fort Sumter had fallen and every city and village in the United States was wild with excitement over the coming struggle. Soldiers were enlisting in every part of the country and moving to the front to join in the first great battle, soon to be fought between the divided sections of the nation, and Dr. Charles Landon had concluded to take his stand under the "Old Flag," and do his humble part in the struggle.

"Why should I shrink duty's post, when I have so little to relinquish, while others are leaving wives and sweethearts behind at their country's call? Amid a soldier's exciting duty, I shall have little time to think, and if I fall, then this heart will be free from every pang."

As he sat for the last time watching the familiar scenes grow dim in the fast fading daylight the old life seemed fleeting, too, with all its joys and tears. And there in the quiet summer evening he resolved to forgive, and as far as his heart could, forget the past, and begin a new work on the ashes of the old.

Charles Landon took a wrong course that night, but like many others, he did not see it till long years after.

He had fallen into a deep reverie in the even-



ing twilight when he was aroused by the entrance of half a dozen friends.

"Hallo, Doctor, playing solitaire?"

"Yes," he answered absently.

Then the conversation turned on the war and Landon asked:

"What's the latest news?"

"St. Arlyle is raising two companies for the war, one is to be commanded by Marshall and the other by Tom Gleaton. Nearly all the Vandals have enlisted, and nearly half the young men in town."

"What do you think of it, Doctor?"

"The country was never more in need of soldiers than now; I shall offer my services."

"Bravo!" cried several, "you're just the man for Colonel."

The conversation ran on, the merits of the conflict was discussed, and it was late before they parted.

Two days after it became generally known that Landon had been commissioned the Colonel of nine companies, seven enlisted in the neighboring towns, and two raised in St. Arlyle. His experience in fighting Indians in the western territories and his early education at a military school pointed to him as the proper man.

Thomas Gleaton and Marshall had been commissioned captains of the two companies raised in the village; Ned Stanton had given up the study of law, and had been made a second lieutenant. Frank Meredith, just graduated, had been appointed a surgeon, while Kelly the pirate, Dave Anderson, Jo Green, and other Vandals

were made, as Kelly remarked "high privates in the rear rank."

For about a week the regiment was encamped at the edge of the village, and daily drilling began to convert the raw recruits into soldiers.

At last the important day came when the troops were to leave for the field of strife. Nearly the whole town had turned out to bid farewell to the soldiers. The space around the camp was thronged with an excited crowd, from early morning till the troops moved away. It was a lovely June day, and the earth and the trees were dressed in their brightest green. At eleven o'clock the troops fell into line for the last time in St. Arlyle, and forming into a column, Landon gave the command, "Forward, March." The band struck up a national air, the regiment moved down the street toward the railway station. They formed an imposing picture, with their bright blue uniforms, and gleaming bayonets, and their flags floating out on the gentle breeze. Landon rode at their head, and upon his figure Bertie's eyes became riveted in a moment. She thought she had never seen him look so handsome as now in his dark blue uniform encircled by a red sash and the golden eagles on each shoulder, while his dark brown hair clustered in curls beneath his hat, forming a dark frame to his pale, handsome face.

The soldiers reached the station and stood in broken ranks, waiting for the train and bidding farewell to friends.

Bertie drove to the station and as she alighted

from the buggy, Landon saw her, and leaving the station went toward the spot.

He had called twice the previous night to see her, but she had refused to meet him. But that morning, repenting her action, she sent him a note informing him that she would meet him at the station; the old tender feeling coming back, she longed to see him again, perhaps for the last time.

Reaching her side he held out his hand and said with a smile:

"Good morning, Miss Merton."

"Good morning," she answered calmly, as she felt her eyes drop before his gaze, but not before she had noticed how pale his face had grown. Though her heart beat wildly she spoke so calmly that her voice sounded strange and cold even to herself, while Dr. Landon's calm voice and manner showed no signs of the storm of emotion struggling in his breast.

There was a moment's silence, then she said in the same cold tone, but with a strong effort:

"You are going away?"

"Yes, I shall try and do my part for my country. This quiet life has no charm for me now," he added bitterly. "You know," he said, smiling, "a good soldier must wear his heart at will."

At this moment the train thundered up to the station, and there were but a few moments ere they must part. She looked up into his face and in a sweet voice that had a tone of sadness in it, said:

"I wish you great success, may you pass unscathed through the fields of battle; good-bye and may happiness be with you."

"Farewell," he answered, "I shall never forget you, 'though it may be for years, it may be forever!'"

"Farewell, and God be with you!"

He unclasped her hand, hurried to the car, and in a few moments the train rolled away from view.

Miss Merton rode home like one in a dream, with a terrible pain at her heart. On entering her room she threw herself upon the bed. Then the tears she had restrained so long burst forth in a flood as she said: "Oh, how I love him! Oh, how I love him!"

It is said that when a woman has a "good cry," she always feels better. It relieves her over-charged nervous system. For it is a well known fact to surgeons that, tears alleviate pain, physical and mental, in both women and men; but more particularly in the fair sex.

After her paroxysm of grief, she arose and bathing her face, went down stairs and took her old place in life again. But with a scarred and wounded heart.

"We look before and after,  
And pine for what is naught;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught."

**PART II.**  
**THROUGH WAR TO PEACE.**





## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE LAST MEETING OF THE VANDAL CLUB.

Here's a parting clasp and a parting smile,  
For the good old days of yore.

The Saturday night before the regiment marched away to the field of battle, the Vandal club held its last meeting. Important business was announced for that night: it was nothing less than to make arrangements for the exposure of **THE VILLAGE MYSTERY**.

There was a large attendance, every member of the club being present. Tom Gleaton occupied the chair, while near him were seated Dick Lex, Ned Stanton, the law student, and Frank Meredith, just graduated, and who had been appointed a surgeon in the regiment. On a bench near the window sat Dave Johnson, Anderson, Foghorn Joe, (who received this sobriquet from the fact of his having once engineered a steam fog whistle), Blowhard Jack, and fire tail Bill, (thus nick named on account of his excitable disposition), Kelly the Pirate, and Professor Phantom. The last three were seated on a couple of boxes in a corner, while the tailor, "Governor" Elton was engaged in cooking his supper.

After calling the roll and reading the minutes

of the last meeting, the chairman said: "The first order of business is the report of the committee on marriage."

"The report," said Marshall, "is favorable on the marriage of James Moore to Susan Plenty, and may they pull well together in the double team of life:

Although she was Plenty,  
Yet, still she wanted Moore,  
Perhaps, since she's got him,  
She'll want a little more."

"The committee also reports favorably on the wedding of Thomas Williams to Mary Williams. But they think the Bills have got sadly mixed."

"But," answered Gleaton, "both Bills have been presented and accepted. And they will now proceed to issue small Bills."

"The third wedding," said Marshall, "of

Jane Mirror to James Glass,  
Is a very brittle wedding,  
But still, we'll let it pass!"

"The next order of business is the reading of communications. The secretary, Captain Marshall, will read Sam Green's letter from Southern California."

Marshall read as follows:

"DEAR JIM, AND OTHER VANDALS:

"It is some time since I heard from any of you. Between the Indians and Mexicans we have it right lively here.

"I got in a row with them Cannon boys. They live just below us. They are a mighty tough



pair, decidedly on the shoot, that is, they used to be; they made it extremely lively for me a while. They shot part of my nose and one ear away and put a bullet in my skin. But I scooped 'em in. I layed behind the old pig-pen with my old goose-gun, with nigh a pound of buck shot in each barrel. I shot off Pete's left leg, and Tom's right arm.

"Now, boys, I want you to send two pistols, a bowie knife and a rifle, and five hundred rounds of cartridge. Because when them Cannon boys come fooling around here, I want to be a sort of walking battery.

"I don't look like I did, since I lost part of an ear and got my nose knocked out of plumb.

"You might send us a couple of newspapers, we sometimes feel literary, that is, when the Cannon boys ain't around. Then it's too lively to read.

"My respects to the boys,

Yours very truly,

SAM GREEN.

"P.S. I am a mighty sight better shot than I was, I've been practicing on stray Indians around town. S.G."

"It must be an extremely lively place out there," said one.

"Yes," answered the editor, "a good place to get annihilated, kind of Vandalized."

"I suppose," said Gleaton, "they adopt,

'The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That he should take who has the power,  
And he should keep who can.'

At this moment Elton was called into the front room and immediately a raid was made on the food, as Marshall quoted:

“The world’s a well-furnished table,  
Where guests are promiscuously set,  
Where all fare as well as they’re able,  
And scramble for what they can get.”

The bread, meat, eggs, cake and preserves, were soon devoured, and as the crowd finished the coffee, Gleaton remarked:

“This is worse than the barbarian’s descent on Rome.”

“Yes,” answered the editor, “sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized the ‘Governor’s’ supper.”

A few minutes after Elton entered and stood gazing in amazement at the empty plates.

“Well, boys, I have had my supper or else you’ve had yours.”

“Be gorra, it’s kind of evaporated,” said Kelly.

Elton said nothing more but began cooking again.

“The next report is that of the committee on fighting.”

“Well,” said Dave Johnson, “there were two fights since our last report, one of them was between the two bakers. It didn’t amount to much, it was more talking than fighting.”

“Yes,” said Marshall,

“In every age and clime we see,  
Two of a trade can ne’er agree.”

"The other row was between Kelly and Bullet-head, a continuation of the old fight."

"Then it can't be reported here; it comes under the head of unfinished business," said the chair.

"I don't know anything about that, but I tell yees he finished me!"

"Now comes the committee's report on news about town."

Frank Meredith, who was chairman of the committee, arose and said:

"It is rather meager, so I will give it to you in a nutshell, so to speak. Tom Flanagan started a whiskey saloon in the old trunk factory. The boys got a ladder and climbing up erased the T and painted a D, making it read Drunk Factory."

"Good! bravo! very appropriate," cried several.

"Old Jones went home the other night," continued Meredith, three seas over, in fact, drunk; the boys had stretched half a dozen ropes across the side walk, and as he fell over the fourth one, he said:

" "'Pears to me (hic) the road's a little uneven to-night. But (hic) there's nothing like perseverance to climb a hill.' "

'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as ithers see us.' "

Meredith resumed, "Charlie Wilson lost his sweetheart the other night under very sad circumstances. Very painful to them both, but more particularly to her.

"Charlie lives in a little cottage at the upper end of the village all by himself; but he hoped

soon to have had Miss Emma Thorne to share the joys of life with him,

'But the best layed plans of men  
And mice gang aft aglee.'

"A few nights since, Wilson was very much annoyed by the boys ringing his door bell and then slipping behind the fence to see the fun and hear him call them uncomplimentary names.

"They repeated the trick five or six times, and at last Charley's patience was exhausted, so he resolved to make an example of one of them; he took his position behind the door and waited for a victim. Just at this time his betrothed and another young lady were passing, and she said to her companion:

" 'I'm going to play a joke on Charley!' Leaving her companion, Miss Thorne ran lightly up the steps, and pulling the bell started to get behind a column; but Charley sprang out of the door, and gave her a kick as he yelled—

" 'There, you darned fool! I guess, I kicked you higher than the moon!'

"She sailed out into space, over a couple of rose bushes and landed in the middle of the grass plot. The boys in the street gave a wild yell that would have shamed an Indian war dance, and then fled.

"Charley hastened to his betrothed, but she arose and casting one withering glance of contempt at him departed. She won't even look at him now; and he sits and ponders on what might have been."

Suggested Marshall, "she must have felt sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized!"

"That expresses it exactly," replied Meredith.

"Several persons in the village," continued Meredith, "have been talking about it. In fact, they said we were a lot of rascals, rogues, etc. I believe in going for them in return; what does the club think?"

"I would suggest," said Gleaton, "that we adopt in this matter the principle of Frederick the Great, who said that he had made an agreement with his subjects, that they were to say what they pleased and he was to do what he pleased."

This suggestion was put in the form of a motion, and immediately carried.

"Old Sam Jones got intoxicated the other night, and started home with a jug of whisky. As he was climbing over the fence enclosing his yard, thinking of 'little brown jug how I love thee,' the top rail broke, he fell on one side and the jug on the other. The cork came out of the jug, but he was too drunk to get up again. And as the whiskey ran out, it went goody! good! goody! 'Yes,' said he, 'I know you're *good*, but I can't git yer!' "

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE LAST OF THE VANDAL CLUB.

We're bidding now a sad adieu  
To the dream-lit years gone by.

"The next order of business, is the report on The Village Mystery," said the chairman.

## 134 THE VILLAGE MYSTERY, AND

Ned Stanton arose and began: "We have come to the conclusion that these spectral illusions and ghostly performances, have been carried far enough; and as this is the last meeting of the Vandal congress it becomes our duty to expose them."

"I object," cried Phantom.

"Yes," said Marshall, "I have no doubt, for like Othello, 'your occupation's gone.' "

"It's no use, Phantom," exclaimed the Pirate, "the jig's up. Ye's got ter go!"

"Yes," remarked Gleaton, "the play's ended. It's time to drop the curtain! But," he continued, "there seems to be some opposition to the exposure of the Village Mystery. I will now put it to the sense of the club. Will some one make the motion?"

Marshall arose and read:

"Resolved: That the Vandal club now fully expose the Village Mystery, including all strange, ghostly, spiritual and supernatural performances, or occurrences.

"Also, resolved: That being deficient in scientific knowledge, we request Dr. Charles Landon to aid us with his scientific attainments, in the performance of the same."

These motions were immediately carried, there being only one dissenting voice, that of Phantom.

"It is carried, and the exposure of the Mystery will begin on Monday next. In the meantime, our friend Professor Phantom will have time to depart, if he wishes to do so."

"It's no use Phantom," said Marshall, "it's

time to ring the curtain down. The audience has had enough of the play.

'Farewell, a long farewell, to all your greatness;  
This is the state of man.'

"Shure," said the Pirate, interrupting, "it's time fur Phantom to evaporate, as will as the ghosts."

"The next subject before the club is the war," said Gleaton. "As there is no committee on the belligerent art, the club will resolve itself into a committee of the whole, and briefly discuss it as the hour is late, and it is nearly time to adjourn.

"I am pleased," he continued, "to see that so many of you have enlisted under the 'old flag,' and are going forward to do your duty for your country on the field of battle."

Marshall arose and said:

"Comrades: It is with pleasure and with pride that I see you have resolved to take your stand for the best republic a flag ever floated over. There may be at times, wrong things done by those who hold power in the government, but it is not the fault of the republic but the bad deeds of unprincipled men, who must and will be crushed in the end. Then let us do our duty to liberty and the republic, and remember,

The sword may pierce the bearer,  
Stone walls in time may sever—  
'Tis the heart alone, worth steel and stone,  
That keeps men free forever!"

He sat down amid a burst of applause, as the chairman called,

"We will now give our farewell toasts; but you must be brief, as it is growing late."

When they had filled their glasses they all sprang to their feet and Meredith gave the first toast.

"Here's to the Vandal club; and may we pass unharmed through the fields of blood, and meet again when the war is over."

"Here's to our Colonel, Charles Landon; may he pass untouched through the fields of death, and may fame place her laurel wreath on his brow."

Said Marshall: "Here's to the ladies! The fairest and brightest stars of earth to guide us in the noble paths of duty, and the pleasant paths of love. The most fascinating book in all romance, whose pages we never grow weary of reading, for we find them ever new. For women are the deepest and sweetest mysteries of all. And may our love ever cherish their devotion, and our arms ever be ready to defend and encircle them!"

"Now," said the chairman as they drank the last toast, "we will sing our farewell song: 'The Good Old Days of Yore.'"

Then followed, "Auld Lang Syne," and as the last words echoed through the room, Gleaton arose and said:

"Comrades: It becomes my sad duty to bid farewell to the club, ere we wander down the different paths of life. Sad, because through the flooding years we may never meet again. For amid the shock of battle, some of us, perhaps many of us must fall! But whatever fate has in store for us, let us meet it like men and be true to each other, true to our country, true to our



fellow man, and, above all, let us be true to Heaven. Yet, I hope that when the dark vista has cleared away—that mystic book of the future, whose leaves God alone can turn—we shall meet again amid the old familiar scenes.

“Till then:

“Farewell—a word that has been and must be,  
A sound that makes us linger—yet farewell.”

“I now adjourn the Vandal club, *sine die!*”

There was a silence for several moments, then they arose and, filing out of the room, one after another, they shook hands for the last time with Elton, and sadly bade him farewell in such words as:

“Good bye, old fellow; we’ll not forget you!”

“Yes, good bye, we’ll keep you in remembrance.”

“Good bye!” “Good bye!” “Good bye!” repeated one after another as they departed.

A tear glistened in the old man’s eyes as he bade adieu, perhaps forever he thought, to those associates he had known for nearly twenty years. And although they were a wild, jolly crowd, many an eye was full at parting with the old friend of by-gone years, for it struck a tender chord in their hearts.

The last farewell was said, and Elton stood alone in the room, as he muttered:

“They were a wild crowd, and sometimes bothered me. But they were good-hearted after all. And it strikes a tender chord in my heart to part with them! But then, I suppose the war will soon be over and they’ll all be back again.”

But in this he was mistaken, for ere the close of the conflict, many of them would cross the dark River of Death!

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE EXPOSURE OF THE VILLAGE MYSTERY.

Oh, mysteries so mysterious,  
Ghosts and demons drear!

Late the next evening, after the last meeting of the Vandal Club, Phantom took his departure from St. Arlyle.

"Good bye, boys," he said from his seat in the carriage, surrounded by the Vandals. "The play is ended, and I'm not the man to add an epilogue when the curtain's down. I'm much obliged to you all, for the aid you've given me, and I shall always keep the Vandal club in remembrance. You might have given me a little more time and not exposed the spirit mystery till business began to dull. But then, I'm satisfied."

"Bejabers, yes ought ter be, fur yes walked inter this town wid yer carpet bag, and now yes ridin' out wid a chase, and yer pockets filled wid coin! But I've nothing to say agin yes, Phantom, only, yes play a stiff game of cards. And I've nothin' to say agin that. But whin yes drew five aces out of a dick, bedabs, it's an insinuation on a square game."

"Well, you soon learned that part of the game yourself," replied Phantom.

"Yes, I did, for it wuz the only way to keep avin."

"Good bye, boys," said the ex-medium as the carriage started, "the spiritualistic business is ended!"

"Yes," replied Marshall, "sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized!"

"That's so," answered the Pirate, "we'll 'ave no more spirits 'ere, except them in a whiskey bottle."

The next day the Vandals placarded every available wall in the village with the following announcement:

The Village Mystery Exposed!  
In the Town Hall, To-night.  
Admission, - Free.

That evening the public hall was crowded with a larger and more excited audience than ever Phantom had congregated. Not only was every seat and part of the hall occupied, but a number stood outside the windows and doors.

The curtain was removed from the front of the stage, revealing Phantom's cabinet, "devil's box," table and other paraphernalia, which he had left in his precipitate flight. Besides these was a table covered with chemical and optical apparatus.

Gleaton mounted the stage and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: The other night the Vandal club passed resolutions to expose The Village Mystery, and Phantom's spiritualistic performances. To tell the truth, the Vandals had a hand in this ghostly programme, and so, to free their somewhat elastic consciences, before bidding you farewell, for most of them have enlisted

to do their humble part in the war, they concluded to make a complete exposure.

"Being deficient in scientific knowledge, they requested the well known chemist, Dr. Landon, to assist, which he has very kindly consented to do. Since the Vandals' last meeting events have transpired which have given them the power to explain all. So as our Warwickshire friend has said:

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.'

"I now introduce to you, Dr. Charles Landon, professor of chemistry in the University."

Dr. Landon mounted the stage amid applause, and began:

"We have met to-night to consider an old familiar subject, for it had its birth far back in the morning of time before the historian's pen had left a record, for it is almost cotemporaneous with man's creation. In every age, in every clime, and under every form of government, and in all grades of society, either savage, barbarian or civilized, we find superstition, like the scene-shifter on the mimic stage, always there. For man has always had a longing to look through the mystic future, and see what fate has in store for him. But through all the faded centuries, in the book of the future he has never turned a page, or read a line. It is said, and truly so, that in every person's mind is some form of superstition; it may be far less in some persons than in others, but it is there nevertheless.

"The Bible, our oldest authentic history, gives

us many instances of the parts played by magicians. It informs us that Saul consulted the Witch of Endor, concerning his power to defeat the Philistines; and that God's chosen people made a golden calf to worship, and that even the great and wise Solomon forsook his allegiance to his God and worshiped Astoreth the goddess of the Zidonians.

"Thus in the earliest legends and records of the world, we find superstition existing. We can trace it back through the Judaic history, in the books of Buddhism, of Brahmanism, of Chaldeism, in the legends of the Northmen, and in the fanciful, dreamy tales of primitive men.

"Then when we reach the annals of history we follow superstition's unbroken line, age by age, year by year, till the past becomes but yesterday.

"Greece, the land of arts and sciences, and the birthplace of modern civilization, believed implicitly in its gods or oracles of Jupiter at Dodona, and Apollo at Delphos.

"Learned Rome had her sacred college of soothsayers, her sybils and augurs; the Middle Ages its sorcerers, who flourished and increased in defiance of torture and death, modern times has had its witchcraft, and Illuminati, and the present time has its spiritualism, but the offspring of the Illuminati.

"Thus, we see that superstition and error have flourished in every age and country, in defiance of persecution, torture and death. But what all these have failed to do, the more powerful weapons of truth, light and science will accomplish.

"We will now proceed to expose 'The Village Mystery,' and Phantom's legerdemain. First, taking up the spiritulist's impostures in the order in which he performed them. We shall then turn our attention to the Sleeping Egyptian, the Haunted House, and the Graveyard Ghost.

"Modern spiritualism originated in the City of Rochester, New York, about the year 1848, by two women named Fox, who announced to the public that they were capable of producing supernatural knocks and noises, by which they could communicate with spirits of the dead. They immediately caused great excitement, and were visited by hundreds of people, including physicians, clergymen, editors and lawyers, who, unable to give any satisfactory reasons for the generation of the strange raps, and apparently true answers to their questions, came to the conclusion that the knocks were the result of divine inspiration. From its cradle in Rochester, spiritualism spread rapidly in all directions. And the mediums, as the promulgators of the art called themselves, drew large crowds to their seances, always held in the dark, for like the magicians and sorcerers of early ages, they disliked the light.

"Although Rochester was the birthplace of spiritualism of the present day, strange raps and noises attributed to the supernatural, were known in nearly every age. In England, among many others, the Newgate criminal calendar records the celebrated trial of the Cock Lane Ghost, which rapped, and was supposed to have com-

munication with the departed, but which proved to be a living woman.

"We shall now turn our attention to the so-called spirit rappings. I regret that our mysterious friend Phantom is not present, but to use the words of the Vandal, "has evaporated." As you see, in his hasty exit, he has left his table, cabinet and other material behind, which will prove useful to us in illustrating his legerdemain."

Four Vandals and Dr. Landon seated themselves around the table, and placing their hands upon it, almost immediately raps were heard, and in a few minutes the table began a dancing motion.

"You see," said Charles Landon, "we have spirits present, though no questions were asked. Now, what caused these raps and gave motion to the table, for there are no wires or cords attached to it?"

"The first raps heard were produced by the forefinger of one of the hands lying flat upon the table. This is accomplished by slightly raising the finger and striking it upon the hard table. The movement is so slight that you would not perceive it, perhaps, even if your attention were called to it. For those who repeatedly practice it grow very expert at the deception. And there would be far less probability of your seeing the movement of the finger if it were in a dimly lighted room such as mediums always use. But there is another and truly wonderful method of producing knocks by electricity. It was this hidden electrical phenomenon that, at first, puzzled so many persons and caused them to attribute these strange raps and motions to the super-

natural. But where does this electricity come from, or, in other words, how is it produced? The truth is, it is caused by the human body, for, under certain circumstances, it has the power of converting itself into an electrical machine, which can often be operated at the will of the person himself. It has often been observed that a person gazing fixedly at the Aurora Borealis for a short time, will become impregnated with the fluid, and, upon approaching a negative substance, will give off a spark. And even instances are recorded in which the human body has become so electrically excited, by sliding rapidly over a carpet as to yield a spark capable of igniting gas. And even this electrical power is possessed by some fishes, particularly the torpedo and electric ray of South America, which have a special organ for this purpose, capable of developing such an electrical force as to stun, and very often kill their prey by the shock.

"Although this self-generating electricity is possessed by every one, some persons inherit it in a far greater degree than others, just as in animal magnetism. But like many other powers in life, it may be greatly increased by cultivation, giving those who have practiced it a wonderful power over the beginner.

"It is a well known fact that, when a strong electrical discharge passes through an imperfect conductor, it either knocks it about, or breaks it to pieces, in accordance with the violence of the discharge.

"This is just what has happened in the case of the table. The five persons seated about it act





*(A Village Mystery and  
Through War to Peace)*



as electrical machines and the table being a negative substance, the electrical shock causes it to rap and move about.

"Let us now turn to Phantom's trick of answering spirit questions, through the medium of a tin box, by placing apparently blank sheets of paper in it. But the paper was not blank, it had the answers to questions written upon it with dilute sulphuric acid, which is invisible until the sheet is gently heated, when the words appear in black letters. The medium accomplished this by placing the tin case containing the paper over the flame of the tripod for a few seconds.

"If you remember, the Vandals asked the first questions which were answered by the so-called 'spirit-flame.' And I am sorry to say they were Phantom's confederates, and had the whole matter pre-arranged with him. But when the farmer asked a question, the 'medium' was nonplussed for moment, but his trusty friends, the Vandals, soon came to his rescue. As they make it their business to know the history, or peculiarities of every one in the village, they soon gave him the answers to the farmer's questions.

"Phantom showed you another method of producing writing on seemingly blank paper, by moistening it with a liquid. This is merely a chemical principle. The sheets had been previously written upon, by a solution of sulphate of copper, which is invisible until moistened by aqua ammonia, when the chemical reaction produces the blue letters.

"The hatching of the 'devil's serpent eggs,' as the spiritualist called them, is simply another

chemical performance. These 'eggs' are composed of dilute nitric acid, quicksilver, sulphocyanidum of ammonium and gum tragacanth. This mixture is made into a paste and divided into pellets. When these pellets, or "eggs," are dry and fire is applied to one of them, a body is evolved from it, which at a short distance resembles, identically, that of a snake.

"The production of 'blood writing' upon the arm, is very simple. A red lead pencil is fixed under the table, beneath the point of which the naked arm is moved about."

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE EXPOSURE FINISHED.—KELLY'S SPEECH.

—Error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven  
They fade, they fly—but truth survives the flight.

—*Bryant.*

"We will now explain the mystery of the Devil's Box, which, like most of his paraphernalia, he neglected to carry away. The box, he affirmed, was covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics; but upon a close inspection it is more probable that some industrious Vandal used his spare moments in copying upon it the characters from a Chinese tea chest. And if a certain Vandal present were charged with the deception he would undoubtedly be forced to acknowledge that he acted in this instance as the 'medium' Egyptologist.

"But how is the casket made heavy or light at the will of the operator and without his touching

it? It is accomplished in the following way: Upon first examination the box appears to be composed entirely of wood; but it is not; it has an iron bottom. But what has the iron bottom to do with changing the weight of the box? Simply this: Phantom has an opening cut in the centre of the stage in which is placed a powerful electro-magnet hidden by the surrounding carpet. To this is attached wires, along which a strong electric current is sent from beneath the stage. The bottom of the case being of iron adheres to the other metallic plate, as long as the current is continued, with such power that a horse could not pull them apart. But when the electricity is cut off it loses its power of a loadstone.

"This wonderful property of electricity was taken advantage of by the magicians of the middle ages, who used to accomplish some strange and wonderful performances, which, by the ignorance of the age, were attributed to the supernatural. Among these magicians was Albertus Magnus, the greatest of them all. He was born in the year 1193, and was the most renowned scholar of the age in which he lived; was well acquainted with this principle of natural philosophy and took advantage of it to terrorize his followers and to throw a mystery about himself. He left a book called *The Admirable Secrets of Albertus Magnus*, in which are some very useful receipts, but they are mixed with much nonsense.

"We will now consider the cabinet mystery. These performances of pretended miracles, by the aid of a cabinet, originated with the Davenport Brothers, who gave exhibitions of these spiritual

manifestations, as they called them in the United States, England and France, from which they made thousands of dollars.

"The Davenports' spiritual performances consisted of the two brothers being securely bound to a bench in a cabinet; which contained drums, bells and musical instruments. The moment the doors were closed and the light turned down, the drums were beat, the bells rung, the musical instruments played, and hands were thrust through the small openings in the upper part of the doors of the cabinet. Then the doors swing open of their own accord and the brothers are found bound as before. Again the doors are closed, the drums beat and musical instruments played as previously, and when the doors open they are still bound. The doors are again closed and almost instantly opened, when the brothers are seen unbound, sitting on the benches. Of course, the Davenport brothers claimed that all the performances inside the cabinet were executed by spiritual power. Although they exhibited their performances both in Great Britain and America without direct detection, they came to grief in Paris, a city prolific in wizards and magicians. They had only given their first performance when Robin, a noted scientist and lecturer of the Boulevard du Temple, announced to the city, through the papers, that he would fully expose the Davenport's cabinet feat in full view of all. But that evening a laughable incident revealed the Davenport brothers' secret, forestalling Robin's exposure. It occurred in the following manner: After the brothers were bound to the bench, a

magician examining it, found a secret spring which he touched, when, lo! the bench fell to pieces and the mediums rolled upon the floor, amid the uproarious, wild yells and laughter from the audience. The secret was out: the bench had many joints.

"A few evenings after, Robin gave a complete exposé of the Davenports' exhibition, and showed how, without a jointed bench, he could release himself when bound.

"I will take this rope and show you how easily it is performed. By a simple turn of the wrist, you see how an apparently secure square knot can be converted into a half hitch, through which that part of the rope held by the one bound can be pushed. Any rope will admit of a little slack, so almost any knot can be converted into a slip-knot; and when this is accomplished, the greatest difficulty in untying one's self is overcome.

"The leading point with the Davenport brothers was to have the knot at their wrists appear solid, although it was really a slip-knot. This may be accomplished in many ways, among others, thus: a square knot is made in the middle of a rope and the ends put through in opposite directions beneath the knot, which is then pulled tight. This operation forms two loops, which are made just large enough to thrust the hands through. Then the hands are pulled out of the loops, and used to put the ends of the rope through the holes in the bench, and then the feet are tied and also the ends of the rope fastened to the rounds of the bench, when the hands are again inserted into the loops and the latter drawn tight

and the operation of tying is finished. The Davenport brothers claimed that they did not use their hands in untying themselves, but were freed by spirit power. To prove this, they had flour placed in their hands, and when they were unbound the flour was still found in their fists. Apparently it had been there all the time, but such was not the fact, for they had transferred it to their pockets, and again filled their hands just before exhibiting them.

"You will recollect that when Phantom gave this exhibition of slight of hand, our friend, Mr. Kelly, claimed that it was chalk he had given the medium and not flour, which was the fact. But the other Vandals, to use Mr. Kelly's words, out-talked him and forced him to acknowledge that chalk was flour. Thus showing you that the Vandals were almost indispensable to Phantom, in his many spiritualistic performances.

"We will now turn our attention to Phantom's last magical feat, that of raising the devil out of his casket into full view. Many of you have already anticipated the explanation—it lies in the one word *phantasmagoria*. A phantasmagoria is nothing more than a perfect magic lantern.

"Once more, we call your attention to the Devil's Casket, as Phantom named it, not to exhibit it, but to give you a practical illustration of how the medium caused the devil to rise out of it. In the box I have placed a brazier containing burning charcoal. Upon these coals is thrown olibanum—many other gums would serve the same purpose—and the black smoke arising from the gum immediately above the box, forms an



excellent screen upon which to reflect the image thrown from the phantasmagoria, which is hidden from view by the wings of the stage.

"Now, as my assistant turns the focus of the lantern upon the smoke, you see Phantom's devil appears in all his hideousness."

"Begorra!" said Kelly, "that's the idintical ould bog-throtter!"

"It is to Dr. Robertson," continued Landon, "that we owe the first perfection of the phantasmagoria. Robinson was an English scientist, who lived in Paris during the Reign of Terror, and brought the optical science to a wonderful degree of perfection. His exhibitions caused even more excitement and wonder among the French public than had been caused by Cagliostro and Mesmer, but his purpose was far different from that of these two charlatans; while Mesmer and Cagliostro held that their performances were caused by spirits and demons Robertson ridiculed these ideas and showed that the strange scenes were wholly due to the principles of science.

"To perfect and heighten the effect of his science, he obtained a room over eighty feet long and twenty-four wide which he hung entirely with black. At one end of the room he had a raised stage, across the front of which was stretched a white sheet previously soaked in a mixture of gum arabic and stretched to render it transparent, which was protected by a black curtain till the moment of his operations.

"Robinson's fame spread so rapidly and such crowds flocked to his wonderful performances that, for the want of space to accommodate them,

he removed to the Capuchin convent. The romantic and gloomy appearance of this old building Robertson augmented, by giving his most wonderful and appalling exhibitions. When the audience were assembled, he began by a short address on spectres and demons, and when he had excited their imaginations to the highest pitch, he suddenly plunged the room into total darkness. Instantly in the gloom there arose a storm of thunder, lightning and rain, amid which could be heard the solemn tolling of bells, as if calling the dead from their tombs, sad dirges were sung, amid wild shrieks, while the thunder rolled heavier each moment, the lightning flashed in every direction, and the rain fell in torrents. But suddenly, amid it all, came the low, sweet strains of music, and the storm began to clear away, and a faint light appeared in the distance. This luminous cloud as it grew brighter, gradually became the form of a man, approached nearer and nearer until it seemed as if about to be precipitated upon the spectators. There was a cry of terror from many, when it instantly faded away. Again and again, figures of spirits and demons arose out of the gloom, growing brighter and brighter, till they seemed to fall upon the audience, when they suddenly disappeared.

"Then the scene changed, and a cave appeared, from which flowed a dark, sluggish stream, on which floated a boat crowded with spectres, as if crossing the River of Death.

"It was by similar scenes to these (and no wonder, in the ignorance of the times, the populace attributed them to the supernatural), that

the priests of Memphis, Ancient Greece and Rome, in their subterranean vaults excited the wonder and terror of the beholders.

"Phantasmagoria has but been re-discovered, in modern times, for undoubtedly its originators were priests of antiquity. It is recorded in ancient writings that in these dimly-lighted caverns the priests showed their followers the shades of the departed, and also the future bliss in store for them in the Elysian fields.

"The next subject to which we will turn our attention is the 'Sleeping Egyptian.' Mr. Meredith will take the subject in hand, and explain it thoroughly to you."

Meredith then took the platform, and began:

"You will remember that Phantom announced to the public that on New Year's night the mailed figure in the garden of the haunted house would step down from his pedestal and walk away never to be seen again. It was very necessary to the medium's fame, that his prophecy should be fulfilled; so he engaged the Vandals to aid him. An hour before midnight, last New Year, we removed the wooden image out of its armor, and I took my place inside and mounted the marble base. At exactly twelve o'clock, I stepped down and walked into the street and along it till I reached the river, into which I threw the coat of mail, where it may still be found, if any of you doubt the truth of my words."

Meredith left the stage, as Gleaton announced that Kelly would give an account of the capture of the graveyard ghost.

The Priate mounted the platform amid wild

applause and laughter. When it had ceased, he began:

"Ladies and Gintlemin, I ain't mouch of a sphaker. But begorra! I'm goin' to do th' bist I kin, under the thryin' circumstances. We wint fur that ghoast in the grave-yard several times, bud we didn't git 'im. On the contrary, he rather got away wid us. For as we lift the simetary, and shlid over the fince, wid sore shins and bloody faces, we looked as if we'd been run through a thrashing machine and kome out wid the grain. But foinely, we wint there to sthay! And fur about two hours we 'ad it extramely loively. It wuz the divil's own philimaloo! fur we wuz bate in ivery tussle. Bud we froze to the sphirut loike an Esquemo to a taller candle. The first tussle I had wid the ghost, he butted me in the stomache an doubled me up loike a jack-knife. Not long after he sint Marshall sprawling on the grounnd, and ilevated Stanton over a couple ov grave stuns, and hit Meredith a clout that made im dhream astronomy.

"Bud foinely, we made it so extramely hot fur the ghost, that he skipped over in widder Flannigan's yard. I wint afther 'im, an' I cornered 'im on the back poarch, an' after knocking over half a dozen pots an' ivery thing in ginal, and smashin' a winder, I got the sphirrut. An' what do yes think he wuz?

"Nothin', bud Mistress Flannigan's ghoat.

"Jist thin, the widder kome out an' sez she: 'Howly muther of Moases! Iz that ye, Kelly the Pirate'

"Sez I, it's meself."

"Sez she, I belave ye's been afther me goat? ye dirty spalpeen!

"Sez I, I belave I have, too. Bud Mrs. Flannigan," sez I, "ye ought to be ashamed of yerself to let yor baste run over dead pable what can't defend themselves."

"Sez she, git out wid yes, ye Pirate, or I'll twist yer lugs off! Ye bogtrottin' calf!"

"Aisy, Mistress Flannigan," sez I, as I leaped over the fence.

"An' that's all there's about the simetary ghoast."

Kelly then left the stage and Dr. Landon, resuming, said:

"We have now reached the last subject for consideration, the mystery of the Haunted House. These scenes in the old house, that have been attributed to the supernatural originated by accident, for the author of them is the last person in the world who would attempt to impose upon the credulity of any one. The author of these curious lights and fires being none other than Dr. Benj. Granville, the president of the University, with whom many of you are acquainted.

"You will probably remember that it was reported, some years since, that the Haunted House was sold to a chemist, but as the purchaser's name was not made public, few were aware that it was Dr. Granville. About a year ago, the Doctor, wishing to prosecute some experiments in the manufacture of diamonds and other precious stones, and also to perfect several chemical discoveries, had a furnace and chemical apparatus placed in the Haunted House. He selected the

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old house, as he thought he would be free from intrusion, never even dreaming that he would cause the public to believe that the old house was inhabited by ghosts.

"In prosecuting his work, he required a large fire and a great heat, and the chemical used in it often changed its color, and at other times gave the fire great brilliancy.

"Many of his experiments were a perfect success; but he feels exceedingly sorry that unintentionally he deceived the public and caused a belief in the supernatural. He also informed me that he very much regretted that he could not be present to-night, and explain all to you; but that he would do so at the earliest opportunity.

"The spectral figures that appeared in mid air above the old house, Dr. Granville was in no way connected with, for they were the work of the Vandal club. Many of you will remember for some time the Vandals made strong efforts to discover the mystery of the Haunted House, but suddenly they ceased to do so, and acknowledged it was haunted, though they had ridiculed the idea before. It was at that time they discovered the whole mystery, but instead of exposing it, they resolved to add to it, so they produced the spectral images in mid-air. They accomplished it in the following manner. Among the Vandals are students well advanced in scientific knowledge, for you are aware, they are a heterogeneous crowd. Some of them climbed to the roof of the Haunted House, taking with them a phantasmagoria and concealing it as well as themselves behind a battlement, while others, also hidden on

the roof, produced with chemicals a dense black smoke, which formed an excellent screen upon which to reflect the image from the magic lantern. Of their success you are all aware. It was splendidly accomplished, and they deserve much praise for their scientific skill; though we must strongly condemn their motives.

"We have now exposed the 'Village Mystery,' step by step, and you see that at every point of its progress it is but the offspring of science and human labor.

"Thus ever, when the dark vista of ignorance and error is illuminated by the torch of light and truth, we find but one magician, one sorcerer, science and human power!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### BERTHA'S VISIT TO THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Through knowledge we behold the world's creation,  
How in his cradle first he fostered was,  
And judge of nature's cunning operation,  
How things she formed of formless mass:  
By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know;  
And what to man and what to God we owe.—*Spenser.*

After the sad parting with Charlie Landon, Bertie Merton so bravely took up the duties of life again that only her dearest and nearest friends knew, or suspected, of the wounds she bore in her heart. She had feared and dreaded this last farewell, as a brave soldier often does a pending battle, but when he is once in the shock of the conflict he heroically presses on in the path of duty, regardless of danger, thinking only of

winning; thus when the last adieu was said, and it seemed as if her heart would break and her anguish overpower her, she nobly summoned all her courage and never for a moment thought of yielding to despair.

She knew that there is nothing like employment to prevent one from brooding over sorrows, so she applied herself assiduously to study. She had inherited a natural talent for drawing and painting, which she so rapidly improved by close study, that her instructor declared that he could teach her no more, and she began to be looked upon as a rising young artist.

She rarely went into society, or even left her home, except to visit some sick or needy persons. But there was one person, Dr. Granville, to whom she had taken a fancy, not particularly on account of his kind, fatherly ways, or his great learning—although she fully appreciated them—but from the fact that he had once been Dr. Landon's instructor, and was still his strong friend. A mutual friendship that had grown stronger between the two men with each fleeting year. Thus, she and Dr. Granville could converse on a subject agreeable to him and doubly dear to her, for she still loved Charlie Landon with a fervor which distance or time could not quench. So when the Doctor invited her to visit him in his den (as he called it, but which had been known to the village as the Haunted House), she readily accepted his invitation. One bright afternoon she walked up the hill to the old house, and ascending the stairs, stood knocking at the door of the scientist's study.



It was truly a study and not a cozy place of amusement, but a retreat for brain-work and business, where intricate and important subjects of science were examined by the most crucial tests, and if found wanting were cast aside, or if proved to be facts were given to the world.

The walls of the study, where not occupied with maps and charts, were covered with shelves, and nearly all of them were closely packed with books. Here in dark studious-looking covers were represented science, philosophy, history and poetry.

Dr. Benjamin Granville was a hard working, indefatigable student, an enthusiast in science, who never spared himself from days and nights of continuous toil in his favorite studies, until at last his profound scholarly attainments in chemistry, geology and mineralogy had attracted the attention of other scientists, who looked upon him with admiration, and quoted him as authority in these branches of science. He was president of the University of St. Arlyle, and numerous colleges had conferred their highest degrees upon him. There was scarcely a kind of mineral substance in the world he had not passed through his crucible or test tubes. He could almost tell at a glance the composition of minerals and rocks and their geological history. In geology, he had examined strata after strata of the earth, with their fossils, shells and huge fishes, reptiles and mammals, and estimated and recorded the order of the epoch in which they had existed till it reached back thousands of years.

When Miss Merton knocked at the door of Dr. Granville's study he was seated in an oaken

chair before a large desk covered with books, papers and apparatus, while around were heaped masses of minerals, fossils and charts. With his head bent down to the desk he was oblivious to the outside world, for his thoughts were far back in the globe's existence thousands of years ere man's feet trod its crust. For scientists had recently discovered a new formation, of which he was eagerly endeavoring to determine the geological age.

After knocking repeatedly for some time, Miss Merton at last grew impatient, and, pushing open the door, entered.

"Excuse me, Doctor," said she, "but I have been rapping for the last four minutes. I know you were so busily engaged that you did not hear me."

"No," he answered, absently, "I was engaged on this geological problem. It is of great importance to science—Oh, bless me! Miss Merton! I did not recognize you. Be seated! I'm sometimes a little—yes, a good deal absent-minded."

"Oh, do not let me interrupt you," she exclaimed.

"Really, it is no interruption at all! It does us old fellows good to see a young person. It brings us back to the world again, and rests the weary brain. I'm very glad you've come; I see," he continued, noticing the smile playing around her mouth, "you think my thoughts go wool-gathering sometimes. Don't you?"

She made no reply, but burst into a laugh.

"Well, you're right!" he said, smiling as he arose.

Dr. Granville was quite tall and stood erect as a pine (in defiance of his three score years), with broad, well-formed shoulders, finely developed chest and body, small arched feet, and plump, white hands. He moved with a firm, graceful stride and there was a carelessness, even boyishness in his manners, that showed his heart was still young in its purity and sweetness. For we often find the greatest scholars, like the greatest truths, the simplest. He was dressed in a black broadcloth suit, neatly fitting his well-developed figure, and its dark hue contrasting vividly with his pale, calm face.

He had a grandly formed head, covered by an abundance of wavy black hair pushed back from a broad white forehead, finely cut lips, an aquiline nose, and dark grey eyes, that Bertie Merton said were fatherly ones, always beaming with kindness. And no doubt she was right.

Altogether, it was a remarkable face, which once seen was not easily forgotten, and that made strangers gaze a second time to admire it and eagerly inquire concerning the person. It was not particularly in its beauty that the charm lay, but in the nobleness and power stamped in the brow and the firm lines about the chin. That grand power we admire and trust without asking the reason why.

And in the large, liquid eyes there was a rare sweetness and depth of feeling that only those who have watched over others in pain, trouble and death, have learned to feel. In his practice as a physician, ere other sciences had claimed so much of his time, he had met every form of pain and

despair, and learned to see and inspire hope and comfort where others could only see despondency, for he had studied deeply and truly in the world of science, and even looked beyond it to the Eternal Power, till he knew life's value, and fearlessly waited for heaven's reward.

"Yes," continued the doctor, "interruptions are beneficial to us, they rest our brains, and help them to recover their power again."

"Yes," she replied, "rest must be sweet when earned by toil, as peace is doubly dear when gained by turmoil."

"Very true. It is only after weary labor that one can fully appreciate the Italian proverb, *Dolce far niente*. But," he continued, "what do you think of my den? Does it look as if it were haunted, as the public suppose it to be?"

"No," she replied, laughing, "but it has a studious air about it. I suppose it is because you have solved so many great problems of science in it. And, perhaps," she added demurely, "it is that which gives the house its mysteriousness. But your study is quite picturesque."

"I don't know about its picturesqueness. It is littered in wild confusion. We old fellows have so much to study and try to discover, that we begrudge even the few moments it would require to put things in order."

"I am not surprised at your enthusiasm. For I think chemistry is a very wonderful science, and geology also. But I know very little about geology."

"Then you have studied chemistry?"

"Yes, a very little, but I have often watched

Dr. Landon's manipulations in it that seemed truly magical to me." She blushed slightly as she mentioned Charles Landon's name, but Dr. Granville was looking down at the desk and did not notice it.

"Yes," he replied, "Dr. Landon is a fine chemist. Remarkably so for so young a man. You could not have had a better instructor. I have no doubt he has made quite a chemist of you. Did he also give you lessons in geology?"

"Oh, yes, but I know very little about it. From the little I have learned, I should not think it as perfect a science as chemistry? But, of course, I am not competent to judge."

"Perhaps it is not. But it is only within the last half century that sufficient truths have been discovered to enable scientists to study geology as a science. Like all sciences, it arose amid a wild confusion of theories, from which were gradually discovered the great truths of the earth's history, indelibly written in the stratas by the rocks, fossil animals and plants of by-gone epochs."

"It must have taken immense periods to produce those changes. Did it not?"

"Undoubtedly, millions of years!"

"Then, does not geology seem to disagree with the Bible, which says that man was created about six thousand years ago?"

"No, indeed. In that they agree. Although we cannot estimate the geological time exactly, we have numerous scientific facts to prove that since man's appearance on earth, it could not have been more than six thousand years. Again, they concur that man was the last animal created. For

we never find human remains below the alluvial deposits (except when they have been placed there by subsequent action), although we frequently find the fossil remains of other animals often in a good state of preservation far down in the earth through vast epochs of time.

"Again, science and the Scriptures coincide that fire and water were the agencies that produced changes on the globe; also, that at first the 'earth was without form and void'; again, that land was covered by an ocean; and they also agree that the work of creation was progressive after the matter of the universe had been created."

"But does not the Bible say that God created the earth in six days?"

"True, but what constitutes a day in popular language?"

"From sunrise until sunset."

"Exactly, that suits the point I wish to make. Now, Genesis says: the sun, moon and stars, were not made till the fourth day. But that God caused a light to shine before he made them. And then, the Bible defines day and night thus: And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called night. Therefore, showing that the days and nights could have been of great length. For as long as the light shone it would be called a day, without any regard to the length of time that might be. And we also know that God's power is infinite and that time is entirely under his control. For the Scripture says: That one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

"But again, an immense space of time must have elapsed from the 'beginning'—that is the creation of matter—to the six days' work. For the Bible says: In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void. Therefore, from the beginning—or creation of matter—to the present order of things, about six thousand years ago, an immense gulf of time must have intervened in which the earth changed from a gas to a liquid, and again from a liquid to a solid state, and then became cool enough for animal life to exist upon it. And then came another period, in which myriads of animals lived and died, and were entombed in successive strata, making the oldest over six miles in depth."

"Oh, I am so glad you believe in the Bible," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "and find more proof of its truth in all your deep study and investigation. For in this age there are so many scientific men who are infidels and even atheists."

"Yes, I put my trust in it years ago, and I have never felt it falter yet. For the more we investigate and study truly, the more we must see and feel that there is a ruling power over all. Chance never could perform the perfect concord and action of the universe. Chance would sometimes err, or, at least, make a false motion, but the Great Ruler never does. So, as we study his great laws deeper and deeper, we can only learn to admire and trust them more and more."

"Yes, truly," she replied, "one should never fear that God's written records and his records

imprinted on the strata of time can ever disagree when interpreted correctly."

At this moment they were interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Granville's negro servant, who inquired about removing some chemicals.

When he had left the room, the Doctor turned to Miss Merton and said, smiling:

"Do you think he looks like an imp of the infernal regions, as Mr. Gleaton and others took him to be?"

"No," she replied, laughing, "he resembles most other colored men. But it would probably be easy for one's excited imagination to believe him such."

"True, fear and excitement often make our imagination turn mole hills into mountains.

"I little dreamed while I was pursuing my chemical experiments, I was aiding the belief that the house was haunted. And that the colored flames as shown from the window, (produced by the various chemicals used), were attributed to the imps of Pluto. On the contrary, I thought the old house was so secluded that but few would know of my experiments. And all the time while the neighborhood was telling of the fiery demon that inhabited the house, I was in blissful ignorance. I did not even suspect anything when Mr. Gleaton paid his visit of investigation. When the negro informed me he had twice prevented a man from entering the room containing the furnace, I thought he must be mistaken, until the next day I found the window open and the iron staples filed in twain. Even then, I supposed some one had broken in for the purpose of robbery. On



that night, I remember well the circumstances that occurred, when the blacksmith entered the large mineral room, but attributed them to other causes. I was seated at the further end of the room writing, when I heard a noise as if of the door opening. I looked up but saw nothing, as that part of the room near the door was dimly lighted. In a few moments I again heard a noise, and gazing up, I saw one arm of the skeleton suddenly raise. I was surprised at this until I noticed a window was open, and that it was caused by the action of the wind.

"At that moment the negro entered, and I naturally supposed the noise was caused by him. But I have since learned that it was produced by Mr. Gleaton fainting and falling behind a cabinet."

"No wonder," she said, "such a combination of circumstances would cause him to suppose himself in the presence of supernatural beings."

"By the way," said the Doctor, "would you like to see the haunted room?"

"Oh yes, very much, for I have inherited that womanly curiosity that was inborn with Eve when she longed to taste the forbidden fruit!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE SECRETS OF THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

Boldly he knocks at wisdom's inmost gate,  
With nature counsels, and communes with fate.  
—Charles Sprague.

They ascended a short but wide flight of stairs, and Dr. Granville pushing open a large oaken

door, they entered the "haunted" chamber; but now no longer considered so, as the entire village had learned its secrets. The room was large and occupied fully one-fourth of the upper part of the house; the floor was covered with smooth, white tiles; the walls were nearly all twenty feet in height and contained two large double windows diagonally opposite each other, which offered a fine view for a number of miles around on account of their height above the surrounding country, and at night when illuminated by the flames from the furnace, shone forth like some tall beacon light.

Nearly covering one of the walls of the room stood several huge cases with glass doors, the shelves of which were well filled with books, bottles of chemicals and scientific apparatus, while in one corner stood a desk, strewn over with books, and manuscripts, and in the middle of the apartment was a long table, on which stood crucibles, mortars, glass retorts, evaporating cups, test tubes in racks, iron moulds, spirit lamps, a blow pipe, chemical balances and numerous other chemical apparatus besides minerals and metals.

Against the opposite wall stood the massive brick furnace with heavy iron doors lined with fire clay, while on top were iron covers which were raised and lowered by means of a pulley. Directly above the furnace was fixed a mirror at an angle enabling one to see the interior of the furnace.

"Well my little lady, what do you think of my den?" said the scientist.

"It has a true air of strangeness about it, and



*(A Village Mystery and  
Through War to Peace)*



no wonder the village people thought it the home of supernatural beings. I suppose the mirror is to enable you to see the contents of the furnace?"

"Yes, that is its use, for I sometimes have the furnace so hot that it is impossible to look into it. But the mirror played a ghostly part of which I was entirely ignorant, for it reflected wild, fantastic figures of light into the darkness that the beholder's imagination easily converted into spirits and demons."

"And what caused the wild screams and colored flames that shone from the window?"

"They were the roar of the fire, and the colored lights were produced by the different chemicals used."

"Did you really succeed in making diamonds?"

"Yes, but it can hardly be called a success, for I was only able to make very small ones, and the cost of manufacturing them was more than their value."

"How are diamonds made, or is that not to be told?"

"It is no secret. It's a long operation, but you are quite a chemist and I will tell you the principle of the process in a single sentence; but first, what is a diamond?"

"It is crystalized charcoal or carbon."

"Well, when carbon is separated, at an intense heat, from its compound by the aid of a flux, the diamond crystals are formed. But it was not so much the production of precious stones I wished to accomplish as to perfect some valuable inventions."

"And were you successful?"

"Yes, even beyond my anticipations; and have already sold the inventions for large sums of money besides retaining a royalty upon them." Then his face lit with enthusiasm and his eyes sparkled with animation as he talked of his pet scheme. For he had a hobby, and how he was able to put it into execution as wealth flowed rapidly into his hands. The project was to erect a large building in the neighboring city where any poor, homeless person could obtain a night's lodging free of charge.

"But," he continued, speaking of his inventions, "several times, when explosions ruined the work of years, I almost lost hope of success, yet the knowledge I had gained by experimenting soon enabled me to reproduce the work."

"Is there not, frequently, danger from explosions in chemical operations?"

"Yes, sometimes when chemists are experimenting with new elements or compounds the properties of which they are unacquainted, although they seldom occur when using familiar chemicals. If, however, a novice in the science were to enter a laboratory and pour together the two first liquids he found, he might be blown to atoms in an instant. Thus it frequently was with the old alchemists, in their search after the philosopher's stone, who lived in the days of Artephius, Basil Valentine, Roger Bacon, Albert Magnus and Flamel. Some of them were blown to fragments, others poisoned with noxious gases. When they suddenly vanished from the earth amid a flash of flame and smoke, the superstitious had an easy explanation, which was that they were in league

with the devil and that he had only taken them home."

"I suppose there are many terrible explosives known to chemists?" said Bertie.

"Yes, so powerful and dangerous that no chemist dare keep them; for a slight jar of the vessel containing them would cause the mixture to explode."

"I have read that the person who discovered the fulminate of silver lost his life by it."

"It is supposed so, but we do not know, for his records perished with him when one day there came a flash of flame and he and his laboratory were reduced to fragments. So it was with the discoverer of prussic acid, he was poisoned by it."

"Prussic acid must be a fearful poison," said Bertie, "for I have read that a few drops upon the pulse of the wrist produced instant death. If I remember the story correctly, 'two lovers were imprisoned in France in two cells with but a small opening between them; and despairing of ever regaining their freedom, they resolved to die. The lady pushed her hand through the opening when her lover poured several drops of the pure acid upon her wrist; death instantly followed. Immediately he was liberated, and repented the deed for the remainder of his life.'"

"A very romantic tale," he said, laughing, "but it cannot be quite true, for pure prussic acid is such a deadly volatile poison that if a bottle containing but a half a tea-cupful were broken in the largest church not a person would escape instant death."

"Do they not sell the acid in the apothecary stores?"

"Yes, but it is very much diluted, consisting of but three or four drops of the pure acid to a pint of water."

"Chemistry is a very interesting study, and the more one learns of its value for discovery and invention, the more it excites wonder and admiration."

"Yes, it is undoubtedly the science and power of the future, for however much we may admire and wonder at mechanical and engineering achievements of ancient times, chemistry holds the power of reducing them to fragments in an instant. For chemistry can produce a shell no larger than an orange that can tear to atoms the largest Egyptian pyramid, the strongest bridge or the most massive fortress. Naval warfare has been completely revolutionized by the terrible torpedoes, which, if exploded near a large iron-clad vessel, would tear her to fragments as if she were but an egg-shell. In fact we can hardly estimate the fearful strength of such powerful explosives as dynamite, vigorite, nitro-glycerine, and even still more terrible in strength, the fulminates of the higher metals.

"But chemistry played another part during the Middle Ages, that of aiding the magicians by its principles, with some of which they were familiar, to impose upon the ignorant and superstitious. But as knowledge became diffused they lost their power even before Cicero said of them, 'One could not look at another without laughing.' Yet in the Middle Ages nearly all placed implicit trust



in the prophesies of magicians, and even kings consulted them in affairs of state. It is related that Louis XI of France kept an astrologer named Galeotti, whose advice he followed in all of his enterprises. But once, at least, this astrologer's counsel got the king in serious trouble. Under Galeotti's advice Louis journeyed to Peronne to visit his old enemy, the Duke of Burgundy. The Duke, delighted at having the king in his power, imprisoned him in the citadel at Peronne. The king became wild with anger at his astrologer and sent for him, but he first notified Tristram, the headsman of France, to assassinate him as he left the prison; but Galeotti seeing the executioner as he entered matured his plans.

"Louis, after venting his anger on the astrologer's head, asked: 'If you know all things will your science permit you to name the hour of your death?'"

"'Yes,' answered Galeotti, not unprepared, 'I will die just twenty-four hours before your majesty.'

"The king was astonished and frightened by the answer and allowed him to go unharmed. His quick wit had saved his life; and ever after they lived happily together."

Bertha laughed as she said: "That's the old stereotype ending; but in spite of all the nonsense these adepts in natural magic have left us, did they not make many valuable discoveries in science?"

"Yes, particularly the old alchemists in their search after the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life and power of projection have enriched the healing art, mineralogy, geology and chemistry.

"In the Middle Ages alchemists were numerous, and in their ranks were the greatest scholars of the day, such as Roger Bacon, Valentine, De Meany, Artephius, Sinesius, Villeneuve, Flamel and a host of other noted names. Among the most famous of the seekers after the philosopher's stone was Basil Valentine, and to him chemistry owes a great debt of gratitude for the discovery of sulphuric acid. He accidentally stumbled upon it while endeavoring to turn the baser metals into gold. It was a great aid to chemistry, for sulphuric acid is one of the greatest powers in the science."

"And was not the discoverer of gunpowder, Roger Bacon, an alchemist?" asked Bertie.

"Yes, perhaps the greatest of them all, for he was a very learned man. He was the re-discoverer of gunpowder in modern times, but he acknowledged that it was already known. Though we can trace its use back to the Byzantine Empire and even among the Arabs, the Chinese were its discoverers. One of their books entitled *Wu-Yuen*, meaning, 'The Origin of Things,' informs us that one 'Makuin, of the kingdom of Wei, first made fire crackers about the year 220. It was not till 1270 that Bacon became acquainted with its composition. By the way, do you remember when and where gunpowder was first used in warfare?"

"I think it was at the battle of Creasy, fought between the English and French, I do not remember the date."

"Correct," he said, smiling, "it was the year 1346, and the English used six pieces of cannon and gained a complete victory. It was a great

epoch in the world's history, for the overthrow of civilization can never occur again, since science has furnished civilized man with such terrible explosives to hurl the thunderbolts of war that he is capable of forever crushing the barbarian's power of physical strength and numbers. So when the old alchemist discovered gunpowder, though he made many other valuable discoveries, this was more valuable than all the rest."

"Are there alchemists at the present time," she asked, smiling, "or have they all passed away?"

"Oh yes; but they are generally ignorant of the principles of chemistry. For it has taught us that gold or silver is an element; that is, a thing in its simplest and purest form. In other words, gold is gold and silver is silver, and nothing more.

"It has grown so dark," continued Dr. Granville, "that I must get a light."

"So it has," exclaimed Bertie. "The time has passed so pleasantly and I have been so deeply interested that I did not think it was so late. I must hurry home."

They descended the stairs, and as she passed out of the hall door she held out her hand, saying, "good-bye, I will come and bother you again?"

"Do so, I always admire a pretty girl," he said, smiling, as he clasped the extended hand and looked into her pale, sweet face. As he watched her queenly little figure moved away he soliloquized: "She's as beautiful as an angel; and as noble as she is beautiful. Charlie Landon must have been a fool to quarrel with her! But then,

the young are always quick-tempered. I wish I could see him, for he deserves a scolding."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### SAD PARTINGS.

Oh! I am sick of this dark world,  
My heart, my best affections blighted,  
My sails of joy forever furled,  
My dawning hopes so soon benighted—*McIlvane.*

One warm evening in June about two months after the commencement of the American Civil War, May Wentworth came up into Bertie's chamber with a slow step and grave manner, but there was an unusual flush on her handsome face and a rare sparkle in her blue eyes.

"Bertie," she said, and there was something so unusual in the tone of her voice that it instantly gained the other's attention.

"You know," May Wentworth continued, "Ned Wilberton is a Virginian by birth, and since that state has joined the Southern Confederacy, it is only natural that his sympathies are with the South. So he has resolved to cast his lot with her by accepting a commission in the army. Whether her cause be right or wrong, God, in his infinite wisdom, is the best judge, but they are Edward's people and with them he has decided to meet success or defeat. And to-morrow we shall be quietly married, in the presence of a few of our best friends and then we shall hasten away."

"I very much wish," said Bertha, "that you

were going to join the Union side instead of the Confederate. But then, we can not all think alike and perhaps it is better so, for it is through disagreements and arguments that we arrive at the truth and right, as precious metals are refined by rejecting the dross and baser ones."

Thus they talked till late, entering into several spirited arguments, but without an atom of bitterness in them, for they loved each other too dearly to ever say or even intimate, an unfriendly word or thought. But Bertie was a true Unionist, and was spurred on by the thought that the man whom she dearly loved was risking his life for that cause.

The next day Edward Wilberton and May were married with only Bertha and a few other of their dearest friends present. Then came the sad, tearful parting between the two girls, whose hearts had ever beat with the dearest friendship for each other. At last, May, with a shower of kisses upon Bertha's upturned lips, tore herself away from the dear arms that encircled her with a heart too full of sadness for utterance!

It was a heavy blow to Bertha but she bore it bravely, for she had learned to

"Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong."

It is said that misfortune never comes single, and so it seemed to Bertha, for a few weeks after May's departure, death robbed her of her father. By his death she was left without a relation, for her aunt had died nearly a year before.

After the first pangs of her grief wore away

and she began to rally from the blow, she thought that since her cup of sorrow had been filled to the brim, there must come a change for the better. But alas! for human knowledge, there were yet other trials in the future for her. One day, a few weeks after the loss of her father, she received a note from Dr. Granville, informing her that he, too, was going to answer his country's call by giving his services to the sick and wounded.

For Dr. Granville was the only true friend left her in whom she could confide her sorrows and ask advice in her trials. And she had learned to love and look up to him, as to a father, for he had always gladly given her words of advice and encouragement; and he soon learned to soothe and even pet her, for the sweet, pretty face, worn pale by trials, had won his heart and even his admiration, too, when he saw how nobly she bore up under her troubles.

"It seems," she thought, as the tears welled up into her large black eyes, "as if fate had marked me for her own! Of the future I dare not think for it looks dark and sad, without even a ray of light across its path. One by one my friends have left me, as my brightest hopes have fled. And truly may I exclaim,

'The hopes my soul have cherish'd  
Have withered one by one,  
And tho' life's flowers have perish'd,  
I'm left to linger on!'

"But though my troubles grow thick as leaves in a forest, I'll not yield to despair, but I'll pray to my God to guide me in the path of duty and

of peace, for He has said: 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' "

Dr. Granville knew that it needed no words in his note to bring Bertie to his side, but that her noble heart would turn to him, like a child to its father. So he watched eagerly through the window for her coming, and he had not long to look ere he saw her walking up the path to the house.

As he caught sight of her handsome little figure a shade of sadness came over his face as he thought. "It gives me pain to leave her, but I owe it as a duty to my suffering countrymen. Still, she is young, brave, and noble enough to conquer her sorrow. There may be—and I think there is—a wealth of happiness in store for her yet. I hope God, in his infinite goodness, will spare Charles Landon for her sake. For surely he will come to his senses and learn what a noble treasure he has thrown away. I know she would be happy as his wife, possessing his whole love."

She entered the house and pushing open the door of the study, entered. He met her with a smile as he clasped the little extended hand.

"So you are going away," she said in a choked voice. "I shall miss you very much. But I know you are right."

"And it pains me sadly to leave you. But the sick and wounded soldiers of our country need all our assistance."

"Yes, I know it is your duty to go. But it seems harder, for you are the only friend I have left!"

"And it grieves me, as it does you. For no personal reason would I think of doing so."

"I know you would not," she said warmly, "I did not mean to complain. For I can truly appreciate your sacrifice, and the duty we all owe to the suffering soldiers on the field of battle."

"I did not even for an instant suspect you of complaining. But we all feel a regret at parting from a friend. For a friend is the greatest and best gift on earth. But after all," he said with a smile, "there will be a compensation for your loss in knowing that I will be near to help one in whom we both take a deep interest, if he should need it, though I hope he may never require it."

"Yes," she answered, with expressions of pain and hope sweeping across her face. "But——"

"But, you were going to add," he said, reading the expression of her features, "that Charles Landon is nothing to you. That he threw you cruelly aside."

"Oh, no! not that, yet he did treat me unkindly. But perhaps he grew weary of silly me, or found some brighter face to allure him? If he has, I wish him only happiness."

"No, Bertha, I assure you he has found no other ladylove to fill your place in his heart. For his last words to me were solicitude for your welfare, and he requested me to always be a friend to you for his sake. He told me he still loved you dearly, though he feared your heart had been estranged from him."

Her face brightened with hope and pleasure at his words, though she could not help claiming a woman's privilege of sweet archness, by asking:

"Then, why did he write that cruel letter be-



fore ever asking a word of explanation? I would not have treated him so!"

"Of course not," he replied, smiling. "But he has an excuse, too, for the letter he wrote to you asking an explanation you did not receive. It was destroyed by a fire that occurred in the post-office, which the post-master endeavored to hide from the public, but that has since been found out. I did not know of the loss of the letter when I last saw him, or I should have told him of it, and it would undoubtedly have changed his ideas."

"Then he wrote a letter before the one I received?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, did you not know of it?"

"No, I never even dreamed of one. But then, he should not have trusted to a letter, but have come manfully forward and asked for an explanation."

"Yes, it was an unreasonable action. But it was caused by a wild delusion on his part that you had ceased to care for him. An hallucination, that I should have thought him too fair-minded to have originated!"

"I told him that he must be laboring under a misconception, but he argued that you would not answer his first letter and that you refused even to meet him."

"Well," she replied, "I should have felt differently toward him if I had known he had written a letter that I did not receive. But still he acted rashly. I should not have thought it of him!"

"Neither should I. But never mind. I shall see him in a short time, and explain all to him

and tell him to go and ask the little lady's pardon, as he ought to have done long ago!"

"Oh no!" she said, "I could not beg him to love me! My pride would not let me do that."

"I know it would not. And I admire it, too. But I shall give Dr. Charles Landon a scolding nevertheless. And perhaps give you one, too. It does young people good to find fault with them once in a while. You are willing to trust me, are you not?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, laughing.

"Good! And bear in mind, as some one has said: 'To let by-gone faults and errors sleep, and in future years a noble peace will reign.'"

"Yes—" she said hesitatingly. "But some things are hard to pardon, especially when we think we do not deserve the treatment we have received."

"Indeed it sometimes seems hard to do. But one of the noblest lessons I've learned in life, is to forgive and as far as the heart can, forget; so through the march of years one's heart grows lighter and more peaceful down earth's rugged way. I think you can learn the lesson, too?"

"Yes, I think I can. For he's a pretty good fellow, after all!" she replied, laughing.

"You're on the right road now," he said, with an arch smile.

It was growing late, and Bertha had several times risen to go, but she found it harder than she had expected to leave her only friend to whom her heart clung so closely. At last, with a desperate effort, she sprang to her feet, saying, "I must go now."

He saw the pain in her face that the parting cost her, and he knew it would be cruel to detain her longer, besides he felt his own heart growing each moment heavier.

"Good-bye, Bertha," he said, gently stroking her long golden curls and stooping down to kiss her white brow, as a father would that of a darling child. "And don't forget," he continued, "to keep up a brave heart and all will be well yet. The darkest hour is just before the dawn. And remember, that the brightest years and the noblest are often those after emerging from the gloom of strife and care, like a star that shines at night the brighter for its struggle through the gloom. Put your trust in God's wisdom, and you'll find at last that 'her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.'"

"I shall try to do so," she said, as her beautiful eyes filled with tears, "for I know He does all things for the best. May heaven bless you for your kindness. Farewell!" And she was gone.

He stood motionless, watching the pretty, receding figure with moistened eyes. "It is harder," he thought, "to leave her than I imagined it would be! She is so young and inexperienced in the world's rough ways, that I dread its sordid touch upon her. But then she has a brave, noble heart that will help her through many a trial. She is in God's hands, and I hope and pray that He may guide and protect her through the dark path of trials and temptation, and show her at last that, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.'"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## BERTHA'S GUARDIAN.

A fugitive from heaven and prayer,  
Mocked at all religious fear,  
Deep-scienced in the mazy lore  
Of mad philosophy.—*Horace.*

When her father died Bertha had not reached the legal age of womanhood. Therefore it was necessary that a guardian should be appointed. Although she was old enough to choose one she gladly acquiesced in her father's wishes. Little did he dream into what a cunning villain's hands he was placing his daughter.

John Shackle had so engrafted himself into Captain Merton's good-will by his affected affableness and pretended goodness of heart, as to win the captain to believe that he was the exact person to take charge of his daughter.

The people of the village shook their heads and doubted whether he was the right man for Bertha's guardian. He was a stranger in the village; from whence he came and of his previous career none knew anything; and all that could be said of him, like Banquo's ghost, he was there. The Vandal club, what remained of it, had tried to investigate him, but, as yet, without success. He was a lawyer, and it was while acting in his professional capacity for Captain Merton that he gained his full confidence, the captain being in

feeble health for some time before his death, gave the rascal a good opportunity to mature his plans.

A few days after Dr. Granville's departure Shackle called on Bertie for the first time. She had met him several times before, and though he had always exhibited the greatest kindness towards her, she could not help distrust in him. She could not have told why. Perhaps it was that intuitive knowledge by which a woman reaches a conclusion which, nineteen times out of twenty is a correct one, though she may not be able to give a reason and if asked would be forced to answer as Shakespeare says:

"I have no other but a woman's reason:  
I think him so, because I think him so."

When Bertha entered the parlor Shackle arose with his face wreathed with smiles and held out his hand. She slightly touched it and coldly bowed in answer to his condescending "Good-morning." He was a tall, thin man with wide, angular shoulders, a narrow chest and body to which no amount of tailor's padding could give rotund- to rather than fitted his emaciated legs. He had a slim neck in which the blood-vessels stood out prominently and like whip cords. His face was ity, spider-like legs and long, slim feet, of which the Vandals said: "If so much of his legs had not turned up for feet he would have been a very tall man." He was dressed in the height of fashion, a black frock coat that hung loosely from his long, broad shoulders, a vest buttoned closely about his narrow body and almost hidden by the lapping breasts of his coat. The pantaloons clung

sallow and cleanly shaven, with a long, narrow chin; lips thin and flabby with a peculiar curl of contempt when not wreathed in smiles. His nose was prominent and of the Roman type; his eyes were large and black and at times might be called handsome; but when excited with passion they become of a greenish shade with a cold glitter in them, darting their gleams around like a wild animal seeking his prey. His forehead was large and bony, surrounded with long, straight, black hair. It was a repulsive countenance, but still there was a fascination about it. The countenance also showed cunning determination and no small amount of conceit which he sometimes expressed in words, as when trying to intimidate or carry a point, he would say: "I am a lawyer, I have several times refused a seat upon the bench."

Seating himself in a large arm chair, Shackle said with nonchalance, in a calm, oily tone:

"Really, Miss Merton, I am very glad to see you. I hope you are well; you look quite pale."

"I am not ill," she replied laconically.

"But you are not in good spirits, and I am not surprised. You have had a great deal of trouble lately and I am truly sorry for you. I was grieved to learn that your friend, Dr. Granville, was compelled to leave you. He is a great and good man, and I know you will sadly miss him. But you must try and let my humble self fill his place as far as possible, for God knows I have your happiness at heart, my dear Miss Merton." And his glittering eyes lost their coldness and really seemed to grow beautiful while his homely face lit up with warm pleasure. Undoubtedly her

sweet face had won his heart for the few moments and made him forget his cold, calculating nature. For sinful as a man may be, he still has a love for the beautiful and true. There is a mystic charm about modest beauty that wins the heart's truest qualities as well as the eye's admiration.

Bertha instantly noticed the change that came over his face and her heart softened as she thought: "Perhaps I have wronged him, he may have a noble purpose hidden behind his homely countenance." And when she spoke again her voice had lost its restraint and regained its usual sweetness.

He quickly detected the change, his face became animated with gratification and exultation.

"Yes, Dr. Granville is truly a good man."

"One of God's noblemen," he replied, with a crafty smile, as he saw he had touched a tender chord in her feelings and resolved to take advantage of it. "I know," he continued in his cunning way, "that Dr. Granville is a rare scholar and worthy man, whose place in your affections it will be hard to fill; for his nature is sweetness itself. But keep up a brave heart my dear Miss Merton, and perhaps, ere long, he will be back again. In the meantime do not despair, but remember I am always your friend and it will always give me pleasure to do you a favor."

"Oh, thank you very kindly, and I can appreciate your offer, for a friend is one of the greatest of blessings. In return I shall try and not be a trouble to you."

A triumphant smile stole over his face as he

said, "You can never be that, for it will always be a great pleasure to me to help you."

"I am very much obliged to you for your kindness," she answered as a slight blush of shame tinged her cheek at the thought of how she had doubted his good intentions.

He noticed it with satisfaction as he said in an oily tone:

"Yes, I know you will. It is natural to your sweet nature; but I will say no more about it," noticing her confusion at his words of praise.

"Certainly, I shall always value your kindness."

"Good-bye, Miss Merton, and remember I am always at your service."

"Thank you," she replied.

Nearly a month passed during which Shackle called on Bertha every day. Though his language showed the greatest solicitude for her welfare, some indescribable feeling made her doubt his sincerity in spite of all her reasoning.

"I know," she thought one day, "it is wrong to attribute sinister motives to his expressions of kindness. I will conquer this aversion to him, for unprepossessing in face and form, he has a noble heart. His every word and act have shown only gentleness and regard." Here she was interrupted in her reverie by the announcement of a servant that the object of her thoughts was waiting for her in the parlor. She immediately went down, and as she saw him, suddenly the old antipathy arose in her breast; but she instantly mastered it and met him with a sweet smile.

"I am pleased to see you looking so well, Miss Merton."



"Thank you, I could not help gaining good spirits, under all the kindness I am receiving."

"I am very glad to hear you say so. For I always have your happiness at heart. But do you not become lonesome at times?"

"Oh, no, I am kept busy nearly all the time with my painting and other studies. You know there is nothing like employment to keep away ennui."

"Yes, I know. But do you not miss your friends?"

"Oh, yes. But then you are all so kind that I should be ungrateful to complain."

"I always try to be kind to you."

"And you always are."

"It affords me great pleasure to hear you say so. For as I said before, Miss Merton, I love you! I know," he added quickly, "I am not a handsome man, and I am older than you. But I love you dearly and sincerely. I had not thought to speak to you of it, but my heart gained the mastery over myself."

Her countenance grew deathly pale at his words, while an expression of bewilderment came into her beautiful face, mingled with fear, as she arose and stood clinging to the chair for support and casting furtive glances toward the door, as if longing to run away.

"It—it is—is so sudden!" she stammered.

"Yes, I know, my dear Miss Bertha, but take your own time to consider it. Think it calmly over and I know you will decide right. I will leave you now. Good-bye," he said, far too discreet to push his suit further and risk defeat.

"Good-day," she said mechanically, still too bewildered to collect her thoughts.

He gave a triumphant chuckle as he left the house, and muttered to himself:

"It wasn't a bad beginning. She only seemed bewildered, not angry. She wants working upon gradually, and I'll win her yet, by fair means if I can, by foul if I must."

She stood for several moments supporting herself by the chair, like one in a trance, till the warm blood began surging back to her heart again, and then she threw herself upon the sofa, realizing for the first time the full meaning of Shackle's words.

Her first thoughts were: "Have I done anything to encourage him, or even lead him to this action? I am sure I never dreamed of this! He is old enough to be my father, and I never thought of him in any other sense than a girl would of a father. Oh, have I? Have I done wrong? Have I made this man believe I loved him? I am sure I have never thought of anything but the purest friendship toward him. It is impossible; and I am compelled to make him my enemy when I need a friend so much! But I must be true to my heart and conscience," she thought bravely, "let come what may!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

## BERTHA'S CAPTIVITY.

Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,  
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit.—*Byron.*

Nearly a week had passed since the last conversation recorded between Bertha and Shackle, and not a word of love had been spoken to her although he called regularly every day, but it was only part of his strategy, for one afternoon he gradually led the conversation up to the subject always uppermost in his mind, in his shrewd manner. But this time he did not find her unprepared for his glib, adroit words, besides, the Vandals had discovered bad actions in his past life (which had reached her ear) and since they had obtained a clue, detective-like, they were making rapid strides towards revealing his former villainy. Although their knowledge of Shackle's former career consisted only of rumors and general gossip, (far from positive proof), they had accumulated a wonderful amount of it. But in their work of unearthing his rascality, they sadly missed the valuable services of Jerry Marshall, Jim Kelly, Dave Johnson, and above all, Tom Gleaton, who were far away on the battle fields.

In answer to the question, why they were so determined in exposing him, instead of aiding him as they did Phantom? They replied: "That he would not fraternize with, or even recognize them.

Besides, he was a bad fellow, and they were going to 'crush' him!"

Bertha listened in silence to Shackle's long sentence of honeyed words, then she said, respectfully but firmly:

"Mr. Shackle, I am sorry for this. It is impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"Because my heart is not mine to give. It belongs to another."

"But you may forget him."

"No, I have not a fickle fancy to become enamored with every fresh face I see."

Her answer nettled him, though he endeavored not to show it as he said, "But, if that person had thrown you aside as not worth his affections?"

"You are presuming."

"No, I think not. But I never would have treated you so, for I love you dearly, ay, desperately."

"Mr. Shackle, I beg of you to talk no longer upon the subject. It is not in my power to grant your wish."

"You are mistaken, my dear Miss Merton. You are not acting for your own good."

"Perhaps not. But I think I am the best judge of that."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Merton, but I am afraid you are in error and—"

"Then, be so kind as to leave me in error!" she answered, interrupting.

"I cannot, I have your welfare too much at heart."

"Mr. Shackle," she said in a confused manner,

"I can never love you, though I may very much respect you!"

"All I ask of you is to try, and I am sure you will succeed!"

"I should make but a poor attempt at it. I will promise you anything else. But that I cannot do."

"Then promise me that you will try to fulfill an engagement with me. I will not consider it binding. You may break it whenever you wish. I only wish you to endeavor to do so. You know you are alone in the world, and I am thinking only of what is best for you. And—"

"What!" she exclaimed, interrupting him, "enter into an engagement of mere empty words that my heart would not sanction! No! never! *never!*" she cried, turning her gaze full upon his face for the first time, her large, black eyes flashing defiance.

His features were convulsed with subdued passion that made her apprehensive of danger, but her brave nature did not cower.

He was a good diviner of character, and instantly saw that he had played stratagem to the end, as he thought: "She has more pluck than I gave her credit for. But I'll conquer her in spite of all."

"You must remember, my lady!" he said with a sneer, "that you are my ward!"

"But that does not make me your slave!"

"But it is your duty to obey me till you are of legal age."

"Ah, indeed! how considerate you are!"

"It is evident," he cried savagely, "that you are not aware of my power!"

"I think I am," she exclaimed contemptuously, "and it amounts to but little!"

"Ah!" he cried with a sneer, "you are quite mistaken. But I am fully aware of it, as a man learned in the law, who has several times refused a seat on the bench."

"You are more learned in villainy, I should think!" she cried scornfully.

"You are not acting as a lady should, when addressing a gentleman."

"But am I addressing a gentleman?"

"You are!" he exclaimed haughtily.

"I suppose you rest your qualities of being a gentleman upon your past life?"

"What do you know about my past life?"

"Enough for me, that it is far from that becoming a gentleman!"

"To what do you refer? I demand to know!" he cried angrily.

"But suppose I do not choose to tell?"

"I demand to know!"

"Well, I have no objection to tell you."

"Well, what! what!" he yelled angrily.

"That your name is not Shackle! In fact, that you change it at pleasure," she replied coolly.

"It's a lie!" he yelled wildly, his eyes protruding and his body writhing with anger.

"If it is a falsehood, it seems to excite you very much."

"And justly," he said, more calmly, "when an honest man is traduced in this base manner! But

who informed you of all this?" he asked with a sneer.

"Is it not sufficient to say that I heard it?"

"No, madam! But I know the authors of this cowardly falsehood! It is those contemptible villains the Vandals! And I will have every one of them in prison for slander before they are a week older," he cried passionately, bringing his clenched fist heavily down upon the table.

"Every one of them?" she asked sarcastically.

"Yes, every one of them! The infernal sneaks!"

"Indeed!" she replied, in her most insolent tone.

"Indeed—In—deed!" he cried, stammering with passion. "I—I—will soon show them! But do you believe these infernal lies?"

"I decline to answer your question."

"You do?"

"Yes," coolly.

"Then, take care that you do not occupy a cell with them."

"You need not try to frighten me."

"I am not trying to frighten you, I mean it. You do not know me?" sarcastically.

"No," she answered, "not even your name!"

"Take care, Miss, that you do not lay yourself liable to the law. You are treading on dangerous ground."

"Am I?"

"You shall suffer for this insolence!"

"How?"

"Never mind!"

"But how?"

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"By law. Remember you are my ward."

"Yes, I do, and it has been very forcibly impressed upon my mind lately!"

"Not half as forcibly as it will be if you do not act more reasonably. Bear in mind that I am a lawyer. I have several times refused a seat upon the bench. And I will show you the power of the law!"

"What can you do?"

"What can I do?" he cried sneeringly. "I could give you a character that no respectable person would wish to associate with you! And make you glad to accept me as a husband!"

"You are a villain!" she cried with alarm.

"Ah, ha!" he said tauntingly, "it is your turn to grow excited."

"But the law would not give you that power?"

"Perhaps not. But you would have no witnesses to refute my words. And the law puts you under my control. You are my ward!"

"We shall see!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that with all your cunning, I may yet be able to outwit you."

"Ah! my lady, do you think so? Be not too sure of that. For I could so have you in my power, that if that young lover of yours, Dr. Landon, were to meet you in the street, he would pass you by as if you were a woman of the town! How do you like it?"

Her face blanched, even whiter, while a strange fear seized her heart.

He watched her dejection for several moments with a fiendish smile, then said exultingly:



"You don't like the picture, eh? Then act reasonable and promise to be my wife. And not a power on earth shall hurt a hair of your head!"

"You are very considerate!" she replied, disgust pictured on her face and scorn in her voice that words could not express.

"Oh, ho!" he said sarcastically, "you play tragedy very well! You would make a fine actress. But wait a moment, I have something to show you which I think will interest you!"

Shackle slowly drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a parchment, and quickly unfolding it, held it up before her gaze.

She hastily read it, and saw that it was a printed marriage certificate, in the blank spaces of which her name and that of Shackle had been written, and that it was signed by the clergyman of a neighboring town, and also by two witnesses whom she did not know.

A spasm of anguish and terror shot through her heart as she realized its meaning, and thought, "what is not this man capable of doing?" But she hastily controlled her feeling, and asked calmly, though her voice slightly trembled:

"Let me have it a moment?"

"No, you might destroy it. And it may prove useful to me."

"It's a forgery! And you know it! The whole thing is a miserable sham written by you!"

"Did you notice the clergyman's name and those of the two witnesses signed to it?"

"Yes, and they were written by you."

"No, they were not."

"Then who wrote them?" she asked, contemp-

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tuously. "You know very well, I never was married to you, nor ever went anywhere with you in public!"

"I am willing to admit nothing of the kind! I shall simply tell you that two persons were married last Thursday in the church, in the neighboring town, by the clergyman whose name is signed to the certificate and in the presence of the two witnesses. One of the contracting parties was myself, the other very much resembled you. And your name was the name she gave."

"How have you accomplished this villainy? Have you hired some one to personate me?"

"That might be? Money will do almost anything. But were you not really the person?" he asked sneeringly.

She was too much stunned by these terrible words to make any reply. For there crept into her heart a terrible fear that she was in this man's power, and that he could claim her as his wife.

He saw her dejection as he arose to leave, and an expression came over her features that made him resemble a human fiend as he said:

"In the eye of the law you are my wife, Mrs. Shackle, I shall now leave you to realize that fact. When you wish to see me you need only send me word and I will come."

When he was gone she remained reclining in the chair, deathly pale with a terrible anguish tearing at her heart. It was only with a strong effort that she kept herself from fainting.

"I little imagined what villainy that man was capable of doing. He is bad enough to do anything. But I will never yield to him. I will fly

from my home first! Oh, how I long for Charlie Landon's strong arms to protect me from him, and for his dear kind breast to rest my weary, aching head upon. I know if Charlie were here he would protect me from this villain and would soon drive him hence. If I could only go to noble Dr. Granville and ask his advice, and receive his aid, all would be well. But he, too, is gone. I have not a friend in the world. Must I yield to this villain's power? Never! I must outwit him!" But a terrible fear swept over her mind lest she could not do so. "I will resist him to the last, if it be to death."

That night after she had prepared for bed, she knelt down and prayed fervently for aid and direction in her troubles. Then she lay down and tried to sleep, but in vain. Her head tossed restlessly upon the pillow until nearly morning, when she fell into a fitful slumber broken by wild dreams.

She arose late the next morning and went down to breakfast. She was surprised to see a strange woman attending the table. Her first impulse was to inquire for the old servant, but the next instant the truth flashed upon her that Shackle had discharged her and placed this one in her place. Bertha longed to make inquiries of the woman but the latter's cold, calculating eyes, and sallow, masculine features with sternness stamped upon them, gave her no encouragement. So she sat drinking her tea in silence, and watching the powerful, angular form of the woman as she moved about the table, while she thought, "I have no pity to expect from her."

After drinking her tea and eating a few morsels of food, Bertha arose from the table and directed her steps toward the stable, thinking that after her bad night's rest, a ride in the open air would revive her drooping spirits. The woman followed to the door and stood watching her closely, though Bertha did not notice her. She entered the stable, expecting to find Tom (the old hostler), and to tell him to saddle her favorite horse, but Tom was not there; another man had taken his place.

She stood motionless, biting her plump, red lips with subdued anger, as she thought:

"So, Shackle has discharged good faithful Tom also."

But she said calmly, "Will you saddle my black horse for me, please?"

"I beg pardon, Miss," said the man respectfully, "but Mr. Shackle said as how you was not to ride out without his leave."

The hot blood rushed to her face from indignation and she was about to make an angry reply, but the next moment she thought, "I will not let this man see my humiliation," so she said quietly:

"Very well," and turning on her heel, left the stable.

"By jingo!" said the hostler, "she's a beauty! But old Shackle says she's a wild 'un. But she was civil to me, I'll be bound."

Bertha entered the house humiliated and angry, sweeping past the woman without even a look, walked to the front door and opened it. There stood a man, a short, broad-shouldered fellow with a bullet shaped head on which the hair was



*(A Village Mystery and  
Through War to Peace)*



cut close, a scarred face and a disfigured blood-shot eye over which a green shade was tied.

"Good morning," she said, "you are Mr. Shackle's man?"

"Yes, Miss," he replied with a silly grin.

She turned and walked to the window, as she muttered thoughtfully to herself:

"I'm a prisoner in my own house. It has come to the worst!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A STORMY INTERVIEW.

Though at times my spirit fails me,

And bitter tear-drops fall,

Though my lot is hard and lonely,

Yet I hope—I hope through all.—*Mrs. Norton.*

Three days of Bertha's captivity had passed and nothing of particular importance had occurred, though she had endeavored to engage the woman in conversation but she proved taciturn, repelling every action or word in her cold, heartless way. So she gave up all hopes of gaining any aid or friendship from her and turned her attention to the bullet-headed captor. She always met him with a smile and even words of kindness that she thought were not entirely wasted, for though he met her with a shame-faced smile which seemed to say that—though his task was a disagreeable one—he meant to perform it, still there gradually came into his manner and words a rude gentleness, bordering on kindness. He was only on watch at night, being relieved during the day

by a dressy villain whom Bertha disliked from the first, so she made no advance toward him, but treated him with silent contempt.

On the third evening of her imprisonment she was standing at the parlor window looking out, and feeling more sad and disheartened than usual; it was fast growing dark, yet in the fading twilight she could still discern shadowy objects.

Suddenly the rose-bush under the window moved, and the next instant a curly head popped in sight. It did not startle her, for she had become too used to surprises in the last few days to heed one now.

The curly head doffed his hat and said in a muffled, though distinct tone:

"Miss Merton, here's a letter. Don't let Shackle see it, or his friend?"

She eagerly seized the letter and put it in her pocket.

"Thank you. I will not."

Instantly the head disappeared from sight, then she noticed a bush move near the window, then another, and another still further away, and a few seconds after she saw a Vandal rise up near the garden fence and look eagerly around—as if to see whether or not he was watched—and then lightly vault over it, and walk down the street whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Bertha placed her hand upon the letter in her pocket, as if she feared it might fly away, and then hurried to her room. She lit a lamp, and locking the door, took the letter, carefully examined the address, but it was strange writing that she had never before seen. It resembled that of a



school boy just learning to write, or that of a person who was unused to writing.

Her curiosity excited, she eagerly tore it open and glanced at the signature. It was from the Vandal Club, and was a literary curiosity as the combined production of that institution. It became evident to Bertha as she read that the literary talent of the club was absent, for there was a recklessness of grammar that would have scandalized Lindley Murray, and a disregard for spelling that would have routed Johnson, Walker, Webster and the host of other lexicographers and caused them to fear that they had wasted their time in compiling dictionaries, but that would have delighted Josh Billings in its freedom, or the most radical of spelling reformers.

One could easily see by the epistle that Jerry Marshall, Gleaton and several other Vandals were absent, for they never would have allowed such a composition to leave the club. But where was Dick Lex? the reader asks. Away on one of his periodical drinking frolics.

Bertha could not help smiling in spite of her low spirits, as she read over the unique epistle. It was as follows:

“MISS MERTON:—Dear Miss. We has been investigatin’ this fellar Shackle’s reckord an’ it’s a gud deel like a mule’s. Nuthin’ to brag of. He’s not to be trusted, he’ll kik every pop. An’ like a mule he’s a heap of ugliness between his big ers. An’ he must bee rellated to a jackass fur he’s allways brayin’, an he’s no pride of ancistry and no hope fur gloray.

"He's rel name is James Sneaker. An' you bet he's a rel sneek. It wuz him, as led Jerry Marshall's sister astray. An' ef Marshall wuz here, he'd nock" (here a word was so perfectly blotted that a Philadelphia lawyer could not make it out) "out of him. Thin this sam old snooser, we mean Shackle—Sneaker, fearedged a chick on the Dooblin bank, thin he slid out to Lundun. But the perlice follered him. An' won nite a Lundun perliceman jumped him, an' Shackle stabbed him and thru his body in Tames river. That wuz murder! Sinc thin, the Brittishe dertectives hav ben hot after him.

"Aboudt that marage sirtificate, it iz a" (here another word, evidently an oath, was blotted out), "humbug. It's a lye. He writ it hisself. We fond it out this way, He wint inter the Kort House an' hung his big coat on a peg, and we went threw it. For we thort that he wuz up ter somthin'. We found that sirtifikate, an' we thut it was a kunundrum. We wint an' seed that preecher in Newtown as wuz to hav sined it. He sed it wuz a fraud all the way through.

"But 'kep your eys brite, an' we'll mak it so hot fur him, he'll jump the toun more rapid then eny nigger iver did fur stealin' chickens. We Remain,

Your Ruff Bud Tru Frinds,

THE VANDAL CLUB."

This curious piece of composition amused and comforted Bertha, for it informed her that the marriage certificate was worthless and gave her

information with which to resist this villain's deviltry. For she knew that the Vandals had a wonderful power of gaining information, as well as did many others in the village, and some of them to their sorrow. And she had no doubt that, before long, they would make Shackle "jump the town," as they expressed it, much quicker than any of the Vandals ever had for "depopulating a hen roost," as Marshall would say.

The next day Bertha sent Shackle a note requesting another interview, for she felt that she had an advantage over him by the knowledge she had gained through the letter.

He quickly responded to her request, and met her with a triumphant smile and look that a person's face wears when he thinks he has everything his own way. But there came over his countenance a shade of surprise when she met him with a calm, easy manner, for he had expected to find her sorrowful and dejected, while on the contrary, she seemed far more at her ease than at the last interview.

"Is she going to yield?" he thought triumphantly, "or does she think with sweet, honeyed words to deceive me? If she thinks so, she is much mistaken!"

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Shackle," he said, "but quite wife-like."

"My name is not Mrs. Shackle, as you know well enough, but Bertha Merton!"

"This means fight," he thought, as he said, "I beg your pardon, but it is in law. Would you like another look at that marriage certificate to convince yourself?"

"No; it amounts to nothing. It is a miserable sham!"

"How do you know?" he asked sarcastically.

"I have positive proof!"

"From whom?"

"From the clergyman whose name is forged to it."

"How do you know that?" he cried excitedly.

"You have not been away from the house? You have received no letters nor sent any?"

"Then you have intercepted my letters? By what authority?"

"I am your guardian."

"Does that give you such right?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I don't believe it!"

"I can't help what you believe!"

"And does the law give you a right to keep me a prisoner?"

"Yes, when it is for your good."

"I don't believe that either."

"I can't help that, but it is a fact, as you already see!"

"But it is unjust!"

"Granted," he said sneeringly. "But how do you know anything about this certificate? You acknowledge by your own words, that you have not been away from the house nor received any letters. How, then, do you know?"

"That may be, but still I know!"

"You need not think that you can cajole me with your stories, madam!"

"Perhaps not. But I learned it from the same

source that informed me you forged a check on the Bank of Dublin and ran away!"

His face grew perfectly livid with rage, while his eyes protruded and rolled about, and his body writhed like that of a serpent, as he yelled, "It's an infernal lie!"

She started from her seat in fear lest he would strike her, in his wild rage.

In a few moments he became almost calm again, when he asked, "Who told you this—lie?"

"If it is a falsehood, what made it affect you so?"

"Righteous indignation. Because it is a lie! But who has been imposing on your credulity?"

"I should think there was no need to tell you. You are so smart you ought to know!"

"And I do. It was some of those hell-hound Vandals! And I'll knock the life out of them yet if they don't attend to their own affairs!"

"I would advise you to let them alone," she said aggravatingly, "some of them are muscular men, and you might get the worst of it."

"But still I'll teach them, as well as you, that I am not to be played with!"

"But it would not be law," she said aggravatingly, "to kill them. Would it?"

He glared at her for a moment and then said, savagely, "That's what the contemptible curs deserve! But I'll have every one of them in jail before they are a day older! You must be a nice kind of a lady to be in communication with such trash! You deserve to be kept a prisoner to keep you out of such low company. No one

but a woman of the town would speak to, or even notice them!"

"They are far more respectable than you!" she retorted indignantly.

"You had better speak more carefully!" he thundered, "or—"

"Or, what?"

"Never mind. What did these villains tell you?"

"Nothing that you would wish to hear."

"But what other lies?"

"You say they are lies."

"Never mind, I wish to hear them."

"That you forged a check on the Dublin Bank."

"You've told me that!" he hissed through his teeth. "But what more?"

"That you murdered one of the London police, and threw his body in the Thames river!"

He could subdue his passion no longer, for he sprang to his feet, perfectly wild with rage, and yelled through his gnashing teeth, with a volley of oaths, "I'll cut yours and their hearts out!"

She sprang from the chair just in time to escape a blow from his fist which he struck in his blind madness, and, opening the door, stood ready to escape if he approached her. Though she feared him no scream escaped her lips, and she remained waiting with all the defiance of a brave nature, for his fit of passion to subside. It lasted for nearly a minute, and was fearful to witness, then it gave way to an uncontrollable fear, as he sank exhausted into a chair, trembling from head to foot. His face was colorless as marble, his eyes protruded, rolling wildly about, his fists were

so tightly clenched that the nails cut the flesh, and his body was contorted and froth covered his thin, bloodless lips, as he muttered slowly to himself, "They know that! They know that!"

Gradually, he became calm again, and their eyes met; in her face was a desperate calmness that spoke volumes of determination as she stood there in her beautiful paleness; her large, lustrous eyes appearing even blacker in contrast with the marble whiteness of her face, while one hand was still grasping the knob of the door. Though his countenance was still very white with fear, and dread pictured upon it, there was an aspect of determination there.

They looked at each other for several moments, then he spoke in a calm tone, but with a slight tremble in it.

"You see, I have a temper. It won't do to fool with me! We must understand each other. The sooner the better for you!"

She did not reply, but waited in silence for him to speak again.

"I should like you for a wife—for you're a beauty—if it were not for your infernal stubbornness! But there is another thing, I must have, I will have?"

"What is that?"

"Money. I must have it, or all is lost!"

"I have but little to give you."

"Sign this," he said hastily, drawing a parchment from his pocket, "and I can soon convert it into coin."

"Give me my freedom, and I will sign it."

"Sign it and I will set you free."

"Give me my liberty, and then I will sign it. I promise you on my word of honor."

"I would not take an angel's word. No, that will not do!"

"Then I will not put my name to it!"

"Beware! You do not know what I am capable of doing! You say I killed a London policeman and threw his body into the river. Take care that you are not found missing some morning, and your body afterward be discovered in the river!"

"I will give you until to-morrow to sign this paper. And then—" he suddenly ceased speaking with a warning look.

"Good day," he said after a pause, then arose and left the room. She did not deign a reply, but watched him out of sight as she slowly repeated his last words:

"'And then'—That means murder!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE FINAL STRUGGLE.

"Though all around is dark and cheerless,  
And on high my star looks pale,  
My heart is steadfast still and fearless,  
Still my lips disdain to wail."

When Bertha had watched Shackle out of view she threw herself into a chair by the table, and, resting her head upon her arms, fell into a rapid train of reflections.

"Yes," she thought, "I will escape from this man's power, to-night, if possible. And then away to the battle field! Why should I not go?



My heart is ever wandering thitherward, for the dearest and best friends I have on earth are there. And then, it is my country, too. Even I can do something for the sick and wounded men; and that would be all the reward I would wish; and I am sure I can be of some use. Then I shall be near Charley if he should be wounded (the last with tenderness), and Dr. Granville, and many more of the friends of my childhood. I shall go, if I can escape."

She went down to supper, but having no appetite simply took a cup of tea, and after nervously wandering about the house went to her room to think on plans of escape. Until ten o'clock the flashy-dressed villain would be on guard, and she had no hope of effecting an escape through him. But after that time the bullet-headed guard would take the watch, and she hoped, by coaxing and, perhaps, bribing him, to gain her ends.

It was not yet eight o'clock, and she had two hours to wait before attempting escape. She drew a chair to the open window, and sat in the semi-darkness watching the familiar objects of her childhood slowly fade away in the gloom. "How often shall I think of them when far away near the field of strife? And even now around their shadowy forms cling memories of many happy days. Thoughts that are linked by an invisible chain of many precious hours. And now the mist is hiding the hilltops where many a happy summer's day I've gathered wild roses and buttercups till the sun dipped behind the western waves. There is the glen, a dark, dim spot now, with its cool, shady nooks and bubbling spring, from

which I so often drank of its cool waters. And the woods along the river are fast fading into darkness. How well I know each brier-tangled path through them to the river. And that river—a few moments ago a bright, gleaming line—is now nearly hidden. Yonder is the old bridge nearly enveloped in a cloud of mist; how many memories cling around it. It was there I first met Charley Landon. What sweet, thoughtless days those were, when ‘life seemed bathed in Hope’s romantic hues.’ But they are over, and, perhaps, I shall never see such golden days again. Truly ‘A sorrow’s crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.’” Soon after, even the shadowy forms of hills, rivers and vales were enveloped in the mist that rolled in from the bay, and then she watched the lights of the village burst into view as, almost unconsciously, she repeated the familiar lines, feeling all their depth of meaning:

‘I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o’er me  
That my soul can not resist.’

At last she lit a lamp, and looked at her watch. It was nine o’clock. “An hour yet to wait,” she thought, “I will try to read.” She took a book and attempted to get interested in its contents; but in vain, for it seemed dull and monotonous. She threw it aside in despair, and extinguishing the light, sat down by the window again to watch the lights of the village. Many of them had now been extinguished. At last the town clock

struck ten, and as its finishing stroke died away she saw the last light in the village disappear; but she sat in the gloom for several minutes longer, then she arose, braced herself for a determined effort, relighted the lamp and exclaimed, "Now to succeed or—fail!"

She dressed in a thick, blue robe and white fur jacket, fastened a pretty scarlet bow at her bosom and a sash around her waist; then she brushed out her long curls and hung the gold locket around her neck. After finishing her toilet, as carefully as if she were going to meet a lover, she glanced in the mirror and knew that she looked ravishingly beautiful. She went forth to conquer. Bertha entered the parlor, and placing the lamp on a table sat down by the window, first throwing it wide open. She had not long to wait, for soon the bullet-headed guard appeared.

"Good evening," she said, sweetly.

"Good evenin, Miss," he replied with a silly smile, but with a look of admiration on his face. This, with a woman's intuitiveness Bertha instantly recognized, and it encouraged her as she said in the same musical tone:

"I was lonesome upstairs, and I could not sleep, so decided to come down and talk to you a while. You are not afraid I will escape, are you?"

"No, Miss."

"It's a dark night, don't you get lonesome sometimes?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Mr. Shackle always puts you on guard at

night, why do you not change with the other man who watches during the day?"

"Shackle's afraid of them Vandals. They're mad at him. They swears they'll come some night an' clean us all out. But I ain't afraid of 'em. But they'es got one feller as is a good fighter. It was him as put this eye on me. That kid glove feller as is here day times wouldn't stand no chance with 'em."

"I wish they would drive you away," she thought, but said, "Will you have a cigar?"

"Thank'e, Miss."

She went to a bookcase, where there was a box of cigars that had been there since her father's death, and set it on the window-sill. He opened it and taking out a cigar, asked:

"You don't object to smoking?"

"Oh, no, not at all."

He lit the cigar and stood puffing it in silence for several moments, when she suddenly said:

"You're a villain!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he answered in a tone more of excuse than resentment, "bud——"

"Excuse me," she interrupted, "I mean you are a man of the world! One who wishes to make money."

"Yes, Miss," he replied, not fully comprehending her meaning.

"Well, how much does Shackle pay you?"

"Fifty dollars ef it's fur two weeks, an' a hundred ef fur a month."

"Well, I will give you a hundred dollars if you will let me escape. Shackle has not a shadow of law or right to keep me here. And to-morrow

he says he will murder me, and throw my body into the river!"

"I wouldn't let him do that, Miss."

"Thank you. What do you say to my proposition?"

The fellow was silent for several moments, then he said:

"Make it two hundred, an' it's a go!"

"I will," she replied, "wait until I get my hat and satchel?"

"All right," he answered.

She went to her chamber, put on her hat and taking a small satchel, in which she had placed a few articles of necessity to the traveler, immediately rejoined the guard and handed him the price of her liberty.

"Thank you, Miss, I'll make Shackle pay me that fifty dollars, too."

"Do," she said, with a smile. "Now help me out of the window."

"Put out the light first, please, or some one might see you."

"Oh, yes, I forgot it."

She extinguished the light, and returning to the window he assisted her to the ground.

"Do ye want me to go with ye?"

"No, I'm not afraid. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Miss."

She walked rapidly out of the garden and along the deserted streets of the village until she reached a livery stable. She met the proprietor at the door, just as he was leaving for the night.

"Why, bless me! Miss Merton," said the old

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man, who had known her since she was a child, "what takes you out at this time of night?"

"I am compelled to go to the city. Will you take me?"

"Why, certainly."

On reaching the city she directed her companion to drive to a hotel where she had often been before. but she did not intend to remain there, for when he had driven away she walked up the street to another, which she entered.

"Now," she thought, "no one knows me here, and Shackle cannot easily trace me."

In this she was very judicious, for before daylight Shackle had learned of her escape, and was in hot pursuit.

Walking up to the desk Bertha wrote a fictitious name on the register (she ought to be forgiven for it under the circumstances), and requested a bedroom, at the same time inquiring the hour of the departure of the first train for Washington.

"At five o'clock," replied the clerk.

"Will you please have me awakened in time to catch it?"

"Yes, Miss," he replied.

Bertha slept but little that night, and was up and dressed in the morning before the servant rapped on her chamber door. After a hearty breakfast she hired a cab, and was driven to the station, which she reached a half hour before the train was due. Minutes seemed like hours. She was nervously anxious to be flying from Shackle.

It wanted but four minutes of the arrival of the train, and she was still sitting in the waiting room looking through the window which commanded a

view of the platform, when suddenly she beheld Shackle enter the station, and walk rapidly toward the apartment, with anger impressed on every feature.

Her heart gave a wild bound of fear and disappointment as she thought: "All my efforts at escape are lost! I am in his power again!" But she quickly sprang behind the door just as he entered the room. Passing into the room, he looked carefully around, and then moved on again without discovering the object of his search. He walked the platform apparently wild with anger, several times passing the door behind which Bertha was concealed, and each time her heart beat wildly with fear lest he should discover her.

The train thundered into the station, but she did not move till the bell from the locomotive gave the last warning peal, when she sprang from her concealment and ran for the nearest car, but before she reached it Shackle caught her by the shoulder!

She gave a slight scream of disappointment, and attempted to tear herself away. The scream attracted the attention of several persons, one of whom said angrily:

"Ye villain, let go of Miss Merton!"

Bertha turned in surprise, as she thought: "Have I found a friend at last, when I so sorely need one?" And when she saw Jim Kelly's muscular form standing near her, his eyes flashing fiercely, she knew she had found one.

It should be explained how Kelly came to be there. The reader will remember that he went

away as a soldier in the regiment that left St. Arlyle. But in the first great battle at Bull Run he was wounded and taken to Washington, from whence, on account of the crowded condition of the hospitals, he was removed to this city, where, after weeks of careful nursing, he had fully recovered, and was now returning, as he said, to "fight the thing out!"

"Who are you?" yelled Shackle.

"Niver mind," replied the Pirate, "bud let go of her, or I'll make ye! Ye dirty spalpeen!"

"She's my ward!" roared Shackle, wild with rage. "I'm a lawyer. I have several times refused a seat upon the bench. And I know my rights!"

"Well," retorted Kelly, "if ye have siveral toimes refused a sate on the bench, I'll give ye a sate on the flure!"

And he struck Shackle a blow in the face that caused him to measure his length on the platform.

"That's what ye git fur insultin' a lady!"

Shackle regained his feet and yelled wildly: "This is outrageous! Won't some one arrest the villain?"

The people evidently believed that a lady had been insulted, and sided with Kelly, for they laughed and jeered at the lawyer.

"Then," cried Shackle, "I must arrest him myself!"

But the next moment he wished he had not attempted it; for he received a fearful blow that again laid him at full length on the platform.

The train was now rapidly moving away from the station, and Kelly had all he could do to



catch the steps of the last car, as he called back to the discomfited Shackle:

"Don't niver say ye refused a sate on the flure, if ye did on the bench!"

Kelly pressed through the train till he reached the car in which Bertha was seated.

"Where is Shackle?" she asked excitedly, when Kelly stood by her side.

"Faith, an' that villain's all right. He would not take a sate on the bench, so I gave 'im one on the flure!"

"Thank you," she said, smiling.

"I'm goin' in the nixt car," he continued, "wid the byes, where I belongs. Bud if that dirty spalpeen troubles ye, jist sind me word, an' I'll ilevate him over the moon."

"Thank you kindly," she said, smiling, as the Pirate walked away.

Shackle went back to St. Arlyle, and swore vengeance against the Vandals, and wanted them all arrested.

But the Justice of the Peace would not issue warrants for the entire body.

"For," said he, "if we arrest them all the devil will be to pay!"

Perhaps he was afraid of their vitriolic tongues, or it may have been as the election was soon to take place, he was desirous of not losing their votes and influence.

Anyhow, Shackle was compelled to concentrate his wrath on only one Vandal at a time. So he had Dick Lex arrested.

They found Dick Lex intoxicated, as usual, and put him in jail. The Vandals were furious,

and set all their wits and ingenuity to work, and soon had the British detectives on Shackle's track, and, as they predicted, made him fly from the town.

So when the trial was called there was no one to prosecute, and Lex was set at liberty, while the justice was profuse in his apologies and excuses for the latter's arrest.

"Oh! I don't blame you," said Lex, in his felicitous way. "It was a fair game as far as you were concerned, but he slipped in a cold deck on us! But," he continued, "I have drank my last drop of liquor!"

And after years proved the truth of his words.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN, OR MANASSAS.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

—*Campbell.*

It was a calm, beautiful Sunday morning, on the 21st of June, 1861; the sun arose in all its splendor and threw its bright rays down on the glens, woods and clear, bubbling streams of the Plain of Manassas, while far away in the distance, robed in their azure hue, stood the tall summits and pinnacles of the Blue Ridge, guarding, like sentinels, around a field of death!

But ere long, ever and anon, the calm was broken by the roar of artillery, and white wreaths of smoke were seen ascending from the cannon's

mouth, into the clear, blue sky above the two long, glittering lines of the contending armies, telling of the fearful struggle soon to begin!

It was the battle field of Bull Run, the first great, bloody conflict of the Civil War. Side by side, the men stood in the long, gleaming lines of battle, waiting for the orders to rush forward into the vortex of death! And standing there in that short interval—with thoughts flashing over their minds as thick as waves on an ocean beach—ere they met amid the awful clash of arms, many a soldier's thoughts were wandering far away to Northern and Southern cities and villages, where friends and loved ones were answering the Sabbath bells' sweet peal of love and peace; and many a soldier in his imagination could see dearly loved ones walking up the old familiar church steps, that he knew so well, but that, perhaps, he would never see again; for before that Sabbath sunlight faded into night many a one would be called to "join that silent number in the land whence none return!"

The St. Arlyle regiment arrived on the field the evening before the battle, and had been assigned to General Hunter's division, one of the first bodies to become engaged on the following morning. There had been during the day several severe but short engagements between the advance skirmishers of the two armies, but they had now fallen back on the main bodies, and all was again quiet. But it was but the lull before the great struggle on the morrow!

It was a beautiful night; the moon was full, and shed a soft, mellow light down from a cloud-

less sky, while not a breath of wind ruffled the gleaming surface of the rippling streams, or rustled the leaves of the surrounding forest, arrayed in all the brightness of a midsummer's night, while in every direction thousands of camp fires glared forth, throwing weird, fantastic shadows against the thick foliage of the trees.

Around one of the numerous camp-fires a party of Vandals were collected, discussing the impending battle.

"Well," said Ned Stanton, "we'll have a lively time to-morrow. Some of us will have to do a good deal of dodging to save our skulls."

"Yah," said Blowhard Jake, "bud by Shimmany! von't ve mak dem Rebil runs!"

"Look out they don't make you run," said another Vandal.

"Not much dey von't!"

"I don't know about that," said Gleaton, "some of you fellows will want to go home mighty bad when the Rebel bullets are whistling around your ears; and then fight the rest of the war with your jaws, in the tailor shop."

"Well," said the Pirate, with his usual nonchalance, "we'll take a few shots at 'em fhirst, ahnyhow, just to kape things loively, afore we lave."

Thus the conversation ran on, for most of them slept but little that night, and eagerly they responded to the rolling of the drums ere daylight broke on Sunday morning. Then followed a rapid march, until they could see the enemy's forces in the distance, when a short halt was ordered. Here we have already described them,

waiting for the final order to move on to the attack.

Between the two armies flowed the Bull Run stream, and at a considerable distance from it, on the summit of the ridges, gently sloping to the plain, were posted the Confederate forces, nearly three miles in length. Almost opposite the enemy's center was a stone bridge, spanning the stream, which was guarded by a Confederate regiment.

It was planned by the Federal commander, General McDowell, that a feint attack should be made on the bridge by one of the divisions, while the two others, of Heintzieman and Hunter (the latter containing the St. Arlyle regiment), were to make a detour through the thick woods, and fall upon the enemy's flank and rear.

The battle began a few minutes after six o'clock by the discharge of a shell from a mortar in the direction of the regiment guarding the stone bridge. Then followed a rapid cannonade from both sides, but the Union forces did not advance to drive the regiment from the bridge, but remained firing at long range, as their desire was to attract the enemy's attention, while the two divisions pushed through the thick forest.

But the Confederates were on the alert, and before long they became aware that a large body of men were pressing through the dense forest toward their left and in their rear. They immediately wheeled around and formed a new and stronger line—as it was on elevated ground, and partly sheltered by the houses, barns, sheds, haystacks and fences of a farm situated there—and

at the same time rapidly reinforcing the line to meet the attack of the Federals.

Meanwhile, the divisions having forded the Bull Run stream, and filled their canteens with water, were pressing on as rapidly through the woods as the tangled vines and thick undergrowth would permit. But their progress was so retarded that it was ten o'clock before the advance brigade reached the open field.

Among the first troops to reach the edge of the wood was Landon's regiment, and as they came into the open ground they were received with a perfect storm of cannon balls and bullets from the enemy's elevated position. The severe fire for a few moments made the raw troops recoil, as the dead and wounded fell around them, but they were pressed forward by those in the rear, and were soon rushing up the rising ground, sharply replying to the enemy's fire, while several batteries or artillery had emerged from the wood and were firing over their heads with telling effect on the Confederates.

"Bejabers!" exclaimed Kelly, wildly, "it's extramely loively! An' thar aint mouch fun fightin' Ribils!"

"No," replied his comrade, also a Vandal, "I'd rather be back in the tailor shop."

"Dunder und blitzen!" yelled Jake, "dey might hit somebodies in der eye!"

"Put yer eyes in yer phocket!" answered the Pirate.

"Shiver me timbers!" cried Sailor Jack, as he glanced down the line, "ef the boys ain't fallin' overboard lively!"

They were now in the hottest part of the battle, and there was no longer any time for words, as they pressed rapidly up the hillside, firing volley after volley at the Confederate ranks, while bullets and balls went plowing through their own. Each moment fresh companies of troops emerged from the wood and rushed up the gentle slope, till the Confederate commander, Evans, was on the point of falling back, when he was reinforced by General Bee's division. The National forces were now sorely pressed, but they were rapidly supported, and their line greatly strengthened. The battle now raged desperately, the air was filled with bullets, cannon balls and shells; the dead and wounded lay thick on the field, while the roar of the firearms was almost deafening. Although the enemy, from his elevated position, was doing terrible execution—especially with his artillery—on the National line, the rapid reinforcement of the latter was slowly pressing his lines back. Just at this time the Federals were again reinforced by Sherman's brigade, and the Confederates could resist no longer and began a retreat. Over the ridge and down the southern slope of a small valley the Confederates fled, but in good order, as they were aided in the retreat by Hampton's famous legion, which had just arrived on the field. Across the valley they rushed, and up a gentle slope leading to a large plateau above, closely followed by their pursuers.

Cheers broke from the Federal lines, as they considered the victory complete, and the commanders were already congratulating each other,

when suddenly an incident of determination and valor occurred, that turned the tide of victory.

As the flying troops, under General Bee, reached the brow of the plateau there stood a brigade drawn up in line of battle, seemingly as immovable as the rocks themselves, waiting for the coming struggle. At its head sat a commander whose name became famous on many a bloody field in after years. It was Gen. T. J. Jackson.

General Bee rode up to the tall Virginian, who sat on his horse with a face like marble, and exclaimed, with despair imprinted on every line of his face: "General, they are beating us back!"

"Then, sir," answered Jackson, calmly, "we'll give them the bayonet!"

The words sent a thrill of hope through the disheartened Bee, and turning to his men, he exclaimed: "There are Jackson and his Virginians standing like a *stone wall*!"

And ever after he was known as Stonewall Jackson.

Although the Confederates had been driven up the hill to the plateau above, Jackson's stubborn resistance here held the Federals in check, while the former were rapidly reinforced with infantry and artillery, and took up a strong position on the brow, sheltered by the thicket of pines. Up these hillsides, against this strong line, the Federals hurled brigade after brigade, till the slopes were black with men. It was now afternoon, and the heat was intense. The battle raged fiercely, the roar of the conflict was terrific, as the cannons belched forth their thunder, mingled with the



crash of the musketry, the heavy tramp of the cavalry, the screams and groans of the wounded, and the shrill shriek of the bursting shell. The air was thick with dust and smoke, completely hiding the combatants from each other, as if struggling in a mist, while red flashes of flame darted high into the air above the pandemonium of death and destruction. The Confederates were inferior in numbers to the attacking forces, but they had by far the advantage, in their elevated position, and the cover afforded by the pine trees. And from the elevation the Confederates poured a raking artillery fire into the advancing masses. But on the National soldiers came, every moment pressing the enemy harder. At last the critical moment had arrived. The loss had been severe on both sides. Though the Federals had not broken the enemy's line, the latter's situation had now become desperate. Every one of their available men had long since been hurried to the heart of the struggle, while on the National side fresh troops were already hurrying to the front. The Confederate Generals, Bee and Baxter, had been killed, Jackson and Hampton wounded.

"Oh, for a brigade!" cried the Confederate commander to a staff officer.

At this period, to add to General Beauregard's despair, telegraphic signals warned him to look out for a body of troops advancing on his left.

"At this moment," said Gen. Beauregard, in mentioning the occurrence afterward, "I must confess my heart failed me."

It was a strong column of men, and at their

head was a flag, but Beauregard could not tell, even through a strong field glass, whether it was the stars and bars or the stars and stripes.

A look of despair and sadness swept over the Confederate General's face, as he turned to an officer and ordered him to hasten to General Johnston and request him to do what he could to support and protect a retreat.

Again Gen. Beauregard fixed one last lingering gaze through his field glass upon the advancing flag, but he could not distinguish it, as it hung limply around the staff. But, just as he was lowering his spy-glass, a gentle breeze sprang up, and slowly, steadily, the banner unfolded and floated full out on the warm air. It was the stars and bars! Instantly the Confederate General's face lighted up with triumph and pleasure, as he cried exultantly to a staff officer:

"Col. Evans, ride forward and order Gen. Kirby Smith to hurry up his command, and strike them on the flank and rear!"

The advancing troops, under Kirby Smith, were a part of Johnston's army from the Shenandoah Valley, that had eluded the Federal General, Patterson, who was to have held them in check. They were moving toward Manassas Junction by railway, when Kirby Smith, hearing the heavy firing, knew that a great battle was in progress. So he stopped the engine before reaching the Junction, and, forming his men, pushed forward to the struggle.

The fresh command struck the National troops full on the right flank, ere they could form a new line. For a few moments the Union right fought

desperately, but their efforts were in vain. Flanked and under a terrible cross fire, they were forced to fall back, slowly at first, then more rapidly. As the Federals saw their right wing fall back in confusion, the cry rapidly went along the line:

"Here's Johnston from the Valley! Here's Johnston from the Valley!" And in a few minutes the entire army began to retreat, and then broke into a wild rout. The battle was lost.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE RETREAT FROM THE BATTLE FIELD OF MANASSAS.

For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain;  
Hence timely running's no mean part  
Of conduct in the martial art.

—Butler.

Among the few regiments that retained their order, and remained firm to the last, was the St. Arlyle one. But at last, far out-numbered by the enemy, and each moment being cut through by their own fugitive infantry and artillery, they were forced to scatter in every direction. Gleaton's company formed a part of the extreme left of the regiment, and, unlike the rest of the command, was unprotected by the bushes and undergrowth; therefore was the first to be overrun by the flying artillery and cavalry. Helter skelter his men fled to escape the wheels of the cannons and the hoofs of the horses. Gleaton soon found himself, to use his own expression, "in command of him-

self only." He ran on for quite a distance, till he came to a clump of bushes—where another Vandal had already taken refuge—when he sprang behind them. But ere long the enemy's bullets began to whistle thick around their heads, and it got by far too hot to be comfortable, as Gleaton remarked to his companion, laughingly:

"'As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway  
Our lives and manners must alike obey.'  
So I guess we'd better run away."

But Gleaton was a little too late in this movement, for before he could reach the open ground he was captured by two Confederates, who, seizing him by each arm, led him rapidly through the thicket toward their lines. But as they were emerging from the undergrowth with their prisoner they were suddenly met by a flying piece of artillery, which knocked one of the Confederates down, while the other and Gleaton had just time to spring out of its way. Finding himself free, Gleaton sprang quickly forward, just as the muzzle of the gun was passing, and, seizing hold of it, with a strong effort swung himself up on the breech, where he clung desperately, as he yelled at the discomfited Confederate:

"'Fare thee well! yet think awhile  
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee!'"

The soldier also proved to be a wit, for he replied in the words of Pope:

"I hold sage Homer's rule the best,  
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest!"

And, by way of emphasizing his words, he

fired point blank at Gleaton, but, luckily for the ex-blacksmith, the ball went wide of its mark.

Let us now turn to Marshall. When his men scattered and left him alone, he started to run rapidly toward the rear, when he was halted by the enemy, who had nearly surrounded him.

"Surrender!" shouted one of the Confederates, "you're our prisoner!"

"Ah! yes, indeed; I've been looking for some one to surrender to," he exclaimed, as he threw up his arms.

But at the same time, seeing an opening in the underbrush, he popped into it, as he remarked in his usual reckless manner:

"The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole  
Can never be a mouse of any soul!"

But he did not escape without a volley of harmless bullets following him. At least they were harmless so far as he was concerned, for none of them struck him. He ran through the thicket, and near its edge, finding a disabled baggage wagon, he cut a mule loose from the traces, and mounting him, started "to leave the field," as he afterward said, "as a cavalryman," but, the mule not going fast enough, he struck him, when the animal suddenly stopped, and, rearing up behind, the ex-editor shot over his head, or, as Marshall afterward told it in rhyme:

"I seized and mounted a black artillery mule,  
Made up my mind that he or I must rule;  
But as I raised the whip o'er his left ear,  
The mule raised up his heels and shed a muleteer!"

The rest of the way the ex-editor pursued on foot. For, as he remarked, he didn't wish to ride mules, as he "didn't understand their nature." Besides, he didn't like the "feeling" way the animal had of "shedding a muleteer!" "It sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized a fellow."

Another Vandal, who was tardy in "beating" a retreat, was Sailor Jack. And, being far behind the rest, he became confused, and ran in the wrong direction—toward the enemy's lines. As he subsequently expressed it, "he got befogged and went sailing around on a dead reckoning."

At last he became surrounded by the Confederates in nearly every direction, and the bullets whistling around his head as thick as hail on a winter's day.

"Shiver me timbers!" he exclaimed, "ef there's much chance to go fore or aft. So I guess I'll take a starboard tack," he continued, as he fled into a neighboring wood.

Of all the Vandals, only one was severely wounded. That was Jim Kelly, though several others received slight bruises, though not bad enough to necessitate their entering the hospital. But poor Kelly had received a dangerous gash in the side, and had just strength enough left to crawl behind a tree, before he swooned away from the loss of blood. Here he was found the next day, and carried to the hospital by a number of Vandals who had gone out in search of him.

"Be jabers, byes," said he, between his groans of pain, as they raised him on the stretcher, "they kum mighty near sinkin' this pirate. They put an awful big howl in 'er side."



*(A Village Mystery and  
Through War to Peace)*





Of the remaining Vandals, Frank Meredith and Dave Johnson were taken prisoners, or, as Gleaton remarked, "the Rebels borrowed them for a while."

But there was one Vandal the "Rebels" did not "borrow" or shoot. True, he did not give them much of a chance to do either—that was Blowhard Jake. Almost at the first fire his courage "oozed out," so to speak, and he took French leave. As he was starting toward the rear one of the officers ordered him back, but this only accelerated his motion.

"Never mind him," remarked Marshall, "he's only going off to catch his breath."

But it took Jake a long while to "catch his breath," for he did not stop retreating until he got back to St. Arlyle, and he never returned, for he had enough of war for the rest of his life.

"Dunder und blitzen!" he used to exclaim, in speaking of the battle afterward, "dem Rebils might's er hit er feller in der eye!"

He seemed to have a great respect for his eyes.

As Marshall ran onward, after being so unceremoniously dismounted from the mule, he overtook Gleaton, who was also journeying along on foot, having tumbled off his seat on the cannon.

"Hello, *Captain* Marshall!" exclaimed the latter, emphasizing the word "Captain," "why don't you rally your men, and make a brave stand and turn the tide of the battle?"

"Ah," replied the ex-editor,

"My tongue within my lips I rein,  
For who talks much must talk in vain."

"But why don't you, *Captain Gleaton*?"

"I have given a very good command, and I think they'll obey it. It's found in Shakespeare, and it is: 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.' But what do you think of things in general, Marshall?"

"They seem to be mixed; in fact, sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized."

At this moment they came upon a mounted officer, who was making a buncombe speech to the flying men, urging them to rally and drive back the enemy. But all the while the officer's horse's head was turned toward the rear, and the warrior himself was every few seconds casting furtive glances toward the enemy, so as to be ready to flee at a moment's notice of danger.

"Fine words; I wonder where he stole 'em," exclaimed Gleaton, just as the officer rode away at full speed toward the rear as he caught sight of Stewart's Confederate cavalry in the far distance.

"That fellow," said Marshall, as he watched him disappear, "has mistaken his calling. He was made for an orator, not a warrior."

The rout had now turned into a panic. All kinds of encumbrances had been thrown away. The field was strewn with muskets, belts, knapsacks and every conceivable kind of baggage and article, while the huge, surging mass, without form or order, rushed on to Centerville, and from there to Washington. In this huge, chaotic crowd, mingling with the soldiers, were citizens, members of Congress, governors and various other state officials and their wives, who were now all fleeing for dear life, some in carriages, others

on foot, leaving behind them elegant lunches and forgotten speeches, which they had intended to make over a glorious victory.

As Gleaton and Marshall hurried onward they passed a group of soldiers surrounding a large table cloth, on which was spread some flown Congressman's banquet of savory dishes and bottles of wine. They would hardly have noticed the cluster of men had they not heard their names called. Looking toward the impromptu banqueters, they saw two Vandals seated in their midst, helping themselves to the wine and other good things, perfectly regardless of the enemy's bullets.

"Come on, Marshall! Come, Gleaton!" they shouted. "There's a mighty good spread-out here! The best you ever saw in your life!"

"Look out," answered Gleaton, "the Rebels don't borrow you."

"Oh, confound the Rebels! this is a Vandal lay-out!"

But they were shortly afterward interrupted in their revelry by their Colonel, Charlie Landon, who compelled them to move onward. During the battle Charlie had set his men a brave example, for he had rushed to every part of his line, regardless of the enemy's fire, whenever he saw the men heavily pressed, and encouraged them with words and deeds. And when the retreat began he actively engaged himself in trying to save any of his men from being captured, for he was among the last to leave the field.

"Move on, boys!" he cried. "Don't let the enemy capture you, for we'll want you all another

day. I know the battle is lost, and there is no alternative but to retreat. But we'll whip them the next time, and we want every one of you to help. Fight your way through their ranks. Don't let them take you prisoners!"

Charles Landon had generously given his horse to one of his wounded men to ride, and had filled, with the aid of others, an ambulance with the wounded of the regiment, when a mob of wild, excited men sprang forward to jump into the wagon upon the wounded. Instantly Charlie sprang in front of them and drew his sword.

"Back!" he cried. "Shame on you, to attempt to impose on wounded men!"

But the excited crowd still pressed forward. Then the brave firmness of his nature showed itself—the ring of the true metal in the man, as he exclaimed:

"The first man who attempts to spring into that ambulance, I'll run my sword through him!"

The mass halted, for the calm determination of that pale, handsome face awed them even if it did not win their admiration, and then they slowly fell back, and the wagon proceeded unmolested.

Thus ended disastrously to the National cause the first important battle of the War. On both sides there had been some skillful movements, and never, perhaps, in the world's history had raw men done such good fighting. Had the Confederates pushed forward they might easily have captured Washington City. But they were evidently afraid of risking a defeat, for they had not forgotten that they had been beaten back in the early part of the battle, and they were not

sure it might not occur again. They were not aware of the fact that when an army is completely routed it falls an easy prey to the victors; besides, they had not yet been hardened to blood and death. For there is no thorough school of the soldier, except by months of experience on the field of strife—an experience they gained long before the close of the War. But so also had their opponents.

After this battle came a quiet, but it was but the lull before the storm of the most bloody and destructive war the American continent had ever yet known, and during its progress the production of as fine soldiers and martial equipments as the world had ever seen. In the meantime each side began raising and organizing immense armies of men. President Lincoln's first call, after the battle, was for a half a million of men. Gen. McDowell was removed from the command of the army around Washington, and superseded by Gen. McClellan.

Then followed the difficult task of organizing and drilling the demoralized mass. General McClellan proved equal to the exigency, and in a few months had succeeded in converting these raw men into a finely disciplined army, well prepared for the bloody work in store for it.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE SOLDIER'S LAST WATCH.

"Oh! once was felt the storm of war!  
It had an earthquake's roar;  
It flashed upon the mountain's height,  
And smoked along the shore.  
It thundered in the dreaming ear,  
And up the farmer sprang;  
It muttered in a bold, true heart,  
And a warrior's harness rang."

Nearly a year had flown on the wings of Time since the Battle of Manassas. Bertha had been a nurse in the Army of the Potomac nearly seven months. General McClellan had made his famous Peninsula campaign—those seven days of continual fighting—a series of the most desperate and bloody battles that had ever yet been fought on the American continent, beginning with the field at Oak Grove, then followed each successive day, by the terrible contests of Mechanicsville, Gain's Mill, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, and the final fierce and bloody struggle at Malvern Hill, and now the army had fallen back, and was lying on the James River.

This campaign, one of the most memorable in history, on account of its severe and protracted fighting, had cost the Federal Army, in sick, wounded and killed, thousands upon thousands of men. The multitude of hospitals hastily improvised in barns, churches, tents and every

variety of building, were filled to overflowing, and Bertha and the many other noble women found plenty of work for their willing hands to do.

These months of service among the wounded were fast winning for Bertha in the Army of the Potomac a fame almost rivaling that of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. For the busy months of work had made her an efficient nurse, by teaching her to bravely control her nerves and remain calm while assisting to dress those frightful wounds which soldiers receive in warfare, and also how to make and administer the sedative and cooling potions to the fever-parched lips. Once, only, in her trying service did she faint. It was while engaged in bandaging a severe wound in an officer's arm. The ligature of the artery broke, and the hot blood spurted in a flood over her white dress. Her head grew dizzy, while her heart seemed to cease beating, and she would have fallen had not a surgeon caught her and placed her on the bed. When she recovered, which she rapidly did, she found that the surgeon had ligated the artery again, and was bathing her face.

"These are terrible sights, my little lady," said the surgeon, kindly, when she had opened her eyes again. "I am afraid they will prove too much for you."

"Oh, no!" she replied, "I shall try and be stronger the next time."

After that, when serious accidents occurred (for they often did), she pressed her thumb upon the artery, thus stopping the flow of blood, and quietly awaited the arrival of the surgeon. Thus

when she found she could be truly useful to the wounded, she threw herself with her whole heart into the noble work. And many were the blessings showered upon the beautiful little lady's head by the suffering men, as she knelt by their beds and administered to their wants, ever with words of kindness. For a soldier in pain can fully appreciate the soft, magic touch of a woman's hand.

Rough and bad as some of these men had been, they never forgot her noble kindness, and when many of them were again able to leave the hospital, they could not employ words enough in which to praise her to others. And afterwards, when she passed groups of soldiers, containing, perhaps, but a single one who had ever known her gentle care (but he had informed the rest), every cap was raised, their boisterous laughter ceased, and a silence fell upon them, as if they were in the presence of an angel.

It is no idle fancy that wins this respect from men. For a noble woman is God's sublimest work on earth. The brightest and richest diadem beneath the blue of heaven. Her example good men love to follow, and even evil ones learn to admire. Noble, kind and true, she leaves a record through the flood of years that time can never efface. She has planted and nourished the blossoms that will bloom beyond the skies. For there is a power in a good woman's magic touch naught else can win. It is the one foretaste of heaven that few but a wounded soldier has ever learned to feel, as she kneels by his side amid the conflict, and does a noble work of mercy.

Bertha, during all these months in the army,



had had but several conversations with Charlie Landon, for, although when they met it was in a very friendly way, there was a constraint in their manners that touched a tender chord in their hearts—and actually made the interview painful—as it became impressed upon their minds that they were drifting farther and farther apart.

But, oh, how he longed at each meeting to place his arm about her and tell her of the never-ceasing love beating in his heart, as he called himself a thousand times a brute for his treatment of her affections! “But, alas!” he thought, “I have crushed the last spark of fondness from her heart by my contemptible actions! And I will not try to degrade or annoy her by offering a love that must be distasteful.”

So that powerful control of his nature crushed down every impulse of his heart, and he met her as calmly as if she were but a mere chance acquaintance.

And at these moments in her bosom what a wealth of tenderness lingered for the man she loved, no words could express. But these many days of experience with danger, death and care had taught her well the lesson of self-control. So when chance threw them together her little hand touched his without a quiver, while the beautiful, pale face showed not a sign of the strong emotions that were struggling in the little heart.

Of course, Bertha found life in the army fraught with many hardships and trials, but there was a consolation for all its inconveniences, in being surrounded by so many friends of her youth. Though she met Charlie but seldom, she saw him

often, and that was a pleasure that always had a lingering, inexpressible sweetness about it. Then, too, her true, noble friend, Dr. Granville, was nearly always near, ever ready to assist and encourage her. And then there were the other young men from St. Arlyle, not that she had known them much in former years, but they were from her native village, around which sweet memories still clung. And then, too, in the past year, they had been so linked in her fortunes and misfortunes, that almost unconsciously a strong friendship had grown up between the little lady and them. For it is said, and truly, indeed, that kindred works, or trials, make kindred friendships, too. And they on their part, were always ready to add to her comfort or pleasure by bringing her flowers, fruits or other gifts, often fraught with great difficulty to obtain, in that war-swept country. Thus, surrounded by so many well-wishers, gradually came a home-like feeling in her heart. For there is nothing that constitutes home so truly as to be near friends and those dear ones we love the best.

It was the evening of the 7th of July, but a week after the last battle at Malvern Hill; the Army of the Potomac was still encamped on the James River, and in the homes in every part of the Republic were still fresh the memories of the dead, as mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts were sadly treasuring up the last mementoes of the loved ones, sleeping forever in unmarked soldiers' graves in old Virginia!

The night set in bright and clear, but ere long a fog began drifting in from the bay, each hour

growing denser, till it enveloped the two armies like a mantle, and hid from the Federal forces their long picket line, nearly two miles distant.

At the extremity of the line, where it touched the river, James Kelly was standing guard in the silent gloom—silent and gloomy indeed, except for the occasional report and flash of a musket from his own line or that of the enemy, for the outposts of the contending armies were so near together that they could hear the challenges of each others' officers as they went their rounds.

It was just eight o'clock when Kelly took his place on duty, relieving the former sentinel. The mist had already begun to rapidly envelope the field, and as he stood at his post and watched wistfully, almost sadly, the last gleam of the distant camp fires fade away in the gathering gloom—shutting him in on his lonely vigil—there came a presentiment over the young soldier's heart that the old life had faded, too; for an indescribable something seemed to tell him that it was his last watch on earth. But, in spite of his fears, not a thought of deserting his post of duty ever crossed the brave young fellow's breast.

At ten o'clock the relief came, but he gave no answer to the challenge, so another sentinel was placed on his post. Again, at midnight, the guard was changed, but there were no signs of the young soldier. He was hidden from view in the mist. Once more the night wore on. At last, when daylight broke, and the warm beams of the sun had melted away the mist, they found the brave young fellow lying at his post! A deep, crimson stain on the rough, blue coat, just above his heart, told

the sad story that he was "off duty" forever! His eyes were gently closed, as if in sleep, while on the cold lips was even impressed a smile, telling that his death had been sudden and painless. The pale face was wet with dew, as if, for fulfilling his duty, Heaven had thrown down its cold kiss of approval there!

His comrades raised his body gently, and as they bore it away their weather-roughened faces softened and their eyes grew moist. Even the enemy's pickets, who were separated from them by but a narrow cornfield, dropped the butts of their muskets on the ground and waited in respectful silence till the dead soldier was borne from the field. Such was often the kindness shown on both sides for the dead and wounded. Is it any wonder, then, that the war was scarcely over before these same men who had crossed arms in deadly conflict began to bridge over the bloody chasm, by forgiving and forgetting, till it seemed that the Republic was growing stronger in the union of hearts than ever?

Just before sunset that day all that was mortal of James Kelly was brought in a rough pine coffin to its last resting place—a grave dug under a willow, near the river. Bertha had twined a wreath of white roses and geraniums—which she had gathered at a neighboring farm house—and placed it on his breast, as a tribute of her friendship. Around the coffin were gathered the men from St. Arlyle—the friends of bygone years. They removed the lid, and as each was taking a last lingering look, Bertha knelt down and severed a lock of his brown hair and pressed the cold

lips that could never more know or feel a kiss—unless spirits can come back again from that land beyond the skies.

Bertha arose, and as the tears stole down her cheeks, said:

"Poor fellow! he's had a rugged life! But he's at last at rest! Let us hope on heaven's bright shore! He once did me a noble favor, and I shall always retain a warm place in my heart for his memory!"

"Yes," said Charlie Landon, "he was as much a hero as the greatest general in the army, for he gave all he could give for his country—his life!"

The chaplain then read the short burial service, and when it was ended the escort fired three volleys over the grave and quickly strong arms hid him from mortal view. And the friends of by-gone years turned sorrowfully back to camp, as they felt that a link was missing in the silver chain of friendship; endeared by the association of years, till it almost twined with the golden chain of love!

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE OLD ENEMY AGAIN.

An open foe may be a curse,  
But a pretended friend is worse.—*Gay.*

Late one afternoon, a few days after the great Battle of Antietam, while Bertha was busily engaged in attending the wounded in one of the large hospital tents, where they had been crowded, a letter was handed to her. After dressing the sol-

dier's arm she was attending, she took the letter and examined the directions. They were written in bold, round letters, and addressed to "Miss Bertha Merton." Hastily taking the note out of the envelope, for it was not sealed, she read as follows:

"MISS MERTON: A very dear friend is lying dangerously wounded, perhaps dying. Will you come?" \* \* \*

Then followed a description by which she could find the place. It was a small cottage situated nearly three miles away, and fully a mile beyond the Federal outposts, and nearly six miles from one of the enemy's main bodies, which lay encamped across the Potomac River.

As she read the epistle her heart gave a wild throb of fear and pain, and it was all she could do to choke back the tears as she thought: "Is it dear, kind May who is wounded and dying? Oh, what a cruel thing is war! It has not even spared dear, innocent May!" And then, in spite of all her control, she burst into tears.

"Yes, I will go to her instantly." So, seizing her hat and cloak, she started to leave the hospital, when suddenly she remembered that she had an engagement with Marshall to visit one of the young men from St. Arlyle, who was lying wounded in another tent. So she sealed the letter, and, handing it to a surgeon, requested him to give it to Major Marshall when he called, saying that it would explain itself. Also requesting the doctor to tell Marshall that she would immedi-

ately visit the sick soldier on her return, she hastened away.

When she started the last beams of day were fast fading, and ere she reached the outposts of the army it was quite dark. But she kept on in the right direction, for she was too well acquainted with the neighboring country to lose her way. When she reached the Federal pickets there was a soldier on guard whom she knew, and he allowed her to pass without any questions. Leaving the Union lines, she walked rapidly, yet cautiously, toward the enemy. When within a couple of hundred yards of the cottage, she suddenly came upon an advanced post of Confederates—evidently a reconnoitering party which had crossed the river—consisting of three men, one of whom cried:

“Halt! Who goes there?”

But before she could reply one of his comrades said:

“It’s a lady. One of the officer’s wives, I guess. Let her pass.”

Years after, when the war was over, she learned that the soldier who had spoken last was a Vandal who had left St. Arlyle and joined the Confederate army. He had instantly recognized her, and had made up his mind that she should pass unmolested.

The direction in the letter had been so plain that she easily found the house. Crossing the small garden in front of it, she stood knocking at the door before a thought of fear or of her strange situation crossed her mind. For her brain was so excited by emotion that, though her long

walk had almost exhausted her strength, she was scarcely aware of it.

On knocking at the door a muffled voice within cried: "Come in."

Pushing open the door, she entered. The apartment was almost in darkness, except for a lamp burning dimly. Her first thoughts were of May, as she walked to a bed in one corner and drew back the covering. It was unoccupied. At that instant the lamp was turned up, flooding the room with light, and the next moment a hand was laid on her shoulder. She started, and, looking up, saw the face of *John Shackle!*

Her heart gave a wild bound of terror, and her pale face grew even whiter as she felt she was again in this villain's power!

"Well, we've met again!" he said, triumphantly, while a sardonic grin curled his flabby lips.

"So I see," she said, calmly, rapidly regaining her self-possession.

"You take it very coolly," he exclaimed sarcastically.

But he immediately recognized that she was no longer the innocent though clever girl of a few months before; but a woman, whom experience with the world had rendered wiser and more discerning, though it had robbed her of none of the noble sweetness of her nature.

"What else could I do?" she asked, demurely.

"You are not as innocent as you pretend to be," he replied mockingly.

"Perhaps not; but, as I said before, what am I to do? Cry?"



"No," he said sharply, "it wouldn't do you any good if you did."

"No, of course not. But why cannot we be friends?"

"Are you sincere?"

"Why should I not be? You have never injured me."

"No, not that I remember. But are you willing to aid me?"

"Yes, if your requests are reasonable."

"But who is to be the judge of that? You or I?"

"Both of us, I suppose," she replied, smiling.

"Yes, it takes two to make a bargain."

"Then state your proposition."

"Not quite yet, my lady. You think you're sharp, don't you? But I'm a lawyer, and I know what's what."

"No, I don't think I'm a match for you."

"Oh, you don't?" sarcastically.

"No, indeed, Mr. Shackle."

"I supposed you did," he said sneeringly.

"But I do not."

"You escaped from me nicely last time. I suppose you think you can do it again?"

"I don't see much of a chance," she said, laughing.

"Neither do I. I've got you in my power this time."

"Yes, I suppose so," she replied, looking furtively toward the door.

He saw her glances, as he said triumphantly: "You needn't look at the door. I've locked it. Now, why don't you cry?"

"Why should I? You are not my enemy. You never did me an injury."

"Then why did you run away before?"

"Because I was younger then, and knew no better."

"I suppose you are smarter now," he said sneeringly.

"I don't know."

"You wouldn't run away now, because you haven't the chance."

"No," she answered, laughing.

"No, of course not," he said, as involuntarily a smile crossed his lips. "You don't do anything you can't."

"No, never," smiling.

"I suppose you thought the English detectives had me safe long ago. But I was too sharp for them."

"Yes, I see you were."

A look of pride swept over his face at her answer, as he said:

"Yes, those London detectives will find me a match for them. I've thrown them entirely off the scent this time. They do not even dream that I am in the Confederate States. They were looking for me in Canada, the last time I heard from them. They imagine themselves very smart, but I'll show them a trick worth two of theirs! I'll allure them here. And then, you know, in a war-swept country like this, it is not an unusual thing to see a man with a bullet hole through his head, or a bayonet thrust in his heart! It doesn't even excite comment. I'll soon have them out of the way, when I once get them here. It's annoying,

to say the least, to have these London devils dogging one around. But I'll give them more than they bargained for! But there is one thing I need to accomplish my little scheme—that is money. And you can help me obtain it. You must!"

"Yes," she replied, "but as you are, perhaps, well aware, I have none with me. But I can return to the Federal camp and undoubtedly obtain it for you," she continued eagerly, as her heart beat exultingly at the thought of escape.

"No doubt you could, if you would do so. But if you were once to get back to the Federal lines you would forget all about me. Your dear little memory would be very short."

"No, I will surely fulfill my promise if you will let me go."

"I doubt it."

"I will swear to it?" she cried desperately.

"I have no doubt. But I don't mean to trust you. I don't intend to be hoodwinked."

"But I will surely fulfill my promise," she cried, earnestly.

"Words are cheap, my lady. But you are dealing with too sharp a man to so easily escape. So don't waste your breath."

"Then how can I obtain for you the money?"

"Easily enough. Sign this check on the bank in the city near St. Arlyle, and I can soon obtain the money."

"I am not aware that I have a cent in that bank."

"I will take my chances on that."

"I don't think the bank authorities are familiar

with my signature. For if I have any money there my father deposited it."

"I will attend to that. *Sign* this check."

"But," she said, "if you will let me go back I will certainly obtain the money for you if it lies in my power. I swear it."

"I see what is in your mind. It is escape. But it is no use! You are only wasting words. *Sign* this check. For I inform you, *most emphatically*, that all your promises and protests are wasted on me."

"But if you would——"

"*Confound it!*" he interrupted angrily, "you are only wasting words, and making a fool of yourself! *Sign!* I tell you *sign!*"

"But will you let me return, if I sign it?"

"Yes," he said gruffly.

"Upon your honor?"

"Of course I will, *you little fool!*" he exclaimed angrily. "*What in thunder* do you suppose I would want *with you?*"

"Very well," she answered, as she seated herself at the little stand.

"Now," he said, "don't try to disguise your handwriting, or I'll make you write it over again."

"No, I will not," she said, as she read the paper over. Then, adding her name to it, she arose, saying:

"Now, will you let me go?"

"No, I'm not through with you yet. Do you suppose I am such an idiot as to allow you to go and have the payment of the check stopped?"

"But I will swear to heaven that I will not do so," she exclaimed, excitedly.

"Bah! no more of your promises. Have I not told you often enough I would not trust you? You are only wasting your breath!"

"But you promised to release me."

"Well, what of it?"

"Then you told a falsehood."

"That don't trouble my conscience much. I've told many a lie before."

"But what am I to do? I can't stay here," she cried pathetically.

"No, of course not. I will take you with me to the Confederate camp. How do you like the proposition?"

"I don't like it," she said tremblingly.

"I supposed you wouldn't."

"Are you an officer of the Confederate army?" she asked suddenly.

"No."

"Then——" she commenced, but suddenly stopped.

"Then," he said, divining her question, "what am I doing in it? I pretend to be a war correspondent, but that is a mere blind, while I work out a scheme of mine. My name is now Charles Thorne. And don't you forget it. So you don't like the proposition?"

"No," she said, struggling hard to keep back her temper, fearing his violence.

"Well, there is a way to avoid it. You have requested that we might be friends."

"Yes," shortly.

"And I have nothing against you, although your stubbornness came near getting me into a serious difficulty once. But I will let that pass.

Of course you are aware that you are deucedly pretty, in spite of all your mulishness?"

Instinctively she divined his meaning, but fear and anger kept her silent.

"Well, I won't be hard on you," he continued, after waiting several moments for her to speak. "Now, if you will accept my proposition, you may go back to the Federal camp. It is that you will swear before heaven that you will marry me within a year."

"NEVER!" she cried, the whole indignation and scorn of her nature flashing forth in her face and large, black eyes.

"Then I'll RUIN YOU!" he yelled, as a demoniacal expression of anger swept over his distorted face, that sent a thrill of terror through her heart.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A NEMESIS ON HIS TRACK.

Time at last sets all things even;  
And if we do but watch the hour,  
There never yet was human power,  
Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search, and vigil long,  
Of him who treasures up a wrong.—*Byron.*

About half an hour after Bertha left the hospital tent Marshall entered and inquired for her. He soon found the surgeon to whom she had given the letter, and as he gave it to Marshall he remarked that Miss Merton had said that it would explain all. On receiving the epistle, Marshall walked to an opening in the tent, and hastily

glanced at the address in the fast waning daylight. He knew the handwriting in an instant. And over his face came an expression of anger and determination that rapidly became mingled with sadness, as the writing recalled the bitter memories of long fled years. He tore open the envelope, and without relaxing a muscle of his rigidly drawn face, read the epistle through, then there escaped between his set teeth but a single word:

"Entrapped!"

Turning on his heel he walked back to the surgeon, and asked:

"Doctor, how long is it since Miss Merton left?"

"Not quite half an hour."

"Thank heaven! I'm yet in time to save Bertha," he muttered to himself, as he strode away toward his tent. Reaching it, he entered, and taking his pistol and sword from a table, he attached it to his belt, and buckling it on, walked to the entrance way. As he stood leaning against the tent pole he formed a fine manly picture in the evening light, his thick, black wavy hair pushed back from the broad, white brow of his uncovered head, and his tall, full figure clad in a dark blue uniform with its golden buttons across his breast, while on each shoulder gleamed and danced in the uncertain light the golden leaves of a major.

Standing there in the dim, shadowy twilight, oblivious to the noisy hum, and the thousands of expiring camp-fires of the large army—for his thoughts were drifting backward to dear and sad scenes of his boyhood, far across the dark, blue

waves—there came over his face a tender sadness, that illuminated it with a nobleness that almost rendered it handsome, were it not for the traces of dissipation there.

But gradually the sadness of his face melted away—like snow on a volcano's peak from the internal fire—and over it came a look of determination, mingled with anger, as he thought:

"So you've crossed my path again, James Sneaker—or John Shackle, as you call yourself now! I think I would have known your handwriting—for it seems engraven on my heart in letters of fire—had you attempted to disguise it, or were my eyes grown dim with years. Your cruel deed started me on the downward path, twenty long years ago! And you, alone, are responsible for the dissipated life I've led! You allured my only sister on to ruin, as fair and noble a girl as ever placed her heart and hand in a villain's care! You betrayed her and left her alone to face a cold and heartless world! She felt her disgrace bitterly, to her very heart's core, and saw but one escape from her shame—in death! So she took the cup of poison and drank it to the dregs! And to-night she sleeps peacefully in her tomb! And when her spirit is wafted beyond the sky, I think the God of all will not judge her too harshly for her only sin!

"But, Shackle, I do not envy you your conscience, or your reckoning with your Creator, when your wicked course is run! You had me thrown into prison when I tried to avenge the dearest and sweetest of sisters—I can see her now, in my wild imagination, and again stroke



her dark brown, wavy hair, and watch her liquid black eyes look trustingly up to mine! Yes, my darling Nelly, I can see your sweet face gazing up from the grave for vengeance! And here, tonight, amid the clash of war, between the contending armies, where there is no perverted justice or judge, we shall meet, and then I shall show you as little mercy as you showed to her!

"You think to have another victim in Bertha Merton, but retribution is close on your track! I'll cleave your wicked body, or else my right hand has lost its cunning and my steel will refuse to cut! Yes, I'll *thwart* your devilish purpose, or leave another victim for you to gloat over!

"But I must to action, and, ere the day dawns, settle the old score with you!"

With these last thoughts he entered the tent again, and putting on a large black overcoat, which he buttoned across his breast to conceal his uniform, he strode out and walked rapidly through the camp. Reaching and passing the Union pickets without difficulty, he moved rapidly, yet watchfully, toward the cottage. When within about a quarter of a mile of it he suddenly came upon four Confederates kneeling on the ground in a group. They had been making a reconnoissance in front of the Federal lines, and had now fallen back to a more safe distance, out of the range of the pickets' rifles.

Marshall, as he approached them, assumed a bold demeanor, as if he were one of their officers, and cried commandingly:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

They made no reply at first, and seemed inclined to retreat, but after a hurried conference one of them answered:

"Friends!"

"Advance, friends, and give the countersign!"

"Stonewall Jackson!" replied one of the soldiers.

"All right," said Marshall, as he passed onward.

A few minutes after Marshall reached the cottage garden and, pushing open the little gate, walked up to the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Shackle yelled the words, "*I'll ruin you!*" he sprang forward and seized Bertha savagely by the shoulder. When she felt his grasp all hope died within her heart, and a feeling of horror seized her. Almost at that instant a muscular shoulder was thrown against the door, the lock bursted from its fastenings, and as the door swung open, Marshall sprang into the room!

"*Back, villain!*" he cried. *Back!*"

As he spoke he threw off his overcoat—which he had previously unbuttoned—while his hand, almost involuntarily, grasped his sword.

"*Save me!*" cried Bertha, rushing to him for protection.

He laid his hand gently on her shoulder, as he said calmly, in a low tone:

"You are free, my little lady! I'll *attend* to the scoundrel! Now, go back to the camp."

"But he may wound you," she said, hesitatingly.

"No danger of that; I'm too good a swordsman for him!"

She still lingered, and he continued, "Go, Miss Merton. Go! *I'll soon settle with him! I want you to leave.*"

"Very well," she answered, and left the room.

Shackle stood glaring at Marshall like some wild beast at bay, his face convulsed with rage, while his eyes seemed balls of fire, ready to start from their sockets! For some moments there was a death-like silence, then Shackle hissed between his tightly clenched teeth, with an oath, as he grasped his sword handle almost convulsively:

"Marshall, I'm a dangerous man! *I'll cut your heart out if you don't leave!*"

An expression of the strongest contempt and defiance crossed Marshall's face, mingled with a sneer, as he said, scornfully:

"*I've courted death too often to have a SINGLE fear now! My God! how I have prayed and waited for this!*"

At Marshall's words there swept over the villain's distorted face an indescribable expression of fear, while his hand trembled. And as he gazed into the face of the other, and saw there a calm, cold desperation—such as only comes over a man through years of anger, suffering and disappointment—he saw but one chance of escape—that of killing his adversary.

The two men stood watching each other (like two wild beasts of prey before making a spring), for a few seconds, each waiting for the other to commence the death struggle, then Marshall said

in a calm, icy tone that rang out sharp and distinct:

"Are you ready? Then defend yourself!"

Instantly their swords crossed with a sharp, metallic ring. Almost the next instant Shackle disengaged his blade and made a thrust *in carte*, which, though Marshall skillfully parried, just grazed his arm, tearing the sleeve of his coat.

"Ah!" thought Marshall, "he's a better swordsman than I thought. I must watch him!"

Then their blades crossed again, and for nearly a minute the clash of the steel rang through the apartment, each evidently waiting for the other to make a thrust. At last Shackle grew furious with rage, and stepping slightly backward, then advancing, made a quick, vigorous thrust, which the other parried, instantly giving a counter thrust, just scratching his adversary's arm with the point of the blade.

With an oath of rage, Shackle made a furious thrust that required all the other's skill and power to parry.

Once more their swords crossed, and for fully a minute and a half their blades clashed, as if in sword-play. Shackle's face was distorted with rage and fear, and his arm trembled, while the other's countenance was calm and determined. One would have thought, to have glanced at it, that he was but playing with his adversary. As the struggle went on Shackle grew more and more furious, for the very calmness of his opponent seemed to urge on his passion.

Finally he could bear it no longer, and with a wild yell of rage, like a madman, he made a pow-

erful lunge at Marshall. The latter was fully prepared, and, stepping backward, easily parried the thrust, and then springing forward, gave a quick one in return, piercing the other's shoulder. From the wound the hot blood flowed freely, as with a howl more of uncontrollable anger than pain, Shackle leaped backward, knocking over the lamp, and plunging the room in darkness!

The next moment Marshall heard the crash of a breaking window, and Shackle had sprung through it, carrying with him sash and glass. Immediately Marshall started to follow, but as he stepped on the window-sill he heard two shots in rapid succession, and Shackle fell dead, shot through the heart! Springing upon the ground, Marshall gazed in the direction of the flashes, and saw two men, still grasping their smoking pistols.

In answer to the former's inquiring looks, one of the men raised his lantern, and unbuttoning his coat, showed his badge of authority, as he said:

"We're London detectives. He was a bad 'un! A dangerous cove!"

"Yes, he was," replied Marshall. "I've been amusing him, myself, inside, but it got too hot for him, and he jumped out. But *it seems*, from appearances, that he jumped from the *frying pan* into the *fire*!"

"Yes," replied one of the detectives, smiling grimly, "we've tracked him over half the continent, but we've got 'im at last! But I *tell you!* he was a sharp 'un! Up to all kinds of tricks and deviltry! He got away from us many

a time by a close shave! But I think we've made short work of 'im this time!"

The three men knelt down by the prostrate villain and gazed into his face. It was horribly distorted in death, with hatred, rage and fear impressed upon it. And as used to death as these men were, they started back in horror at the awful sight, as one of the detectives said laconically:

"He's dead!"

And so he was, and Jeremiah Marshall's revenge was complete!

Entering the house again, Marshall took his overcoat from the floor, and putting it on, strode out and stood looking at the body.

"We'll take care of him," said one of the detectives. "There's a big reward for him in London, dead or alive!"

"Very well," replied Marshall, as he moved away in the gloom toward the Federal camp.

When he reached the Confederate outpost one of the soldiers cried:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!" cried the Confederate, bringing his gun to a ready.

"Stonewall Jackson!"

"All right. Pass."

Again he pressed forward till stopped by a picket, who cried:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"

"It's all right," replied Marshall.

"No, it is not! I have orders to hold you till

the arrival of the Corporal of the Guard."

"I am a Federal officer."

"So much the worse for you! You have been communicating with the enemy."

"How do you know?"

"You have been watched, and seen to enter their lines. It is needless to talk further," said the soldier, seeing Marshall hesitate, "my orders are strict. I am compelled to call the Corporal of the Guard."

Then he called out, "Corporal of the Guard, post Number Four!" Then from post to post, along the line, rang, "Corporal of the Guard, post Number Four!" "Corporal of the Guard, post Number Four!"

The Corporal of the Guard came up at a double-quick, with his gun at right-shoulder-shift, and, as he halted, he said:

"Well, what's up?"

"Major Marshall has returned."

"Major, I must arrest you. I have received orders to do so," said the Corporal, as he placed his hand on Marshall's shoulder. And without further parley, Marshall *was a prisoner of war!*

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we may.

—*Shakespeare.*

Around a long pine table, in a large tent, were seated thirteen officers, equal or superior in rank

to Major Marshall, constituting a general court-martial, that was to try the charges against the latter, that of "holding correspondence with, and giving intelligence to the enemy." These were very serious charges, for, if proven, their punishment, in time of war, was by death. A court-martial during hostilities is entirely a different body in its action from one in time of peace. During tranquility a trial by court-martial may drag along for weeks, even months, before arriving at a decision, but when the army is in active hostilities its action is usually short and decisive. And then again, the punishments meted out are very different; in peace the penalties rarely exceed fine or imprisonment, or, in the case of an officer, dismissal from the service; but during war the punishment is frequently by death. And this is necessarily right, for a soldier or officer may in tranquility give information to outsiders that may make little or no material difference, but which, given in the face of an enemy, may thwart a general's plans, cost the army thousands of men, or even bring upon it defeat or ruin.

The officers of the court-martial were seated at the table according to rank, the president at its head, the judge-advocate opposite, and the others on the right and left of the former, beginning at the head of the table with the highest rank. Marshall was seated at the right hand of the judge-advocate (the prisoner's place), while the witnesses were standing at his left.

From the officers' sober faces, and their constrained, hesitating manners—that spoke more than words—one could plainly observe that it was



an uncongenial duty for them. And it is nearly always so, for in the army there springs up among the soldiers a strong friendship, particularly in each regiment, but still extending through the entire army, engendered by the very hardships, dangers and scenes of death they have passed through together. But in Marshall's case it was more so, for he, by his good-heartedness, genial ways, and his ready, witty remarks and answers, had won a host of friends, some of whom were now members of the court-martial.

The court being called to order, the judge-advocate read the order for its assembling, also the charges to be investigated, then followed the question whether or not the prisoner wished to challenge any member.

"No, I do not," replied Marshall, calmly, "I am perfectly satisfied with every officer chosen."

The members of the court were then sworn, followed by the reading of the charges to the prisoner, and the latter's arraignment by the question:

"Major Marshall, you have heard the charges preferred against you; how say you—guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," replied Marshall, and the trial began.

There were three principal witnesses against Marshall, the picket who had arrested him, and two police guards.

One of the latter was the first sworn, and testified that he had had his attention drawn to Major Marshall by seeing him pass their pickets and move directly toward the enemy. His sus-

pitions were aroused, so he followed him, first calling another guard to accompany him. "He approached," the witness continued, "an outpost—or rather scouting party—of the enemy, and after a short parley passed. We could not hear the conversation, as we were too far away, but we supposed he gave their countersign, for the Confederates seemed satisfied. We then notified the proper authority of Marshall's strange action, who ordered the pickets to arrest him if he returned. After this we hid in the darkness, as near the Confederates as we could without attracting their attention. After about three quarters of an hour Major Marshall returned, and as he was passing the enemy's scouts we heard one of them demand the countersign, which he undoubtedly gave, for one of them replied, 'All right, pass.'"

The other police guard now gave his testimony, corroborating that of his comrade.

The sentinel then gave the particulars of the arrest, after which several other witnesses were examined, but their evidence was of little value.

Then, amid an almost breathless silence, Marshall arose and briefly stated his side of the case. But it was evident from his careless manner and words that he had no hopes of acquittal. For from the moment he learned that he had been followed and watched by the guards he yielded to his fate. He stated that his reason for going to the cottage beyond the Federal lines was to rescue a lady friend from a scoundrel, who had decoyed her there by a falsehood about a pretended sick friend. He further said that he had

released the lady and become engaged in a duel with swords with her former captor. That the latter, becoming hard pressed, had sprung from the window, but before he could escape he had been mortally wounded by two English detectives, who were searching for him for the crime of murder.

"But who and where was the lady?" the judge-advocate asked. "She would be an important witness in his favor."

This question he refused to answer unless the court would guarantee that no charges should be preferred against her. But this it did not have the power to promise, as he very well knew. The judge-advocate urged and entreated him to reveal the lady's name, but in vain, for in his resolution not to implicate Bertha he remained firm, nobly declaring that if he must suffer, he would not bring her into trouble.

But what had become of the English detectives? suggested a member. They would be excellent witnesses in his favor.

He did not know where they now were, but one of them had informed him that they were going to New York. Concerning them he spoke freely, describing them, giving their names and other particulars. But this information was of no value, for no one knew where they were to be found.

At last, animated by the warm zeal the others had manifested in his favor, Marshall arose and made a brilliant, logical argument in his own behalf. But, taken as a whole, it was a poor de-

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fense, and no one knew it better than did Marshall himself.

Then followed the finding of the court, but we shall not go into details, but simply say that, notwithstanding Marshall's weak defense, there were three who voted "Not guilty." They were willing to believe his simple story—implausible as it may have seemed to the others—without asking for further proof. But the other ten members made the necessary two-third vote which is required to determine the conviction of a prisoner, when, as in this case, the law absolutely and without any discretion in the court, condemns him to suffer death.

As the guards led Marshall away, he appeared by far the most calm and unconcerned person present, and when he reached the open air and his old village friends plied him with questions concerning the result, he replied coolly, and with a recklessness so characteristic of the man and the life of danger and vicissitudes he had led for years:

"Well, boys, they've sort of annihilated, kind of Vandalized me!"

Marshall was placed in confinement and closely guarded till the day for the execution arrived, but five days after his sentence.

It was a warm, clear day, toward the close of September; the sky formed a bright blue arch above—except for an occasional white cloud floating here and there—while a warm breeze swept gently along the Shenandoah Valley, giving as yet no signs of the approaching winter, when the somber cortege containing Marshall and his coffin

in an ambulance, surrounded by a guard, started for the place chosen for the execution, about half a mile from the camp. Arriving near the spot, Marshall left the ambulance and walked with a firm step to the ground selected. Here a grave had been dug, and near it was placed the coffin, while Marshall took his place beside it. In front of him stood the firing party, two from each regiment, half of whom were held in reserve, while outside of this was drawn up—forming three sides of a hollow square—the long gleaming lines of an entire division. Near Marshall's right stood a small group of men, and the deep shadow of gloom on their countenances showed that they were more than ordinary observers. They were his old friends from St. Arlyle. A few minutes before, each had shaken hands with him and bade him a sad farewell. During his imprisonment they had—led by Charles Landon—made every effort in their power to effect his release, but in vain.

On every face in that huge throng there was a solemn, sober expression, for, although amid the shock of battle a soldier may see a comrade fall dead or wounded, and, in his excitement and eagerness to press on to victory, may hardly notice it, yet in his calm moments to see a comrade executed in cold blood savors too much of the feeling that it is murder.

When Marshall had taken his place near the open grave, the provost marshal stepped forward and read the sentence. His voice trembled, while his eyes grew moist, for he and Marshall were old friends! When he finished reading he ap-

proached the accused, and as he shook hands with him, said sadly as he brushed away a tear with his coat sleeve:

"Marshall, old friend, this is a hard duty for me to perform! I wish to heaven there was a way to escape it!"

"Never mind, Ned, old fellow," said Marshall, coolly, "you can't help it. So don't take it to heart so."

"I wish from the bottom of my heart," replied the other, "I could help you!"

"Yes, I know you would. Thank you, Ned, my dear fellow, and don't forget the message for my folks across the sea. Farewell!"

"No, I'll not forget it! Good-bye!"

Then the usual question was asked, if he had anything to say why the sentence should not be executed.

He raised his head, and, turning his gaze toward the men, said in a calm, clear voice, without the tremble of a muscle:

"Fellow soldiers, I wish to say but a few words to you. I am satisfied with the decision, for I cannot well see how it could have been otherwise. For events have transpired to seemingly prove my guilt, till it looked as if fate had willed it thus. But through all my life, with all my faults—and I know they are not a few—I have never proved false to the flag I swore to defend! I had hoped that if ever I met death on the field of strife it would be amid the shock of battle, fighting a common foe. For the dearest wish of my heart was that when all was over with me—to have the news sent over to my dear mother, far across the

dark blue waves, in Erin's Isle, that her son had proved true to the trust reposed in him. But it has been willed otherwise, and I submit! So, comrades, with my friendship to you all and with enmity to none, I bid you a last farewell!"

For several moments after Marshall ceased speaking there was a deathlike silence, and amid it the officer of the firing party stepped forward and drew his sword. Every eye was fixed on the prisoner, as with throbbing hearts and bated breaths they waited, in awful silence, expecting the next moment to see him fall, riddled with bullets, as the officer gave the command: "Ready—Aim——"

At that instant there was confusion in the ranks of the division, attracting general attention, and the next moment they parted and a horseman rode rapidly through the gap and bounded in front of the firing squad! As he reined up his horse he cried: "*Carry—Arms!*"

There was a hesitation of several moments, as the men stood spell-bound, gazing with wonder at the officer, who, with the glittering stars of a major-general, had so suddenly appeared before them. Then on many a lip trembled the question: "Who is he?" But as he repeated the command in a clear, ringing voice, there was an indescribable magnetism in it, as they recognized the man whose presence had sent a thrill through them on many a bloody field. *It was General George B. McClellan!*

When the order was obeyed the General said briefly: "Evidence has been received which en-

tirely exonerates Major Marshall. He will therefore report to his regiment."

Then, turning his horse, the General bounded away, as a cheer broke from the firing squad, which he gracefully acknowledged by raising his hat. This was the signal for a general burst from the division, which grew into a perfect storm of cheers, as he galloped through the line. These were followed by storm after storm of huzzas, till their dashing commander rode out of view.

Meanwhile Marshall stood bewildered with joy, like one in a dream, till the men broke ranks and crowded around him. The first to spring to his side were his village friends, and as Charlie Landon grasped his hand he exclaimed:

"Thank heaven for this! All's well that ends well!"

"Yes," said Marshall, "God moves in His mysterious way, but He does all things for the best!"

Then as the air rang with cheers, as his comrades almost caught him in their arms, his eyes for the first time grew moist with emotion, that fear had been powerless to effect.

The explanation of Marshall's rescue is soon told. But three days before the time fixed for the execution, Bertha heard of it for the first time. Though it filled her breast with amazement and grief, it did not overpower her, for she resolved to save him. She immediately attempted to see the commander-in-chief. Although several times unsuccessful, she at last, by her womanly, indomitable perseverance, succeeded in accomplishing what his other friends had failed to do. She told her story so simply and with such earnest sorrow



that it won the general's favor. But she was not satisfied till she had obtained the evidence of the detectives, who were now in New York. Then the General was satisfied, and with that sense of justice so characteristic of him, immediately sprang on his horse and rode rapidly for the place of execution, where he arrived just in the nick of time.

For about a month after the Battle of Antietam the Army of the Potomac lay encamped on the field, then again came the order to move on to the Confederate capital. On the 26th of October McClellan began to advance, and almost at the same time the Confederates began moving to the same point. It was a grand spectacle—this race between the two great armies; the Union forces on the east side of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the Confederates on the west, each making every effort to reach Richmond first! And eagerly the whole country watched for the result.

But on the night of the 7th of November occurred an event that thwarted all McClellan's plans. On that night, amid a terrible snowstorm, he and General Burnside were seated in the former's tent, when General Buckingham, a messenger from the War Department, arrived and placed in McClellan's hands an order removing him from the command of the army, and appointing Burnside in his place. McClellan read the order without a sign of emotion, then as he gave it to his former lieutenant he said calmly: "Burnside, you command the army."

General McClellan was ordered to report himself at Trenton, in New Jersey, so he immediately

made preparations for his departure. That night he issued an address to his troops, full of kindness and regard. And the next day he visited the various camps and reviewed the officers and men for the last time. It was a sad day for the army. For never, perhaps, in the world's history, were men more attached to their commander, and on their leader's part, Cæsar's Gallic legions were not dearer to him nor the army of France dearer to Napoleon than was the Army of the Potomac to McClellan. For he had formed it, and watched it with strongest pride, as it grew in power and perfection. Then, with it he had shared its triumphs and its defeats, till it had grown to be the idol of his heart.

As the General, with his staff, rode rapidly through the ranks, gracefully recognizing and bidding farewell to the men, "the cries and demonstrations of the men (says an officer who was there) were beyond all bounds—wild, impassionate and unrestrained. Disregarding all military forms, they rushed from their ranks and thronged around him, with the bitterest complaints against those who had removed from command their beloved leader."

The next morning McClellan boarded the train for Warrenton. When the cars reached the junction—where there were several divisions drawn up in line—a salute from several batteries was fired. Then, as the men caught sight of their former commander on the platform, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. The cheers and cries were almost deafening, as the men actually rushed from the ranks and crowded around the General, to

catch a last glimpse of him and hear his parting words. Amid a lull in the storm of cheers, and just as the train was starting, he stepped to the edge of the platform and said:

"Comrades, I wish you to stand by General Burnside, as you have stood by me, and all will be well. Good-bye."

It was the signal for a wilder burst of cheers than ever, which continued till the train was lost from view.

General Burnside fought the Battle of Fredericksburg, in which the Federal forces were unsuccessful, and then once more the commander of the Army of the Potomac was changed, and General Joseph Hooker became its chief.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

"The sun had set:

The leaves with dew were wet;

Down fell a bloody dusk

On the woods that second of May,

Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,

Tore through, with angry tusk."

Serenely was drawing to a close a lovely afternoon on the second of May, 1863, amid the green hills and vales along the Rappahannock River, in old Virginia. The sun was setting in all his fiery splendor over the lofty summits of the far away Blue Ridge, bathing them with a rosy hue. The sky above was streaked with streamers of the vividest crimson, whose edges were bordered with waves of gold, that gently faded into the brightest

blue. Here and there amid the sea of azure, rested small white clouds, with just the faintest rosy tinge, like fairy sails lying at anchor on some peaceful ocean's breast.

Away to the west lay the broad waters of the Potomac, gleaming in the fading sunlight, while spreading southwestward from the river were rolling hills and small plains, covered with the greenest carpet of spring-time. Between precipitous bluffs, several miles from the Potomac and nearly parallel with it, ran the Rappahannock River. On the south bank of the river stood the town of Fredericksburg, while back of it arose Marye's Heights, rendered famous but a few months before, in the Battle of Fredericksburg, when division after division of the Federal army had been hurled again and again, but in vain, against the blazing stone wall near its crest. And now from the same heights gleamed and flashed in the evening sunlight—as if bidding defiance to all beneath—the bright cannons of the Confederates. Forming a line with, and extending from each side of the height, and almost hidden in the ravines and foliage, had lain, the day before, the army of General Lee, 62,000 strong. But during the previous night several divisions of it had marched mysteriously away. Where were they now? We shall soon see—even before the light of this day fades into darkness!

A few miles up the river above Fredericksburg was the large forest of the Wilderness; and in its midst, in several open glens, in the form of a huge U, with its limbs pointing toward the river, lay the Army of the Potomac. On every side the

army was surrounded by the trees and thick undergrowth of the woods, the only modes of egress and ingress being several narrow roads, which were guarded by artillery and infantry.

There had been skirmishing with the enemy during the day, but the men were now resting. Their arms were stacked, and the soldiers were engaged in cooking their evening meal, as the low hum of their voices sounded over the field. The sun had sunk till it appeared a great fiery ball in the west. The last beams of day were struggling amid the dark foliage of the forest, while out of it was floating, from the wild flowers and sweet scented climbers, the soft, balmy breath of May.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the forest on the right of the army. Large numbers of birds were frightened from the trees and flew with a shrill cry over the field. These were followed by hundreds of deer, hares, rabbits and other game, which sprang over the works and rushed in wild confusion through the ranks. "What does it mean?" exclaimed the men. But the next moment they were answered by the blast of bugles and a heavy burst of cheers and yells, instantly followed by a deadly storm of bullets. Then they knew that the woods were filled with armed men, and that the terrible "Sonewall" Jackson, with 20,000 men, had marched around the army and fallen like an avalanche upon their flank! As large numbers of the unarmed and bewildered men fell dead and wounded before the rain of bullets, the assaulting legions, with wild yells, sprang from the forest, and the bloody Battle of Chancellorsville had begun.

As the triumphant Confederates swept over the field, pouring volley after volley upon the bewildered men, the wildest confusion prevailed, as they fled in every direction, not even waiting long enough to pick up their arms. In vain did their officers rush amid the shattered columns and attempt to rally them! It was a rout, not even excelled by that of Bull Run. And when a regiment did halt it was torn to pieces by the merciless fire of the on-rushing host. At last Jackson's corps reached the breastworks near the Chancellorsville House, which were defended by a brigade of infantry, and here a desperate resistance was made, but it lasted only for a short time, for the victorious Confederates were not to be stopped as with a fearful yell they sprang over the works and crushed the brigade with their superior numbers. The last remnant of the right wing was now shattered, and fled in the utmost disorder. The routed troops had nearly reached Hooker's headquarters, and the on-rush of the fugitives had almost the effect of an invading army. The situation had grown desperate. Something must be done, and done quickly, or the Army is lost. A new line of battle must be formed, so Hooker pushed forward fresh troops, and one of his commanders, Pleasanton, arrives with his artillery at Hazel Grove just as the demoralized regiments are rushing wildly past. Close behind them are coming, on the double-quick, Jackson's legions, like mighty walls of steel—twenty thousand strong. It is a momentous and critical hour, filled with the fate of an army. General Pleasanton instantly recognizes the des-

perate situation, as he turns to a Pennsylvania battalion cavalry, which has just arrived, and cries wildly:

"Major, you must charge the enemy! Save me ten minutes to get my guns ready. Go, Keenan!"

And the brave young officer, as a smile flits over his face, answers:

"I will."

Keenan knows it is a fearful charge, and that he and his brave three hundred will be riding down to certain death. But the young officer—in peace as gentle and soft-hearted as a girl—never hesitates, and as he turns his horse he says, laughingly, "Good-bye!" Then he cries: "Cavalry, charge!" The next instant the three hundred gallant troopers are riding rapidly upon the twenty thousand foes! It is an awful duty before them, but not one of them shrinks from it. On they rush! They cut through the enemy's skirmishers like a tempest, heedless of the score or more saddles that are emptied! And then what an awful sight appears before them! Line after line of Jackson's legions coming at the double-quick, while amid them are gleaming in the moonlight thousands upon thousands of bristling bayonets! But the brave three hundred halt not! and Keenan flings his cap high into the air, and shouts wildly: "Sabres!"

Instantly every sabre leaps high into the air, and the next moment the three hundred horses are spurred, till they leap right into the wall of bayonets! The advancing lines are shocked and retarded for nearly a mile. Then a desperate struggle follows, but it lasts only for a few min-

utes, then all is over! And the gallant three hundred are lying weltering in their blood, on the field with their dead commander. But ever around their deed will cling a heroic lustre, for as nobly did they fulfill their duty as in that by-gone cycle, on the field at Thermopylæ, did Leonidas and his brave three hundred Spartans, while in defense of their country, (fall fighting to a man), against the mighty Persian host of Xerxes. They fell, but their heroic deed will ever live in history as one of the brightest examples of American valor!

Again the Confederate legions are pressing onward. But Keenan and his brave comrades have not fallen in vain! For more than ten minutes have elapsed, and General Pleasanton's cannons are in position, pouring a murderous fire on the advancing foe.

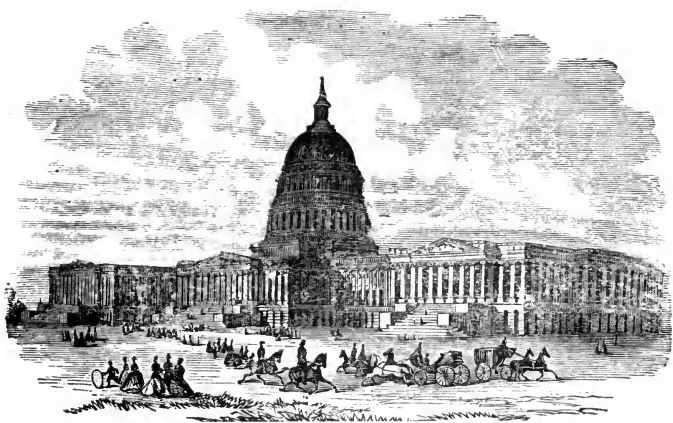
Soon after other artillery and infantry are added to these, and at last the enemy is checked.

It was now nine o'clock at night. Although the Confederates had been halted, and the heavy firing had ceased, it was but the lull of preparation before a more desperate and bloody struggle; for both sides were hurrying reinforcements to the front. It was at this very time (while forming for the contest) that the Confederates met with a heavy and irreparable loss. Stonewall Jackson, the leader and originator of this brilliant night attack, fell mortally wounded. He was shot—while returning from a reconnoissance—by his own men, who in the moonlight mistook him and his staff for a body of the enemy's cavalry.

Upon the fall of Stonewall Jackson, General







*(A Village Mystery and  
Through War to Peace)*



Hill assumed command, and a short time after the desultory fire, which had been constantly maintained, burst almost at once, as if by the preconcerted action of both armies, into wild sheets of flame.

This night-battle was a grand, terrible and soul-stirring scene, that in after years never could fade or grow dim in the minds of the soldiers who took part in the ghastly drama of that eventful night! Although it was approaching midnight, it was not dark, for a full moon shed its silvery light over the raging conflict. And on the calm night air, the roar of over a hundred cannons and the thousands of musketry reverberated with awful distinctness; the sky above was ablaze with the lurid flames of the artillery, while on the field, in the flashing light, lay the mangled and bloody bodies of the slain!

Shortly before midnight the firing began to slacken, and soon after ceased. When the sound of the last gun had died away the men lay down on their arms to rest, but during the few hours that remained before daylight few of them closed their eyes in sleep. For their brains were far too excited by the awful and weird scenes they had just passed through to seek repose. And when their thoughts did wander from the scenes of that eventful Saturday night, they were to many a more happy Saturday night they had spent in the peaceful homes far away.

At daylight the next morning the battle began by the Confederates under General Stuart—who had taken command after the wounding of General Hill by a shell—seizing a commanding and

elevated position near the Chancellorsville House, which the Federals, through a blunder, had abandoned. Stuart, upon seizing this vantage ground, immediately began covering it with artillery, but in doing so, he became engaged with the rear of Hooker's army. This was the signal for the renewal of the battle, and in a few minutes it was raging along the entire line!

But we shall not describe the battle around Chancellorsville, but turn our attention to another part of the field, eleven miles further down the river, where General Sedgewick's corps was stationed, of which the St. Arlyle regiment formed a part. Sedgewick's corps, during the night, had crossed the river and entered Fredericksburg, driving the enemy's skirmishers before them, and were now at the first beams of day, making preparations to attack the frowning heights of Fredericksburg.

As soon as daylight breaks a brigade of Sedgewick's men advance up the sloping side of the height. The sun is shining, but a fog hangs over the hillside, and as the men advance beneath it on that calm Sabbath morning, a host of sad memories are flooding through their brains, of another day, a few months before, when they charged the frowning heights again and again till the glaciis was covered with their dead and wounded comrades, but, alas! in vain!

All is still as death, until they have almost reached the stone wall near the hill's crest, then there is a wild burst of flame, a deafening roar and a terrible shower of iron and lead is hurled through their ranks! Repeatedly they attempt

to carry the breastworks, but their ranks are thinned and torn asunder by the merciless fire, and they are forced to fall back, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded.

But ere long, they are rallied again, at the foot of the hill, and, being heavily reinforced, once more advance to the attack.

In the center of the attacking column has been placed the St. Arlyle regiment.

The men as they press forward meet with a light fire, till within about four hundred yards of the wall, then the guns on the hill pour a terrific volley of canister and grape upon them, tearing huge gaps in their ranks, but they bravely close the breaches and press onward at a run. Charlie Landon is wounded in the arm, but he is cheering his men on, heedless of the storm of death. And near him is Marshall, who has all the while been conspicuous for his bravery. Each moment the fire grows heavier, the air is filled with deadly missiles, but on the men rush, though the ground is covered with their slain. At last the stone wall is reached, and regardless of the withering fire, the Federals leap over it and drive the enemy from their position.

Among the first to vault over the wall are Landon and Marshall, but as the latter reaches the ground he is struck in the breast by a bullet, but ere he falls Charlie Landon catches him in his arms. And as Landon lays him tenderly on the ground the wounded man says:

"Leave me, Colonel. They want you up there!" waving his hand toward the hill's crest.

"My poor fellow, it's hard to leave you so,

when perhaps you are bleeding to death, and I could help you," said Charlie, sadly, as he looked down tenderly into the wounded man's face. "But duty forces me onward, and I suppose I must obey," he continued, as he reluctantly placed the other's head on a knapsack for a pillow. And as he arose, hesitatingly, there was a desperate struggle going on in his tender heart, between pity and duty.

"Yes, leave me, Colonel; they need you up there."

"I suppose I must! But it is bitter to do so!"

The regiment had already passed them, and there was not a moment to lose, for already the men were looking for their leader, so Charlie said hurriedly, yet tenderly, as he quickly applied a wet pledget, covered with tannic acid, to the wound, "My dear fellow, I'll be back to you the moment the struggle is over. Good-bye!"

"Thank you, my boy! Good-bye!" said the wounded soldier calmly, as the other bounded away.

The stone wall and the rifle-pits have been captured and cleared, but the cannons on the hill are still vomiting with renewed thunder their shot and shell! But up the brave fellows go, though their ranks are cut through and through. But nothing can daunt the courage and enthusiasm of these heroic men! At last the hill top is reached, and amid wild cheers the batteries are taken. And in a few moments more the stars and stripes are floating proudly on the crest!

After capturing the Heights the Federals pursued the enemy for nearly two miles; but the Con-

federates being strongly reinforced, they were compelled to halt. But the brilliant charge of Sedgewick's men in carrying the Fredericksburg Heights was in vain, for through several blunders in other parts of the field, the battle had been already lost. But this brave charge will ever "shine out as one relieving brightness amid the gloom of that hapless battle."

So during Tuesday night, amid a violent rain storm, and after three days of fighting, the Army of the Potomac crossed the river on pontoon bridges, and the great battle of Chancellorsville was ended!

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### AT REST AT LAST.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting field no more;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil or night of waking.—*Scott.*

After the battle of Chancellorsville the Army of the Potomac fell back to its old camping ground at Falmouth. Here the thousands of wounded, who had fallen in the battle, had been conveyed across the river, filling the numerous hastily improvised hospitals to their utmost capacity.

Near the outskirts of the town, in a small rose-wreathed cottage, with a cool, inviting ivy-twined porch, facing a little garden, redolent with blooming flowers, Marshall's St. Arlyle friends had tenderly carried the wounded soldier. Though

his wound was a severe and painful one, it was not necessarily fatal. Almost from the first, all that medical skill could do for him had been done, for Dr. Granville and Charles Landon had been persistent in their attention to him. Bertha had also hurried to his side, and all that lay in the power of a woman's gentle hand to perform for a wounded soldier—and that is more than words can tell—she eagerly did for him. For she felt that she owed him an inestimable debt of gratitude for his noble services on that eventful night when she had been allured to the lonely house near the enemy's lines. And Marshall's conduct afterward, when arrested, in refusing to criminate her, though thereby he could have gained a most important witness in his defense, had ennobled him in her estimation with martyr-like qualities.

On the fifth day after receiving his wound he seemed to be doing well, when suddenly one of the ligated arteries broke, and bled so profusely that it required the combined efforts of Dr. Granville and Charlie Landon to control the hemorrhage. After the ruptured artery had been "taken up" he fell into a gentle sleep, and Bertha, who had been constantly by his side, left him to attend to others. But as soon as she was at leisure she eagerly returned to him.

He had just awoke, and was very pale and weak. After she had given him a stimulant, in answer to her question of how he felt, he looked up vaguely, as if his thoughts were wandering far away, while he said sadly, yet still with a shade of the old peculiar humor on his pale face:

"Sort of annihilated; kind of Vandalized."



In spite of her heavy heart, a faint smile crossed her lips at this characteristic reply.

He saw it and his pallid face brightened with something of the old humor as he said:

"I've used those words so long and often that they have almost become a part of my nature. But I have no doubt they are not far from the truth now."

"I hope not," she said, sincerely.

"Yes," he said, calmly, "I have a presentiment that this is the last of the earth for me; that my bark of life is surely and rapidly sailing into the port of eternity!"

"Cheer up," she replied, "for while there's life there's hope. God often gives us dark hours, so that we may fully appreciate the bright sunshine He sends at last!"

"True, but I think my sunshine will be in another world!"

That night he slept well and awoke refreshed, and his friends became much encouraged, thinking he was on the way to recovery.

From the day he had rescued Bertha he had become a changed man. Since then he had not drunk a drop of liquor; the old aimlessness fled, and he grew more thoughtful and eager to redeem the past. He was not less brave, but he tried to be nobler and better.

For several days he seemed to grow stronger, but one morning there came suddenly a rapid change for the worse, and it became evident that his end was approaching. One afternoon he called Dr. Granville to his side and asked:

"Doctor, it is all over with me, is it not?"

Dr. Granville replied, sadly, "Your case is very critical, but there is a feeble chance for life."

He turned inquiringly to Landon, as Charlie replied:

"Yes, it is a desperate case. But you are in God's hands, you know. Let us hope for the best."

"Thank you, Doctor, my boy; I understand. And I am willing to go. For I think now, at last, I'm able to say what I ought to have learned to say years ago: What is God's will is mine. For He does all things for the best, though His ways may not always be plain to us. But the Good Book tells us: 'It is the glory of God to conceal a thing.' And it is, no doubt, best for us not to know His mysterious ways of kindness.

"I've courted death before," he continued, "a hundred times and more, but it has passed me by. And now, when I've commenced to lead a better life, I'm called to go. But, perhaps, our Heavenly Father, in His sweet mercy, calls us when we're at our best. In my poor case infinitely far from what I ought to be. But in the future I had hoped to retrieve something of my wasted life—at least do better. But man proposes, and God disposes. And, I can't help thinking, always for the best."

Throughout the afternoon and evening the hemorrhage continued, and late in the night, as he grew weaker and weaker, his mind began to wander to other scenes, to other days, when in the voyage of life he was but a boy, and when hope and young vigor pictured the future with the

bright sunshine and happiness that only youth can cherish!

As Charles Landon and Frank Meredith watched by his bedside they often caught the name of his sister trembling upon his lips, around whose memory such a wealth of his love was clasped. He saw her again in her girlhood, in all of her beauty, sweetness and innocence; and his thoughts of her were ever thus, to the last.

Then his mind wandered to the after days of his erratic career. In his thoughts he was again in Turkey, mingling amid its fields of blood and death! Once more the scene was changed, and he was sharing the fate of down-trodden Greece. Again the drama of his life was varied, and he was acting over his checkered course in Germany. Another turn of fortune's wheel, and he was amid Mexico's turbulent strife again. But wherever his thoughts wandered there were always kind words and wishes for many a name of those whose friendship he still remembered.

Then, as his mind drifted into later years and the actors and scenes shifted again—in his fancy he was living over his life in St. Arlyle. And by his mutterings they learned that many happy memories of his bygone life were linked around the little village he never more would see. And as he named over his village friends, one by one, for not a name was omitted or forgotten, the remembrance of each struck a tender chord in his heart.

There were two names he often repeated in his mind's wanderings, and always with the strongest solicitude and praise. They were those of Bertha

and Charles. Bertha he frequently mentioned as the little curly-headed child he had watched grow into the beautiful girl.

Of Charlie he often murmured words of strong admiration, but it seemed to pain and perplex him to think that so brave and generous a fellow could be untrue to Bertha.

And now, for the last time, his thoughts changed, for the drama of his life was almost ended—and in his fancy he was following again the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac; fighting over the bloody battles of the Peninsular campaign; mingling again amid the strife of Antietam; again struggling through the carnage of Fredericksburg. And ere the curtain of his fancies fell he lived over that bloody and fatal day when his regiment charged up the glacis, under the fire from the Fredericksburg Heights, on the battle field of Chancellorsville!

His mutterings ceased, and for some time he lay in silence; then his head moved slightly, and he awoke perfectly rational. Charles arose and went to his bedside, when he asked for a drink of water. After drinking it he turned his eyes toward Meredith, whose head was bent down on his arms, and asked, in a whisper: "Is he asleep?"

"Yes," replied Landon.

"Bend your head down, my boy!" said he, "I wish to say a few words privately to you. I wish you to promise to be always a friend—a true friend, in the strongest, purest and best sense of the word—to Bertha. For she is a sweet, generous girl, with the truest, noblest heart that ever beat in a woman's breast. She has a great, heroic

soul, as far above envy and greed as the heavens are above the earth. In her many deeds of kindness she realized in all its grandest sweetness, 'What a woman true may be.' "

"Your request is an easy one to grant," replied the young fellow, as a blush mantled his cheek and a tender light filled his eyes, "for she is a noble girl, with a heart as sweet and pure as that of a child. And often when I have stood amid a group of soldiers, when she passed, and I have seen them raise their caps and heard them speak almost reverentially of her many deeds of kindness, as I gazed upon her spiritual beauty, I could almost see a seraphic halo around her beautiful head. And often in my dreams I have seen her as an angel, floating above my rude bed, on many a field of strife. How dearly I love her no words can express. And I can only say, may heaven deal with me, as I deal with her!"

"I am satisfied," said Marshall. "Good-night." And he turned his head over on the pillow and soon fell asleep.

It was late the next morning when Marshall awoke. Bertha had just entered the room, and as she gazed down at him she noticed how pale his face had grown, and how weakly he breathed, although his eyes looked unusually dark and bright. She bent over him and asked him how he had slept. At the sound of her voice he turned his gaze toward her in silence, while a shadow of the old merry smile played on his lips, as if the sight of her tender and beautiful face awoke pleasant memories. He remained silent for several mo-

ments, watching her face, as if fascinated by its tender beauty, then replied:

"Very well, indeed."

"I'm glad you've rested well," she said, kindly.

"Yes," he replied, "Heaven is always good to us in the end, and gives us rest! That lesson of trust and peace many of us ought to have learned before. And it seems strange to me now that I could not look through the mist of life's troubles and trials, to the better and purer home of tranquility; the rest God has so freely promised to all.

"For these long years I've led a reckless, erring life. But I think and hope that it was more through thoughtlessness than intentional wickedness. I began those years wrong, with not enough of faith and hope, but with a burning desire for revenge, and an utter lack of trust in man—and, I'm afraid, in God also—that finally grew into recklessness!

"But," he added, "there were days in those wild years of recklessness when I tried to throw off the wild life, and I thought I had succeeded, when a mere incident would bring back the old agonizing sorrow of that evening I never could forget! The evening when we learned the truth of my sister's awful death. That tragic scene can never be effaced from my memory. I see it now, as I have seen it many times through all these years! My sister had been keeping company with Shackle for some time—he was a handsome man then, though when you knew him you would hardly believe it, so greatly was he changed—when we learned he was already married. But, on seeking

my sister, we found she had fled. My father sent messengers in every direction to seek her. Meanwhile we were in terrible suspense. At last one of the messengers found her, and brought us the truth. I shall never forget the scene that then occurred. It was evening, and my mother, my father (who was just recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia) and I were standing on the porch when the messenger came. He informed us that he was too late; and that my sister had committed suicide by taking poison. Then followed an awful spectacle, that through all the after years has never grown dim! My mother, with a terrible scream, fell fainting on the door step ere any one could catch her. My father turned deadly pale, while he pressed one hand upon his breast, as if to control his agony. Then I saw his lips were red, and the next instant the hot blood spurted over his bosom. But ere he fell we caught him and carried him into the house. He lingered on, but never recovered from the shock. He died a month after—while I was far away in Turkey.

“I went to his house and inquired for him, but was spurned from the door. Then, there in the street, I cursed him again and again, with all the bitterness of my soul. I went home. They had just brought my sister’s body and laid it upon a bed. And as she lay there in death’s cold embrace, in all her wondrous beauty, her image has ever been impressed upon my mind, through all these after years. She had on the same white dress she had worn before her death; not even the white rose had been removed from her breast,

where she had placed it, while one cold little hand was lying beside it, as if she had but just ceased toying with it. Her dark, curly hair clustered around her pale brow and hung far down over her shoulders; the white eyelids were closed, hiding forever the large, lustrous eyes, and her lips were gently parted, as if in sleep.

"I was wild with grief, and in my madness I challenged Shackle to fight a duel. He had me arrested, but my friends soon procured bail for me. I was never prosecuted, for before the day of trial came Shackle fled!

"Two days after my sister's death she was buried. I stood by her grave till I saw the last shovelful of earth thrown in. Then I realized that I had lost her forever! The idolized sister, to whom my heart had been so closely bound. From that moment I became wild and reckless, and I felt I should never know peace and hope again! I only thought and dreamed of vengeance! I lost faith in man, and, I'm afraid, in God, too! My heart became steeled to danger. I feared nothing—not even death. I went to Turkey, because there was war there, and I loved turmoil and strife, for the danger and excitement made me forget my grief. I was the leader in many dangerous expeditions. I even courted death over and over again, but I always escaped unscathed. My reckless daring won me rapid promotion, but ere long my ever restlessness urged me onward. I went to Greece, but my sorrow went with me and would not let me rest. Here, amid the battle fields of Greece, I grew, if possible, more reckless and daring than ever. I learned to love



danger in its wildest forms. Nothing daunted me, and the men under my command thought I did not know what fear was, or that I was mad. Perhaps I was. I was trying to drown my sorrow, but it clung to me like the Old Man of the Sea did to Sinbad the Sailor. My fearlessness won me promotion. I was on the road to fortune. But it was the same ending. The old restlessness came back with treble its former force, and I flung everything aside and fled to Germany. But, as ever, my grief went with me.

"I had been in Germany several months, and I was stopping at a hotel in Berlin, when one warm evening as I was walking along the hall of the hotel, I saw a bedroom door partly open and I casually glanced in. There was a man lying on the bed, and I knew him in an instant, in spite of his changed appearance. *It was Shackle!*

"I entered the room and stood leaning over his bed. He was so terribly changed that even I was shocked at the emaciated, haggard, and wild, haunted expression of his countenance. In fact, so awfully was he changed that I would not have recognized him had not his face been constantly before my mental view. If his face was any criterion, he must have suffered terribly. But for him there was no room for pity in my heart. I recrossed the room, and, locking the door, returned and stood leaning over him, as I drew a dagger from my breast.

"'Vengeance! Vengeance at last is mine!' I thought, as I stood gloating over him. 'You shall not escape now. I can kill you with as little feeling as I would a wild beast! I have hoped

and longed for this! And at last it has come! You must die like a dog!’ I raised the dagger to bury it in his body. It was already descending in the air, when I suddenly felt a hand grasp my arm! I turned my head, and *there was my sister standing by my side!* Exactly as I had last seen her, on the day of her death—in a white dress, her dark, curly hair clinging about her pale, sweet face, and hanging far down her shoulders, while one little hand was grasping the white rose on her breast. I was struck dumb and I almost fainted, while unconsciously and seemingly by some power stronger than my own, I replaced the dagger. As I did so, a smile of approval crossed her lips, and the next moment she melted into air. I left the room, and fled from the city—away from temptation.

‘I’m not superstitious, but I shall always think I saw my sister’s spirit standing by my side. I know that physicians account for these supernatural apparitions by telling us: That in such cases either the brain, the retina or the optic nerve being unusually excited, are thus rendered sensitive to an appearance that in reality does not exist. For there is such a close union between the senses and the mind, that we continually transfer to the real world—without being aware of it—that which pertains to the realm of thought. Thus, they say, a picture that has made a deep impression upon us at one time, will reappear to us during partial sleep, perfect in every detail, or, perhaps, varied by the capricious wanderings of our thoughts. And that passion and other strong,

violent mental feelings are apt to evoke optical delusions.

"From the day I saw her sweet spiritual face there came a change for the better—there was more of peace in my heart. Not a full peace, but a touch of tranquility.

"When I left Germany I went to Mexico. Of the life I led among its wild, revolutionary scenes, I shall not dwell. Then I went to St. Arlyle. Of my life there you are fully familiar. At last the Civil War broke out. I was a soldier, and it seemed but natural that I should enlist, besides, my heart was not yet tranquil enough, but that I still loved strife and excitement, and then, I had truly learned to love the Republic—the grandest example of liberty and justice the world ever saw, or, perhaps, ever will.

"The night Shackle decoyed you into his power," he continued, "I went to the hospital to look for you. There I was given the letter you had left for me. I recognized in a moment that it was Shackle's handwriting, and I knew that he was again at his old villainy. And I determined to save you, let it cost what it would. How I followed you, how I fought Shackle, and how I was afterward arrested, you are fully acquainted.

"The night of my arrest," he continued, after grasping for breath, "as I lay sleeping in the guard house, I suddenly awoke, and there, by my bedside, stood my sister's spirit, exactly as I had seen her once before; her dark hair clustering around her pretty face and hanging over the shoulders of her white dress, while one little hand was grasping the white rose on her breast. She

raised her hand and pointed upward, as a sweet smile crossed her lips ere she melted away. Then I knew I had her approval in foiling Shackle's villainy. From that moment there came into my heart a feeling of rest and peace, that I had yearned for through many a weary year."

The dying soldier was silent for some time, gasping for breath. Then he began in a feeble voice:

"Last night, just before I fell asleep, I saw my sister's spirit standing by my bed. She appeared exactly as she had done twice before—in a white robe, her dark hair hanging about her face and neck, while one small hand was clasping the white rose on her breast. But there was a light on her face that I had never seen before—a heavenly light, that shed a pure, sweet radiance into my soul. She raised her hand and pointed upward, as she had done once before. But instead of fading away, as before, she floated upward, far, far away through clouds and space, till I saw her join the angels on the heavenly shore. Then I knew she had pointed and shown me the way. And then my heart, at last, had found the perfect peace and love."

He was rapidly growing weaker, and it was evident that in a few minutes all would be over, as he said, feebly:

"Miss Bertha, I want you to write to my mother, and tell her I fell in defense of the flag I learned to love best of all. Tell her that I died at peace with my God and man. Tell her that ere my life or hers was done, I had hoped to meet her once again in the old home across the water,

in Erin's Isle. But it has been willed otherwise, and I submit! Tell her I at last found the faith she taught me at her knee. The grand, glorious faith God has given to us all. And tell her that through it I hope to meet her on the shining shore of peace!"

When he ceased speaking he lay motionless, his eyes closed, and he breathed imperceptibly, while a deathly pallor covered his face. But after several moments he slightly rallied, as she bent her ear down to catch his dying words, he said:

"I had hoped, in future years, to lead a better life. The past one was full of care and unrest. But it was my own fault that I found the thorns and missed the roses. But then I'll not complain. The greatest crown of all has been a diadem of thorns! And through it, I hope, I've found the right path up to God; the right way home to peace!"

Then over his face came a sweet expression of tranquility; the rest he had longed for through many a weary year; and the soldier of fortune had crossed the dark ocean into the haven of Eternal Rest!

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Of the ill-starred life Marshall led how shall we judge? We, who know so little of the emotions and struggles of the human heart. For often beneath a calm face is hidden the terrible agony of a bitter sorrow for loved ones, over whom the grass has grown green; yet around whose memories grim spectres of the past will rise to haunt even their brightest moments.

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Thus in the breasts of all of us, at times, will come welling up memories haunted by spectres of many shattered hopes, many sorrows, many errors and vain regrets, that will often make us waver or stray from the beaten path.

So, only God can fathom the motives that prompt and direct the actions in each human heart; and, therefore, He alone can estimate the guilt and the sin.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

And backward now and forward  
Wavers the deep array;  
And on the tossing sea of steel  
To and fro the standards reel,  
And the victorious trumpet peal  
Dies fitfully away.—*Macaulay.*

Beautifully the morning of the first of July, 1863, broke over Gettysburg; not a cloud obscured the clear blue sky, while the warm air and streaming sunshine bathed in all its summer splendor the little town soon to be rendered immortal, as the field not only one of the most decisive and bloody battle of the Civil War, but as the theatre of one of the greatest conflicts of modern times. From early dawn the scene in the little town had been one of mighty martial splendor and beauty, yet inspiring terror, as the Army of the Potomac passed through it toward the west, with its long blue columns of infantry, their bands playing lively strains and their gay banners floating out

on the morning air, while their bright arms flashed and danced in the sunlight with a dazzling splendor; its platoons of cavalry, with gleaming sabres, followed by its batteries of artillery, their huge guns darting back the sun rays, as if bidding defiance to every foe, while amid its legions rode the crimson-sashed officers, the gold and silver insignia of rank glittering on their shoulders.

As the morning wore away, with a steady tread the serried ranks of the Army of the Potomac moved through the town. It was a few minutes past nine o'clock, when, in the distance, toward the west of the town, a puff of white smoke ascended into the clear, blue sky, and the next instant the crash of musketry rolled into the streets, followed by the heavy report of a cannon. "Crash! crash! boom! boom!" and in a few minutes the crash has grown into a continuous crash, and the boom into a mighty roar.

There had been a sudden collision between the Federal General Buford's regiments, drawn up in line across the Chambersburg road, and an advancing division under General Harry Heath, of Lee's army, and the Battle of Gettysburg had begun.

In a few moments the scene in the town was changed; the terrible roar of the heavy guns had broken the spell. The idlers in the streets who were watching the passing troops turned at the first sound of the guns, and gazed with excited and frightened faces toward the direction of the rapidly increasing roar, and where the puffs of white smoke above the trees told that the battle was raging. Through the serried ranks of the mov-

ing army there rolled a gentle ripple of excitement, but it soon increased until it resembled great waves on some ocean's breast. Then followed a grand, exciting scene, as the infantry, with flashing arms and streaming standards, pressed forward at the double-quick, and the cavalry, with clashing and gleaming sabres, galloped rapidly by, while the artillery horses broke into a rapid trot, as the heavy guns thundered along, and even the bands struck up wilder strains, while the drummers loudly rattled their drums, as the trumpeters sent forth their shrill, piercing notes, while, above the din, the officers yelled their orders at the top of their voices, and every order was: "Forward! Forward to the front!"

As the troops rushed forward to the vortex of death, there were no cheers, no bravado, only the fixed lips and determined faces of the men showed the gazers, as they passed, that they knew the bloody work they had to do, and that they intended to do it. And through the beholder there ran an awful shudder, as he thought many of them must meet a terrible death, mangled by shot and shell.

It was the intention neither of General Mead nor Lee to fight the battle at Gettysburg, but so rapid had been the movements of both armies that each commander was in ignorance of the whereabouts of the other's troops until the morning of the battle. General Lee had intended reaching Chambersburg before giving battle, and Mead advanced his left wing under General Reynolds, in front of Gettysburg, as a feint to divert the enemy's attention, while he formed a strong



line with his main body behind Pipe Creek, twenty miles distant. Buford, when he found his men in collision with the Confederates, resolved to hold the enemy in check until the arrival of his chief, General Reynolds, who, with his command, was two miles distant.

Reynolds, on his arrival, had no orders from General Mead to commence the battle, but the exigencies of the situation supplied the place of commands. He also saw the necessity of rapid action, as Buford's men were sorely pressed, and on the point of breaking; so, forming his entire command at the edge of the woods, he suddenly charged to Buford's aid. He and his men were met with a perfect storm of bullets, and while gallantly leading forward, General Reynolds fell mortally wounded from his horse, dying where he fell. Notwithstanding the fall of their commander, the men pressed bravely onward with such impetuosity that they drove two Confederate regiments into a railroad excavation, and captured them, with their battle flags.

Reinforcements rapidly joined both combatants, and the battle raged with terrible fierceness, the roar of the artillery was terrific, the wild flashes of flame leaped everywhere amid the sulphurous smoke, like forked lightning, and solid shot and bursting shells were falling in every direction, while the air was filled with bullets.

It was now three o'clock, the heat was intense, and the contest was raging fierce and wild, when, toward the northeast, a long, waving line of gray appeared in view. The new troops were Stonewall Jackson's old legions, hurrying to the field

to decide the fate of the day. Reaching the York road, they debouched into the woods, and with their old, wild battle cry, fell with crushing force upon the Federal right. The National soldiers, though outflanked and taken in the rear, changed front and fought with the utmost bravery, but the fire poured upon them was terrific—for men who had fought in all the former great battles of the war said they never were under a hotter fire. At last the Federals began to fall back, slowly at first, then more rapidly, till finally their ranks were broken and the retreat became a rout, and they were driven through the streets of Gettysburg in wild confusion, with the loss of five thousand prisoners. The Confederates took possession of the town, and the Federals fell back on their reserve body, which had been posted on Cemetery Hill, behind Gettysburg. It was at this time—as the retreating men were pouring through Gettysburg toward the Hill—that General Hancock arrived on the field. He had been sent by General Mead—who was still at Taneytown, thirteen miles distant—to take command, as soon as Mead learned of the battle and the death of Reynolds.

Hancock was very popular with the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac, and his commanding appearance, with his winning, magnetic manner, added to his dashing gallantry, did much toward rallying and forming them into a new line. And it was not long before he had the remnant of the army re-formed on Cemetery Heights, behind ledges, stone walls and bowlders, presenting an abatis of bristling bayonets. Though order had

been restored, and a strong front presented toward the enemy, the Federal forces were yet in imminent danger, for it was evident they could not resist successfully a combined attack of the enemy—and defeat meant *ruin!*

It was yet several hours before sunset, and a cloud of Confederate skirmishers were already breasting the hill, when to the astonishment and heart-felt joy of the Federals, they were suddenly recalled, and thus ended the first day of the Battle of Gettysburg. Though it had been a day of terrible carnage, yet bloodier days were to follow. And that night General Lee made a fatal mistake when he did not complete his victory and drive the Federals from their stronghold, for by sunrise the next morning most of Mead's men had arrived, and the Heights of Gettysburg were covered with the infantry and artillery of the great Army of the Potomac.

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The morning of the second of July, 1863, broke over Gettysburg, calm and still; the sun in all its brightness shone through a clear, azure sky, except for an occasional white cloud that floated ominously above, as if predicting the terrible storm of human wrath that would sweep over plain and hill ere the sunset flushed the west. All night long, on the heights above the town, had been arriving the reinforcements of the Federal Army, and as the first beams of day gilded with roseate hues the Heights, they fell upon the lines of polished steel—consisting of nearly a hundred thousand men.

In front of the National army, and across a small valley—not more than a mile and a half distant—was formed the Confederate forces, in the shape of an immense crescent, nearly five miles in length, and numbering over ninety thousand men. Viewed by the Federal soldiers on the Heights, they formed a magnificent spectacle, as their long, gray lines stood there in grim battle array, with their bright arms flashing in the July sunlight, almost as far as the eye could see, while the black mouths of their cannons, that thickly dotted the eastern slope of the hill, frowned ominously up across the vale.

*Thus the two armies met, on the second of July, in this magnificent amphitheatre at Gettysburg, to decide the fate of the Southern Confederacy.*

During the morning there had been some skirmishing, but as the day wore away all became calm. There was a balmy sweetness in the summer air, enhanced by nature's sweet repose. And as the glances of those on the Heights fell beneath, they were entranced by the green-leafed woods, the flourishing orchards, the yellow ripening grain and the verdant meadows, on whose breasts the cattle were feeding, or lying in the shade of the trees, or drinking from the silver-hued streams that rippled along. It was a scene of Nature's sweet repose, but soon to be changed by the wrath of man into scenes of wild turbulence and horror, to fill the air with shrieks of agony, and with the mighty roar of destruction; to cover vale and hillside with the mangled bodies of the slain, and to crimson those silver-hued streams with human blood. For the soldiers soon to be

actors in this terrible drama of death were no longer the raw recruits who began the war, but men whom three years of experience with danger, blood and death had taught the awful duties of soldiers, and they had learned those lessons well ere this, on many a blood-stained field!

Shortly after three o'clock there fell over the field an awful calm, sublime in its very oppressiveness, as, with bated breaths and fluttering hearts, the men of these two great armies—in mighty, grand battle array—awaited the conflict!

It was a few minutes of four o'clock, when a Confederate artillery officer waved his sword in the air, and as the blade flashed in the afternoon's waning sunlight, there came a mighty roar from over a hundred guns, massed on the eastern slope of the hill. The cannon balls arched over the little valley and fell with a crash on the sides and summit of the Heights, as they bounded from boulder to boulder. The next moment the Federal lines above were swept by a billow of flame, and a hundred and fifty guns hurled back defiance.

The roar of the artillery was terrific, the air was filled with solid shot and bursting shells, and the sulphurous smoke rolled in huge volumes over the field, while amid it darted the red flames from the cannons' mouths.

But all this was but the prelude for more desperate and deadly work. Partly under cover of the smoke of their guns, the Confederates were seen rapidly forming in line, and in a few minutes more Longstreet's entire corps, nearly one-third of the army, was pressing forward at the double-quick to storm the Federal position, while the Con-

federate artillery, with renewed thunder, poured volley after volley over the advancing men's heads. Down the slope, three line deep, the men in gray press, then up the glacis toward the Federals they rush, as their lines flash with the fire of their rifles, and in a few minutes more, with wild yells and cheers, they fall with tremendous and savage fury on the Federals.

The battle now raged furiously, and every minute grew wilder and bloodier, till at last it resembled a tempest-tossed sea of destruction. The Confederates poured a close, heavy fire, the stone walls and ledges literally blazed with musketry, and the bullets fell like showers of rain, while over two hundred cannons dealt forth death and destruction on every side! Thus the battle raged all along the line. Cemetery Ridge was a sheet of fire; on Culps Hill both sides charged and counter-charged with demonlike fury; but on the semicircle about Little Round Top the scene of blood and destruction was grand, terrific and awful! Every inch of air seemed to be alive with bullets, balls and bursting shells; the hillsides were piled with dead and wounded, yet the desperate men charged and re-charged across the blood-stained ground and vale of death!

Thus for more than two hours the earth shook and trembled as if an earthquake had rumbled through its depths, the thunder of the artillery, the crash of the musketry was deafening, and the sulphurous smoke swept in heavy volumes over the field, and, ascending toward the sky, formed a thick canopy above, as if endeavoring to hide from Heaven the scenes of infernal horror be-

neath, and in the dense smoke the men fought as if in a fog, while the red flames from the cannons darted about amid it, like wild tongues of fire from some demoniacal abyss!

Thus the tempest of death and destruction raged, till the last beams of day faded, and darkness shrouded the field. Even then, though the main body of the Confederate Army had fallen back, yet still between their advanced skirmishers and the Federals, who were resting on their arms, the fire was almost continuous throughout the night.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE CLOSE OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

"Twice hath the sun on their conflict set,  
And risen again, and found them grappling yet."

Even as early as four o'clock in the morning the desultory fire of the night increased almost at once into sheets of flame, and immediately a terrible struggle followed. Ere long the contestants became so intermingled that it became almost impossible to use the artillery, for fear of killing friend as well as foe. As the battle progressed the air became filled with dust and smoke, and as the sun mounted higher and higher the heat became intense. The Confederates charged again and again with the utmost bravery, but with little effect, for they were pitted against men as courageous and determined as themselves.

Through those long, early hours of morning the fighting was desperate and severe, and the car-

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nage was fearful. That part of the field after the battle was literally bathed with blood, and thickly covered with the bodies of the slain—the blue and gray uniforms mingled in one heap—showing the terrible nature of the determined struggle.

Late in the morning there was a short calm in the storm of battle. Then suddenly there was a mighty burst of cheers and yells from thousands of Confederates, and Ewell's fresh men rushed up the hill and fell with tremendous fury on the National lines. They met with a desperate and stubborn resistance from the Federals, and a hand to hand struggle followed. But at last the Federals were forced from their works, and on rushed the victorious Confederates. But as they approached a stone wall, the men in blue of an entire division arose before them like an apparition, and poured upon them a close, heavy volley. They were mowed down like grain before the sickle, and even these brave warriors could do no more than retreat.

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It was noon, and the last sounds of the conflict had several hours before died away. The morning sky, which had been partly hidden by clouds, had now cleared, and the hot July sun-rays poured down with a scorching intensity. There was a deep, unbroken silence brooding over the entire battle field, like that awful calm of death that rests on an icebound sea, and to a casual observer it seemed as if the battle were over. But it was evident to the Federals on the heights—as they



waited under the hot mid-day's sun-rays, with throbbing hearts and with preoccupied thoughts too deep for words—that the Confederates were making gigantic preparations for a last, desperate and, if possible, crowning effort for victory. The Confederates had massed their artillery on Seminary Hill, and a few minutes before one o'clock the deathlike silence was broken by the sharp, ringing report of a Whitworth gun. It was the signal for the battle. Instantly a huge sheet of flame leaped above Seminary Hill, and the thundering roar of a hundred and forty-five cannons filled the air, while their mouths poured death and destruction into the Federal lines. The National commanders ordered their men to lie down on the ground, and to seek every protection possible behind walls, ledges and bowlders. But in spite of every precaution the destruction of life was fearful. Solid shot, shell, canister and grape fell thick amid the Federals with deadly effect. Men and horses were cut to pieces, gun-carriages smashed, caissons with their ammunition exploded, and rocks and trees shattered to fragments. For a quarter of an hour their cannons hurled destruction into the Federal lines, without a reply. Then came the National answer, all along the battle line, from the fiery mouths of three hundred guns, and from Cemetery Hill to Round Top rolled billows of flame, like a sea of fire. The roar of the artillery and the flash of fire was terrific, rivaling in its grandeur the wildest thunder storms of nature. The air was filled with every form of deadly missile, the very earth shook under the combatants' feet, and the rocks and trees waved and

moved as if endowed with life, while the men staggered about amid the concussed air, on the trembling earth, as if intoxicated. Thus for two hours thundered this gigantic artillery battle—of over four hundred guns—the greatest the American continent had ever known, and one of the greatest artillery contests of the world; realizing, in its fierce, wild grandeur, one of the most magnificent, soul-stirring and terror-inspiring scenes of earth!

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### PICKETT'S FAMOUS CHARGE

At the end of two hours there came a lull from both sides in the terrific cannonade, and immediately the Confederates began forming in line for a final and desperate charge for victory, the *most bloody and determined of all those four years of war!* As they emerged from the trees that covered the summit of Seminary Hill, and moved steadily and firmly down its slope, with their lines dressed as well as men on parade, it was a magnificent sight, and won even a thrill of admiration from the breasts of those above. They were about a mile distant from the Federal works, and to reach them they had to descend a hill, cross a small valley, and then climb a hill. They numbered about 18,000 men, and were formed in double line of battle, with Pickett's Veteran Virginians leading. As the attacking men moved down the slope, the National troops on the Heights poured a heavy artillery fire upon them; but forward they pressed, with a steady tread and without a waver, though the solid shot and shell

were crashing through their ranks at every step. They had advanced about half-way when suddenly their cannons, which had been firing over their heads, became silent. "What is the reason?" exclaimed the men, rushing into the vortex of death. "Why?" asked the Confederates gazing on. "Why?" wondered the Federals on the Heights. None knew—not even General Lee—till afterward. The gunners had *exhausted their ammunition!* And there, *unaided*, for half a mile they must breast alone the storm of shot and shell. But on they pressed, with a firm front and steady step, seemingly heedless of every fire and fearless of every foe. The Federals now opened a murderous fire; the bullets fell on the advancing troops like hail on a winter's day, and the cannon balls, shells and canister ploughed through their ranks, tearing wide gaps in their front; but on they pressed, up the death-swept slope of Cemetery Hill, fearless of the deadly missiles, and heedless of their comrades who were being torn to pieces by their sides. As they advance, it becomes one incessant storm of death-dealing volleys. Along every inch of their front reared the red crest of Destruction! But those true heroes, splashing blood at every step, seemed more eager to court death than to escape danger. As they approached the National line, the ledges and walls literally blazed with a withering fire, until the air along their front grew black with the wings of death. But forward press the Confederates. "Will no fire, no loss, drive them back?" exclaim the Federals.

Before this terrific artillery and musketry fire

all the Confederates, except Pickett's brave Virginians, have melted away—wounded, dead, or driven from the field.

The Federal gunners had now fired away their last round of canister, and, withdrawing their guns, awaited the great struggle between the opposing infantry. The Virginians were now about two hundred yards distant, and for the first time since they had begun to face this terrific storm of death, they poured forth well directed volley after volley. The National troops reserved their fire till the enemy was within about eighty yards, then they poured upon them a perfect storm of bullets. So incessant and continuous was the rain of bullets, that it is said that the advancing men turned their heads to one side, like men facing a driving hail storm. But, with a desperate determination, onward rush the brave Virginians. As they near the stone wall they are met by a new danger. The National artillerymen farther up the hill lower the muzzles of their guns, and pour rapid volleys of canister and grape through their ranks; but, heedless of this, they rush rapidly forward, and, vaulting over the breastworks, plant their battle flags on the walls. But they were now confronted by a foe of equal determination and bravery. A veteran division, that had passed through all the bloody battles of the Peninsular campaign; men who had been schooled on the field of death, and who met them with a firm resolution to win or fall. On neither side was there any shrinking, but, on the contrary, both combatants were eager to meet in the desperate struggle!

It was a face-to-face and hand-to-hand contest,

fought with a desperation akin to death. So close were the men together that their clothes were burnt by the exploding cartridges. The Federals, in their eagerness to fall upon the enemy, had lost their regimental organization, but each man was resolute and firm. The struggle now raged fierce and wild. But the end was near. The Virginians pressed on every side, and the Federals in their front, falling upon them with tremendous fury, they were forced back. In an instant the waiting gunners above sprang to their guns, and poured volley after volley through their ranks. At the same time the cannons on their flanks and in their rear opened upon them with terrific effect. The Virginians staggered, reeled, and fell in heaps on the blood-stained field as their ranks were cut to pieces in every direction. They have fought nobly, like true heroes, but they could do no more, and there remained but one course for the few who were left—to retrace their steps across the valley of death! *And thus the curtain fell on the disaster of the master-act of the great Confederate General!*

General Lee had watched with the deepest interest the result of the charge of the brave Virginians, and when he saw it fail he placed his finger on his lips, and for a moment there came over his noble face a shadow of disappointment—that calm, marble-like face that had never been known before, on any battle field of the war, to show either a sign of disappointment or of triumph. In that sad moment he must have felt his disappointment bitterly, for, perhaps, he may have had a foreboding of that future when the

star of the Confederacy should forever set. To an English officer near him, who had come to witness the battle, he said: "This has been a sad day for us, Colonel—a sad day; but we can't always expect to win victories."

But, whatever his thoughts were, the action of the great commander was truly sublime, for, as he rode toward the front through the broken troops, rallying them with such cheering words as: "Never mind, we'll talk of this afterward; now we want all good men to rally," his face was placid and cheerful, showing not a sign of annoyance or dismay. Even for the wounded he had words of kindness, and many of them as they were borne past took off their hats and cheered him. It was a grand, affecting and inspiring scene to see the implicit faith of these troops in their commander as he moved among them, and they formed in regiments, and lay down calmly and quietly in the places assigned them.

General Imboden, one of Lee's staff officers, for whom he had sent, gives us a touching and pathetic picture of the great Confederate commander as he saw him soon after midnight, on the night after the battle. When Imboden reached him he was entirely alone, and had alighted from his horse; and, says that officer, "He threw his arms across his saddle to rest himself, and leaned in silence on his equally weary horse, the two forming a striking group, as motionless as a statue. The bright moon shone full upon his massive features and revealed an expression of sadness I had never seen on that fine face before, in all the vicissitudes of the war through which he

had passed. I waited for him to speak, until the silence became painful and embarrassing, when, to break it and change the current of his thoughts, I remarked in a sympathetic tone: 'General, this has been a hard day on you.' This attracted his attention. He looked up and replied mournfully: 'Yes, it has been a sad day for us,' and immediately relapsed into his former mood and attitude."

After a few moments of silence he turned to Imboden, as he raised himself erect, exclaiming excitedly: "General, I never saw troops behave more magnificently than Pickett's division of Virginians did to-day in their grand charge upon the enemy. And if they had been supported as they ought to have been—but for some reason unknown to me they were not—we would have held the position they so gloriously won, and the day would have been ours." Then, in a tone of the deepest sorrow, he added: "Too bad! too bad!! oh, too bad!!!" What terrible agony he felt at that moment no words can depict.

With this desperate charge of Pickett's Virginians really ended the battle, for although there was another attempt on the Federal lines, it was feeble and of little consequence. The loss of the Virginians in this last charge had been frightful. Their regiments were actually cut to pieces. A ghastly example was where a regiment entered the charge numbering two hundred and fifty and returned with but thirty-eight men.

Thus for three weary days was fought, and thus was won, the great battle of Gettysburg—the most decisive and bloody of all the conflicts of the Civil

War. And through that baptism of blood of the magnificent amphitheatre at Gettysburg was turned the fortunes of the Confederacy, for although her soldiers struggled heroically for two years longer, her star gradually waned until it set forever on an April day. Gettysburg was not only great, in being one of the bloody conflicts of the world, but, like Waterloo, it was great in the greatness of its results. Waterloo decreed a change of dynasties, and rang the curtain down forever on a great man's colossal ambition; and Gettysburg was the death of a nation, the restoration of another, and the *shattering of the chains of four million slaves!*

When that last day was done on the battle field, it was literally a baptism of blood, for its rocks were sprayed with blood, its streams and pools were crimsoned, and its wheat fields were beaten into a red mire, while down the few stalks of grain that were standing *trickled tiny globules of blood!*

Night closed over the scene, but ere long a full moon arose and shed a bright light

"O'er the weltering field of tombless dead."

It was a sad and ghastly scene that the moonbeams fell upon; for as thick on the field as leaves in autumn lay the mangled bodies of the slain, while the ground was wet and crimsoned with the blood of 44,567 men who had fallen dead and wounded in that cyclopean contest!



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## THE STRUGGLE WITH DEATH.

"Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,  
Where the dead and dying lay,  
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
Somebody wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;  
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,  
And some one clung to his parting hand."

At the open, upper window of a house overlooking, and even above the field of strife, a girl's beautiful, curly head was leaning on a little dimpled hand, while her arm rested on the window sill. Her large, lustrous eyes were eagerly watching the terrible struggle about Little Round Top, and as she rested there it would have required but a single glance of those who knew her to have recognized in the girl's finely formed bust—as full and gracefully rounded as a sculptor's model—the demi-figure of Bertha Merton. Her face was very pale, but very beautiful, for there was a deep, intellectual interest expressed on it, and a tender sweetness in the large, liquid eyes, as they drank in a prominent figure, leading amid the thickest of the fight—that of General Charles Landon. For he had been promoted to the command of a brigade, a short time before, for gallantry on the field.

It was the second day of the Battle of Gettys-

burg. General Longstreet's men were making their terrific charge on the Federal position, and the long lines of men in gray had lapped about Little Round Top—that steep, rocky eminence that towered above the rest—the key of the battle field, which the Confederates wished to win, and which the Federals were determined not to lose.

Around the rocky height the battle raged wild and furious, the artillery on its summit poured forth a murderous fire, while behind every ledge and boulder flashed forth the blaze of musketry. Into this vortex of fire, smoke and death charged the shadowy lines of men in gray, as if endeavoring to choke the volcano with human bodies. But the Federals met every advance of the serried ranks with a heavy fire and a wall of gleaming steel. Amid the blue lines, where the conflict raged the hottest, rode Charlie Landon. Upon his pale face there was a calm, determined expression, for his lips were set, and there was a daring glitter in his dark eyes that showed his brave, resolute nature.

Bertha raised the spy glass she held in her hand and swept the field until its focus rested on Charlie Landon's superb figure, conspicuous amid the storm of battle by its graceful, commanding appearance. And no wonder the sight aroused a thrill of admiration in her breast, for his noble bearing, and his fine form and head clearly outlined against the fire and smoke, would have won respect even from a foe.

As she was eagerly watching him he suddenly turned his horse so as to almost face her—his coat was wide open, for the heat was intense—

when to her dismay she saw that his white shirt front was half *crimson with his blood*.

She lowered the spy glass, and there came a wild, frightened look into the large, dark eyes that told of anticipated tragedy. In a moment she raised the small telescope and gazed eagerly at his figure, like one under the spell of some weird fascination, while in the velvety depths of her eyes there remained that haunted look of expected calamity. As she watched his conspicuous figure amid the battle she saw him reel in the saddle, *and fall!*

The tragedy she had anticipated had come, and as she dropped the glass her eyes filled with tears, and the little head fell heavily on her arms, as in her sorrow she realized how dearly she loved him still.

In a few moments she raised her head and, brushing away the tears that were trickling down her cheeks, sprang quickly to her feet, as she muttered to herself: "This will not do. I must not give way to grief, when perhaps I might be of assistance to him."

Catching up a buffalo robe that lay on a chair, she threw it over her arm and hastened from the house. She walked rapidly forward, and each moment as she drew nearer and nearer the battle she met the soldiers bringing away the wounded, until those bearing new sufferers became one continuous stream. And then the roar of the conflict became almost deafening, while the bullets fell thick about her; but heedless and fearless of them, she hurried onward. At last she saw *his* well-known form lying on a litter, borne by two sol-

diers; although he was insensible, he still breathed strong and regularly. She sprang to the side of the litter, which was a rude wooden affair, without any padding or even a covering of cloth.

"Oh!" she exclaimed as she stood by the litter, "don't those rough slats hurt him?"

"Yes," replied one of the men, "they seemed to hurt him severely, for, although he is insensible, he groaned several times as we carried him along. But it was the best we could do."

"But can't we put this buffalo robe under him?" she asked, taking it from her arm.

"Yes, that is the very thing. It is fortunate that you brought it."

They gently raised him, while Bertha's nimble little hands soon placed the robe beneath; and as his bruised body sank on the soft bed, she heard, or imagined she heard, a sigh of relief issue from his lips. As he lay there so pale and handsome on the white robe—as yet but slightly stained with his blood—she, in spite of her sorrow and deep concern, became irresistibly entranced by the statuesque beauty—yet thrilled with life—of his fine face and form. In her artistic nature she seemed to realize in the beautiful form before her how the Greek heroes of old—whom Homer loved to picture—must have appeared as they lay on the battle field before Troy. Those wondrous pictures Homer gives us in the Iliad, of the flower of the youth of Greece and Troy, lying on the field of battle "in the stately repose of death," their blood enriching in color, by its crimson contrast, their marble white temples and blood-stained curls of gold. So sublimely

beautiful does Homer paint the ancient youth with their war-stained curls in the serene, pathetic beauty of death, like some exquisite statue, about which the color of life still lingers, that he fascinates us, and almost wins us to love wounds and death. And as Charlie lay there among the soft folds of the white robe, with the form of a Greek hero and the head of an Apollo, the red blood staining like a wreath of carnation the dark curls that clustered about his white brow, while so serene was the expression of his face, so fine and beautiful the blending of the crimson with the dark hair, in the battle-stained curls, that it brought no suggestion of horror or distaste to her artistic nature, as she thought, so must have appeared the greatest of the old Greek heroes, Achilles, as he lay before the Scæan gate of Troy.

She was roused from her reverie by one of the soldiers remarking: "That robe is the very thing. He rests easily upon it. Which way shall we carry him?"

"To the house yonder," she replied, bursting into tears.

They carried him to the house, and up into the room she had left but a short time before, and laid him on the bed. Then the men departed, but one of them soon returned, accompanied by a surgeon. Although the surgeon was young in years, he soon showed that he lacked neither skill nor experience, for he quickly extracted the bullet from the wounded man's arm, and ligated the severed artery, from which the blood was flowing. He then turned his attention to the wound in Landon's breast. The bullet had penetrated pain-

fully near the heart, and as Bertha assisted him to dress the wound he replied, in answer to her eager question, "It's a very dangerous wound, and he is very weak from the loss of blood. He must have remained for some time in the saddle after being struck by the bullets, and all the while the wounds were bleeding. But while there's life there's hope. But it will be several days before he regains consciousness."

After he had applied a styptic to the wound and dressed it, he said: "Here is a prescription; get it filled, and give him some of the medicine as soon as you can get him to swallow. I suppose the General is your brother?" he continued.

He did not notice the blush that suffused her tear-stained cheeks, for he was gazing down at the wounded soldier; and without waiting for an answer he continued, as an excuse for his hurry: "I must leave him now. In all the battles of the war in which I have been engaged, I have never seen so many wounded men before. The surgeons are nearly worn out. But, my little lady," he added kindly, as he saw fresh tears fill her eyes, "keep up a brave heart, and you may win him back to health again. I will return to assist you all in my power at the earliest opportunity."

When the surgeon had departed her overstrung nerves could bear the tension no longer, and, leaning her head upon her arms, she burst into a flood of tears. And as she sobbed, she felt the old love for him come back with treble its former force, as she remembered the happy bygone days they had spent together. "And, oh!" she thought, "if he should die, it would be the end

—the dreadful end of all my happy dreams!" After weeping she felt better, for her trials and sorrows seemed to become dispersed on the bright wings of Hope. For physiologists tell us that tears are nature's remedies, which relieve and soothe the nervous system from overpowering griefs and burdens. After bathing her face, she went to a hospital and obtained the medicine. On her return she occupied herself for some time in making the poor fellow as comfortable as possible, with that tender care that a woman intuitively knows so well how to do. Then she sat down in a chair by a window as she felt unreservedly that it was her duty to nurse and protect him during his helplessness. Her pride and waywardness had fled; she thought only of doing all in her power for him, as she prayed that God might give her strength to nurse him back to health; and unhesitatingly would she have risked her life to save his.

What a mystery and seeming contradiction yet wondrous power is woman. Place her in a conservatory, foster and indulge her every whim, and she becomes a thing of fancy, waywardness and frivolity—annoyed by a dewdrop, fretted by a thorn, ready to faint at the sight of a beetle or a mouse, and starting back affrighted at the darkness. But let a dire calamity come, arouse her sympathy and affection, enkindle the fires of her heart, and then behold the wonderful change! What a wealth of affection and strength is in her heart! Transplant her in a new field, give her a weakly animal or a child to protect, or, on the field of battle, a wounded soldier to attend and

care for; see her then lift her own white arms as a shield, heedless of her once crimson cheeks, that are growing pale as she wears her life away to aid the helpless. Watch her in the dark places of earth, as she disputes, step by step, the march of disease, pestilence and death, while others, seemingly stronger and braver, shrink away. Silently, calmly, nobly she meets misfortune, faces pain and danger—with less timidity than she formerly met an admiring gaze—and ever with consolation in her heart, and a blessing on her lips. In the hour of triumph and splendor she appears a butterfly of uselessness, but let adversity come, then behold her true worth—a diamond of the first water, freed from the dross! Thus woman is a wondrous mystery, from whom radiates the charm of the darkest places, as well as the brightest spots of earth!

As Bertha sat there in the afternoon's waning light, she could not help watching his handsome face with admiration. And lying there, he really formed a fine picture of manly beauty, his face slightly turned to one side, and his head reclining lightly on his arm, which was half buried in the snowy pillow; his dark hair curling in a profusion of ringlets over his pale brow, his cheeks plump and white—where not browned by exposure; his dark brown moustache shading the mouth and dimpled chin with the old, familiar boyish sweetness about them she remembered so well; the collar of his shirt was rolled back, exposing the white, round throat, which arose gracefully from the firm, square shoulders, almost as plump as those of a girl; his eyes were gently closed, hiding



the light in them, which she had seen so often melt into softness in the presence of those he loved, or glitter with daring when facing a foe; he breathed lightly, and seemed to be resting easily, except for an occasional twinge of the muscles of the neck and shoulder, which showed that he suffered pain. Altogether, viewed in the afternoon's sunlight, it was a face few could look upon and not admire and trust. And there came into her heart an irresistible longing to possess a picture of that noble face she loved so dearly, for she felt it would lighten her sorrow to still retain the image of his face, although he should be taken from her forever. She brought the best sketching material she could find, and went quietly and eagerly to work, and although she had done no artistic work since leaving St. Arlyle, she found she was as skillful as ever with the pencil and brush. Seated by a small table in the waning light of that sultry July afternoon, with the battle raging so near that the smoke and roar of the cannon rolled into the room, while the concussion of the great guns shook the house, she applied herself diligently in making a drawing of the face she cherished so dearly and feared she might lose forever.

As she drew the outlines of his face all the old love welled up in her heart, and as she gazed with inexpressible pity and emotion upon him, there came over her a sudden irresistible impulse, and, walking to the bed, she knelt by his side and dropped a kiss upon his lips, as silently and lightly as a dewdrop falls, as she murmured: "Oh! my poor boy! My poor boy!"

She drew back almost affrighted as her face

grew crimson and hot with shame, for she thought she saw his eyes partly open and his lips move. But this must have been a momentary delusion, caused by her agitation, for when she looked again he still lay in the same unconscious state.

Thus during the afternoon, when not attending to the wounded soldier, she occupied herself at her drawing. Night came, and with it the close of the second day of the battle, and her portrait was nearly finished.

It was almost noon the next day before she was able to resume her drawing. The last sounds of the conflict had died away early in the morning and the warm, sultry air swept into the room amid a deep silence, only broken by the noise of her brush or pencil on the canvas. But it was the calm soon to be broken by that memorable storm of destruction of the 3d of July, that through all the after years of her life she never could forget.

The little clock on the shelf had almost marked the hour of one, when there came a terrific roar from the Confederate guns that shook the house. For nearly fifteen minutes they roared away without a reply. Then came the Federal answer, all along their line, from the mouths of almost 300 cannon. The roar of the artillery was fearful; the house shook and rocked till it seemed to her like a ship in a gale; the window panes were shattered to fragments and the glass strewn on the floor; the table before her seemed to dance, while her hand seemed to beat about on the canvas. She could not remain quiet, but rushed repeatedly to the window and gazed out; she could see nothing but the thick clouds of sulphurous smoke, amid

which flashed the flames from the cannons' mouths. From the window she repeatedly went to the wounded soldier's side and gazed at his face, but he always lay in the same trance-like sleep—unconscious of it all. Thus for two hours raged the terrible storm of human wrath; then came a lull in the mighty cannonade. Then she watched eagerly and excitedly the last desperate struggle for victory between the opposing infantry, as Pickett's Virginians charged fiercely and stubbornly up the hill amid the storm of bullets and balls, while the smoke hung about their partly hidden ranks like banks of mist. Thus the afternoon wore away, and the sun sank lower and lower, till it appeared a great fiery ball in the west; then she saw the Confederates fall back in wild confusion, and she knew their charge had failed, and that the great battle of Gettysburg was ended!

She sat in silence by the window till the last beams of day faded, and the flashes and reports of the pickets' muskets grew less and less frequent, till at last they became silent in the gathering gloom; then, as the sentinel stars began to fill the sky, there came into her heart a feeling of sadness—a feeling of impending grief and pain, hanging over her like a black pall! Can it be possible that in the hidden and mysterious workings of the mind, there came to her a premonition of the loss and sorrow the darkness was bringing? For that night on the battle field she lost forever, by a picket's random shot, one of the dearest and truest friends of her girlhood, although she did not learn of it until long afterward.

Throughout the mighty roar of the battle and for weeks after, Charlie Landon remained unconscious. For consciousness had entirely left him from the moment he fell from his horse while resisting at the head of his men the fierce charge of the Confederate infantry. He felt the sharp sting of the bullet wounds in his arm and breast, but, heedless of them, he rode onward, until from the loss of blood he grew suddenly faint and there seemed to dart through his brain a thousand flashes of light, mingled with a terrible roar, while the sun grew suddenly dark, and he seemed to be falling into an immense black gulf, and then consciousness left him. The first faint revival of feeling was followed by a succession of dreams of the wildest imaginable sufferings. He was crushed beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut car. He was stretched on the bed of Procrustes, while the inhuman Damaster hacked and pulled his limbs asunder. He was Tantalus, in water up to his chin, yet unable to quench his burning thirst. He was Tityus, chained to a rock, while the vultures were constantly gnawing at his vitals. Then came a delightful change in his visions. An angelic face hovered above him, while soft, gentle hands cooled his parched lips and bathed his burning brow. And oh! how sweet and delicious it all was! Then the old horrors would return, but ere long the same sweet, sympathetic face would float above him, and the same gentle hands, with ice-cold water, would quench his burning thirst and cool his aching brow. Once he thought the beautiful face bent down and kissed him ten-

derly. And then he thought how much its features resembled Bertha's lovely face.

At last, one day toward the close of August he awoke perfectly rational. It was an exquisite summer afternoon and the balmy air swept into the room, laden with the redolence of tree and flower, and he lay in the large, cool, airy apartment with a delicious feeling of pleasure and rest. As he turned his head on the pillow he made a slight noise. Instantly a girlish figure reading near the window glanced toward the bed, and then glided from the room. But not before he had recognized the beautiful face of Bertha, the same sweet, pitying face that he had seen in all his dreams.

From that day his recovery was rapid. But he did not see again the face he most wished to look upon with the deepest yearnings of his heart. And his first inquiry when he was able to be about the room was for her. They informed him that she had sailed from New York for Rome, there to study painting for the next two years. It was a bitter disappointment to him, but he bore it bravely. The first day he was able to walk about the room he found lying on the table a dainty blue gold-banded cap that he had often seen Bertha wear. It had been presented to her by the wounded soldiers of a Fredericksburg hospital during their convalescence, as a tribute of their gratitude for her many deeds of kindness to them. He took up the cap almost reverently and placed it in the breast pocket of his coat, as he thought it was the last memento of the girl he still truly and tenderly loved, and who in his helplessness had

with her own hands guarded him from death. And he felt how readily, yea, gladly, would he give the life she had saved to prove his gratitude and love for her. "But, alas!" he thought sadly, "we may never meet again, but I shall love her truly as long as life remains. May Heaven protect her and shower its brightest blessings on her curly head!"

When he had gained sufficient strength he joined his brigade again, and followed the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac to the close of the war.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### AT REST IN HEAVEN.

*Virtus requiei nescia sordidæ.*

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;

We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts.  
—N. A. Priest.

It was the evening of the close of the great Battle of Gettysburg; the dim twilight was fast fading into night, and through the gathering mist that was steadily enveloping the battle field, the early stars twinkled with an uncertain light. The main bodies of the great opposing armies had fallen back to their camping grounds, and already their camp-fires were casting shifting and fantastic flashes of light and shadow on the banks of mist and the adjoining trees. The advanced pickets







of the contending forces—who were not more than three-quarters of a mile apart—kept up a desultory fire at each other, as the red flashes darting through the mist, followed by the whiz of bullets, plainly told.

Colonel Edward Wilberton was riding along the Confederate picket line, when in the gathering gloom he suddenly thought he saw a familiar figure near him, and, turning his horse, he rode toward it. He was not mistaken, for it was his wife, May, who had just arisen from dressing a soldier's wound and giving him a drink of spirits. As her husband approached her he cried excitedly, as he heard a bullet hum past his head:

"May, for Heaven's sake, go back! This is no place for you. You are recklessly risking your life!"

"But what will become of this wounded man?" asked the noble girl.

"I will send an ambulance to remove him," he answered, as he sprang from his horse. And as hurried toward her, he exclaimed excitedly: "Hurry, May! You must not stay here! I will go with you, but for my sake be quick! It is dangerous, my darling!"

The words had scarcely left his lips when she was struck full in the left breast by a bullet. But before she fell he caught her in his arms as he cried: "Oh, my darling!"

He pillowed her head on his breast just as the warm blood spurted over her dress, staining it a crimson hue. He hastily tore open the bosom of her dress and endeavored to staunch the flow with his handkerchief, but in vain. It poured forth,

deluging the snowy breasts and crimsoning the golden hair that had fallen over her shoulders.

"Oh, my darling! you are dying!" he cried in agony.

"Don't feel so bad, Edward, dear," cried the noble girl. "I'm in God's hands and——"

Her head fell against his shoulder and the words died on her lips. He placed his canteen to her lips, and after a few sips she rallied, and throwing her arm around his neck, rested calmly in his encircling arms. For often, on the battle field, the wound that is mortal is painless, and so hers seemed to be, for after a moment she raised her blue eyes, and looking into his face with all a woman's tender trust, said:

"Don't cry, Edward. I'm not suffering. And above all are God's everlasting arms."

After a moment's silence she continued: "I want you to tell Bertha when you see her, that my last moments were peaceful and happy. And tell her to crush back her pride and to be true to her own heart's love, and Heaven will bless her."

She grew rapidly weaker, as she said with a struggle: "Good-bye, my boy. Don't feel so bad. We've had a happy life together. It seems hard to go. Yet God's will be done. I shall surely meet you on the shining shore of peace. Farewell!"

"Oh, my darling May," he cried, as her arm tightened convulsively and passionately around his neck, and her eyes eagerly sought his, with a last, wild, loving glance. Then the little hand relaxed its grasp on his neck and the snowy eyelids drooped forever over the sweet blue eyes. He

bent his head quickly and kissed the red lips, as with her parting breath a heavenly smile flitted over them, then as his head sank on her breast, he felt the last throb of her heart, and he knew that her rosy lips would never smile upon him again, and that her sweet blue eyes would never greet him more!

The mist had melted away and the last rays of twilight fell full upon her dainty, drooping form, yet beautiful even in death, and seemingly clinging to him just as she had clung with her last parting strength, while he still clasped her form with all the tenderness of his deep love! Thus solemnly the last light faded and night enveloped the Pennsylvania hills—and dark and gloomy it fell upon him. In that long, sorrowful night that closed around him, sprang forth the shadowy spectres of sweet memories, hopes and affections that haunted him but to remind him that they were dead; yet at first he did not fully realize his loss. It came upon him by degrees, with a feeling of desolation—like one alone on a rocky isle—that his first love, and that his brightest hopes, dreams and wishes were shattered forever! The night wore on, and the full moon shed its light over the field, but still he remained, grasping the beloved form, motionless, dazed and bewildered, like one in a dream. The clear, silvery moonlight fell full upon her form, where yet lingered the wondrous beauty of her slender, rounded figure, with the long, light-colored hair, the beautiful white face, as finely moulded as that of a statue, the snowy eyelids fringed by the long dark lashes, the fine cut lips, as tenderly wreathed in a smile as if yet

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animated with life, the throat and shoulders round and white, and the snowy breasts beautifully carved and unmarred in their whiteness, except for the small red wound, which showed where the tide of life had ebbed away. Thus unchanged,

“Death lay on her like an untimely frost,  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.”

Long after midnight they found him, still clinging to her dead form. They bore her body into camp, and he followed, like one in a trance. The next day he had her body sent away to be buried in the St. Arlyle graveyard. Then with a broken and bruised heart he joined his regiment again, and fought through the war to the bitter end. No wonder those few Southern soldiers remaining toward the close of the war resisted so stubbornly and desperately though they knew their cause was hopeless, for by the loss of their homes, firesides, and—like Edward Wilberton—those they had loved as dearly as their own lives, they grew fearless and reckless, till even death itself had no terrors for them!

## CHAPTER XL.

### NEARING THE END.

“Night closed around the conqueror’s way,  
And lightning showed the distant hills,  
Where those who lost that dreadful day  
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.”

We now come to the closing scenes of the Civil War. The days of the last conflicts around Rich-

mond, on old Virginia's blood-stained soil. General Grant's immense army had been pouring, day and night, for weeks, a heavy fire with mortar, cannon and musket upon the Confederate lines in front of Petersburg. When a Federal fell he was replaced by a recruit. But when a Confederate was killed his place remained vacant. Death, disease and desertion had so reduced Lee's army in those last days in March, 1865, that he did not have one man to every ten feet of fortification. Starvation stared them in the face, like a hungry wolf, for unbolted corn and black molasses were their only rations, and even these were dealt out to them in meagre quantities, while their clothing was in rags, and hundreds of them were almost barefooted. Grant's great army gave them no rest, and men who fought all day to save one point were marched all night to be ready to save another. Tired and worn out, the Confederate soldiers fell asleep but to be awakened by the bursting of shells in their midst, or by the fierce attack of their assailants. During their last long defense of Petersburg and Richmond, when it must have been as apparent to all that their cause was hopeless as it was to Lee himself, they struggled on through a sea of troubles and hardships with a patriotism and devotion that the world must ever acknowledge was truly heroic.

Meanwhile, every day Grant's great army was extending its lines and encircling them like an immense boa constrictor. And in the grimness of despair the Confederate chieftain resolved to make a daring and desperate effort to pierce the

mighty Federal army that was crushing him in its folds.

This daring venture was an attempt to penetrate and cut the mighty Federal army through its center. The plan was to attack Fort Steadman (one of Grant's strongest and most advanced forts) at night, and also the three other forts commanding it; then, after capturing them, to push forward and fall upon the rear of the National army. By thus surprising the great army at night it would give the Confederates a chance of success. And if the forts were captured the Federal army would be cut in two, and thrown into confusion.

A few minutes before midnight, on the 25th of March, the Confederates silently assembled at their salient point, in front of the fort, to be ready to rush upon it. Every man was prepared and knew the work before him. The open space over which they must rush could be swept by over thirty Federal cannon and more than five thousand muskets. Every detail had been planned, and the last preparation was for each Confederate to tie a white cloth around his arm, so that he could be recognized by his comrades in the dark.

First rushed across the open space about two hundred men, armed with axes, who in five minutes cut down the abatis in front of the fort. Had these men attempted to cross the space by daylight not one of them would have lived two minutes. Following these men came the storming columns of infantry, who, after capturing the pickets, swarmed into the fort. So surprised were

the Federals in the fort that they offered no resistance, for when they sprang to their feet they were confronted by Confederate bayonets. After capturing the fort the attacking columns pressed forward, but in the darkness the guides became confused, and the men were unable to find the works that commanded Fort Steadman, and with breaking of day the Confederates were compelled to retreat to the captured works, and General Gordon, who had directed the assault, made preparations to hold the fort.

The moment daylight broke the Federal artillerymen sighted their guns on the fort, while at the same time the Confederates trained their heavy guns to reply, and for over an hour a terrific artillery contest was maintained. Round shot, shell and grape fell so rapidly into the fort that soon every gun in it was silenced, and the ground inside was covered with dead and wounded. But still the Confederates clung to the fort, and although the Federals made three charges upon it, they were received with such a heavy musketry fire that they were compelled to fall back. But gradually the mighty Federal army drew closer and closer, and finally an entire corps prepared to assault the fort. There now only remained for the Confederates in the fort either to await capture or to retreat across the narrow open space, swept by the National artillery and musketry.

Hundreds of Confederates attempted to escape by rushing across the open space to their own lines. They started singly and in numbers, but however they started the result was the same; they were mowed down by the storm of bullets.

Men who started alone would be struck by a dozen bullets. And out of squads of thirty or forty who started to cross the vale of death, but two or three would escape. Thus for over an hour they endeavored to escape, till the open space was literally covered with the dead. These retreats gradually weakened the force in the fort, and it was finally carried by a Federal charge.

General Lee had staked all in this last desperate venture and lost, and that night his force was weaker by fifteen hundred men. The cloud that had ever hung over the stormy events of the Confederacy, often growing bright in the early days of the war, but to suddenly grow dark at Gettysburg, and again on the battle field of the Wilderness, had now grown blacker and more threatening, till its heavy shadow told unmistakably of the impending end!

\* \* \* \* \*

In this battle fell several of St. Arlyle's men, and among them Bertha lost that night one of the truest and best friends of her girlhood, noble Dr. Granville. In exposing himself, with his accustomed bravery wherever the cause of suffering humanity led, he sprang conspicuously on one of the redoubts to rescue a wounded soldier. A perfect storm of bullets fell around him, and it was the last time many of the men ever saw his stately and well-known form, for he was struck full in the breast by a bullet from a sharp-shooter's rifle, and fell mortally wounded into the arms of an officer of the St. Arlyle regiment, who, with the assistance of others, bore him to the rear.



They soon found a surgeon, who, after dressing the wound, recognized in his patient a former friend, whom he had not seen for years. As their eyes met the former exclaimed:

"Why, it is Benjamin Granville! Do you remember me?"

"Yes, very well," replied Dr. Granville.

"I once did you a great injury, long years ago, and I have been sorry for it many times since. Can you forgive me?" said the surgeon.

"Yes," replied Dr. Granville, "for I forgave you many years ago. You know Bacon says, 'He that cannot forgive others, breaks down the bridge over which he must pass himself.' And one of the noblest lessons I've learned in life is to forgive, and, as far as the heart can, to forget, so that through the march of years my heart has grown lighter and more peaceful as I descend life's rugged pathway. Thus it becomes the calmest and happiest, just before the tomb, like a flower of spring time, the brightest before it fades."

"What do you think of my case?" Dr. Granville asked suddenly.

"It is a very dangerous wound," replied the old surgeon, as he shook his head sadly.

"Yes, as a surgeon, I understand it full well," said Dr. Granville. "The wound is mortal. I had hoped to live to see peace again. But I submit to a higher will than mine. It was my greatest wish to see my country again at peace. For I think the Republic's grandest glory is just beginning to dawn through the vista of coming years. For the brightest years and noblest are often those

after emerging from the gloom of strife and care, like the bright sunshine that bursts at last through a stormy sky, flooding all around. And I still believe a republic is the true form of government, for it is based on the principles of equal rights to all, equal on earth, as they will be in Heaven, rewarded when they do right, punished when they do wrong."

At that moment one of Dr. Granville's friends approached his bed and said:

"Oh, I am so sorry your case is hopeless!"

"No, not hopeless," said the noble man, "for I still have Heaven. And there is nothing so sweet in life as going home to Heaven. Tired with the struggles of earth, we lay down the burden at last, for the eternal rest. For God has said, 'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.'"

He lingered on in pain until evening, but no word of complaint or moan escaped his lips, lest those around him in the hospital tent less dangerously wounded than himself should hear it and feel discouraged. As the darkness closed around and the "cease firing" was sounded through the Federal lines, a smile stole over his face, and those who were beside his bed knelt down to catch his dying words. They were of the happy, peaceful years passed in the little village of St. Arlyle, and in his thoughts he was again in the college class-room, once more instructing the students, now scattered over the wide world, for, stretching forth his hand, he said: "It grows dark, students, you may go! But the glorious light is bursting on the other shore!" Then he

turned his head wearily on the pillow, and the "light of immortal beauty silently covered his face," as Benjamin Granville yielded up his noble and loving soul to the God who gave it. His grave is in the little church yard in St. Arlyle, and over it stands a marble monument, but his greatest tomb is in the hearts of the men and women who loved him too truly ever to need a marble shaft to remind them of the noble, generous man!

Bertha read of his death in Rome in an article in an American journal entitled, "A Great Loss to Science." And tears filled her eyes as she realized that in his death she had lost another of the truest and noblest friends of her girlhood's years. And as she sat in the waning light by the window overlooking the waters of the Tiber there arose through the mist of her tears a sea of familiar faces, all victims of the terrible Civil War, and each intimately linked with her own life, some cherished, others dearly beloved. One of them was that of a dark-haired boy, who fell in the early days of the war, on the picket line along the Potomac River, with a bullet through his brave young Irish heart. She remembered well when they bore him into camp, with the night dew still fresh on his young, pale face, and buried him in a soldier's grave, with a wreath on his breast—a tribute from her own hands.

And another—a man's face, who received his mortal wound on the battle field of Chancellorsville; one who had been wild and wayward, and at times even wicked, but who, ere his heart was stilled forever, had found the perfect faith and peace.

And still another—a sweet, girlish face, with bright blue eyes and sunny hair, who died with a bullet through her pure young heart, on the field of Gettysburg. “Ah, my darling May,” Bertha murmured, “how little did I think when we wandered together through the shady lanes and over the green meadows of St. Arlyle, and past the little church yard, that you would meet your death on the field of battle, and that your final resting place would so soon be there. Sweet, calm and pale your face must have appeared when you met the end, with kind thoughts and wishes for others, even in the throes of death, like that noble man’s face, peaceful and calm, for he feared not death. So will your faces appear on the shore of the great Hereafter, if I am permitted to see them there, only far nobler yet, with the halo of immortal beauty around your heads!”

## CHAPTER XLI.

### THE DAWN OF PEACE.

O beauteous peace!

Sweet union of a state! what else but thou  
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people?

—*Thompson.*

On all human events, at some period the curtain falls, and the play is over; so we now come to the last act in the bloody drama of the great Civil War. Even the Confederates knew the end was coming fast. For the shadows were already gathering darkly that were soon to envelope the last faint ray of hope! The shattered Army of



*(A Village Mystery and  
Through War to Peace)*



Northern Virginia, now reduced to less than eight thousand men, had fallen back to the little town of Appomattox. The Confederate troops were almost in a hopeless condition, their strong works in front of Fredericksburg captured, their lines of retreat and communication severed by their being driven upon the peninsula formed by the James and Appomattox rivers, while in their front the great Federal army was closing upon them in the form of a mighty semicircle, yet, in the grimness of despair, that fragment of the once proud Army of Northern Virginia, like a dying lion at bay, still now and then makes the foe feel the sharp sting of its claws, and still tosses its royal head in defiance.

It was scarcely daylight on the morning of the 9th of April—the day that is to decide the fate of Lee's army—but already the roar of the cannon announces that the battle has begun. As the sun mounts higher the roar of the guns grows louder, and the battle becomes more and more general. And as the serried ranks of the great semicircle approach the Confederates, they catch in the distance through the trees and underbrush an occasional glimpse of Sheridan's cavalymen as they close upon the foe! But the Confederates attack the cavalry savagely, and as they drive it back, a cheer bursts from their ranks, but in a few minutes more their exultation is changed to despair, for they see that the cavalry is but falling back upon the heavy masses of infantry and artillery that form the mighty semicircle that is advancing to envelope them like the irresistible hand of Fate! Rapidly the Federal troops dash over

swamp and stream, with the wildest excitement, for they know that unless the enemy can break through their lines within fifteen minutes all is over with the Army of Northern Virginia. As the great semicircle closes about the Confederates the battle rages all along the line, while the sky becomes ablaze with flame as the cannons and mortars hurl forth their shot and shell!

Suddenly two horsemen gallop out from the Confederate line, and one of them waves a flag of truce, while the other—heedless of the storm of bullets and balls—rides rapidly across the open space, and, as he gracefully salutes the Federal commander, he says:

“Sir, General Longstreet desires a cessation of hostilities until he can hear from General Lee, as to a proposal of surrender.”

Immediately the fire slackens on both sides, and in a few minutes more the order is sounded along the Federal line to “cease firing” and to halt. *The die is cast! The end has come!*

A truce is agreed upon until four o’clock in the afternoon. Four o’clock comes, but no word is heard from either of the great commanders, and there is no alternative left but to renew the battle, as the order is issued along the Federal lines: “Prepare to make or receive an attack in ten minutes.” The ten minutes elapse, and the Federal skirmishers are pressing forward, when suddenly comes the order to *halt*, and with it the information that *Lee has surrendered*. Instantly the Federal lines are broken, and cheer after cheer rends the air until late in the night.

Early in the afternoon of that day—the 9th



of April, 1865—an officer, accompanied by but a single aid, rode out of the Confederate camp toward the Federal lines. He was mounted on a powerful gray horse, and wore a spotless gray uniform, that fitted his large and finely moulded figure to perfection, while on the collar of his coat glittered the stars of the highest rank of the Confederate Army. There was a natural dignity and modest reserve, blended with a singular, calm gentleness about his every action that would win from the most casual observer respect, even admiration. His hair was as white as the driven snow, his face was very pale, and there was a deep expression of sadness upon it, yet blended with a rare charm of sweetness and intelligence; his brow, thoughtful and grave, was tinged with the shadows of care and sorrow, while his bright eyes lighted up his face with a singular fascination one could not soon forget; but that which would have most attracted one's attention was the calm expression of power and determination, so indelibly imprinted there that it seemed nothing in life could shake. Altogether it was an intellectual face of a man of rare, magnetic, commanding power and penetrating judgment.

As he approached a Confederate outpost the soldier saluted and the officer bowed with a cold smile that rendered his face even more sad. When he had passed one of the soldiers exclaimed: "It is General Lee, going to surrender the army!"

"Yes," replied another, "and I tell you it's a hard duty for him to perform."

On reaching the house where the terms of sur-

render were to be arranged, General Lee and his aid, Colonel Marshall, dismounted and entered a small room in the left corner. It was an old styled, double house, with a piazza extending across the front, and was known as the McLean house. In the small room where the interview took place were gathered several officers, and among them were two young men seated at a table, reducing to writing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia to the Army of the Potomac. One of the young men, Colonel Marshall—a great-grandson of Chief Justice Marshall—was acting on behalf of General Lee; the other, a man with a dusky countenance—a grand-nephew of the celebrated Indian chief, Red Jacket—was acting under Ulysses S. Grant.

At a short distance apart and facing each other sat two remarkable men; remarkable for having been the chief actors in the great Civil War. The larger and elder of the two was the more impressive in his appearance. His face pale and massive—seemingly with an expression of calm indifference upon it—was surrounded by a mass of snow white hair. There was not a spot upon his bright gray uniform, and the gauntlets which he wore were as white and unsullied as a lady's glove. He was fully equipped with sword, belt and sash. That was General R. E. Lee. The other was a smaller man, with a remarkably determined face, but on which there was now a peculiar expression, like that on a man's countenance who is endeavoring not to give pain, but seems at a loss how to avoid it. In his dress he

contrasted strongly with Lee; his boots were almost covered with mud, his uniform, the coat of which was minus several buttons, was splashed with spots of earth, and he wore no sword, belt or sash. Altogether, he looked like a soldier who had just returned from a rough campaign. That was Ulysses S. Grant, the victor.

The greeting between the two commanders, though short, was courteous, even kind, and they immediately proceeded to business. It was a great and thrilling occasion, and wonderful memories must have crowded upon those two men as they sat face to face. Memories that must have thrilled their hearts as their thoughts wandered back to those stirring scenes during those four years of Civil War, when brothers' swords were wet with brothers' blood, and in which they had been the leading actors on the opposing sides. And now at last the end had come, and they had met together to sheath their swords in peace and drop the curtain forever on one of the most remarkable and bloody dramas of the Nineteenth Century!

In that little room there fell a death-like silence, broken only by the scratch of the secretaries' pens upon the paper, for all felt the overpowering influence of the great scene they were witnessing. The silence was so deep and continuous that at last it became embarrassing, and, to break the spell, General Grant said, apologetically, as he noticed the fully equipped and faultless appearance of Lee, contrasting vividly with his own negligent dress and absence of arms:

"General Lee, I have no sword; I have been

riding all night. I do not always carry a sword, because a sword is sometimes a very inconvenient thing."

Lee made no reply, but in a formal, almost haughty manner, bowed with a grace and pride that after all became him so well. Again the silence fell, seemingly deeper and more embarrassing than before. When again, to relieve the awkwardness of the occasion, General Grant asked:

"General Lee, what became of the white horse you rode in Mexico? He might not be dead yet; he was not so old."

Lee bowed in the same formal manner, as he replied:

"I left him at the White House on the Pamunky River, and I have not seen him since."

At last the secretaries had reduced to writing the terms of the surrender, when the two commanders signed the instruments, after which there was a whispered conversation between Grant and Lee, which no one else but the two great chieftains heard. Then General Lee arose in that stately pride that seemed a part of the man, and bowed separately to each officer on the Federal side. Then, turning, he left the room, and striding down the garden in front of the house, bestrode the gray horse that had carried him through all the Virginia campaigns, and rode away.

When Lee had left the room Grant called his officers about him and then they learned the import of the whispered conversation, as the Federal chieftain said:

"General Lee's army is on the point of starva-

tion, and we must assist them all we can. You," he said, naming an officer, "go to the Fifth Corps, and you to the Twenty-fourth," thus naming every corps, "and ask every man who has three rations to turn over two to the Confederates. Go to the commissaries and the quartermasters and tell them to send all the food they can spare."

The orders were quickly obeyed, and before night 25,000 rations were carried to the Army of Northern Virginia.

As General Lee rode slowly back in silence there gradually mingled with the deep sadness on his face a far-away expression, as if his thoughts were wandering to other scenes in that bloody drama, in which he had acted such a prominent part, and no words can express the humiliation that proud nature must have felt, as he met face to face the bitter end of all his hopes.

When early in the afternoon Lee had been seen riding toward the McLean house the rumor of the surrender flew rapidly through the Confederate camp. And when, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he was seen slowly and thoughtfully riding back, it was known that the terms of surrender had been completed. Reaching his headquarters he called his officers about him and explained to them the terms of the surrender. On hearing them they expressed their entire satisfaction at his course. The lines of battle, which had been drawn up awaiting a possible renewal of the conflict, were then broken, and eagerly the men crowded around their chief to clasp his hand. It was a touching scene as they crowded around their old commander—under whom they had fought on

many a bloody field for four long years—and expressed their love and confidence in him still. Many of their eyes were moist as they shook his hand and felt they were parting forever from their beloved chieftain. Sad, indeed, it was for those proud men to hear that they could do no more, but furl their colors forever and go back to their shattered homes again; but in their simple words and actions there was something grand and noble, and their commander felt that there was no need of words of explanation, or vain regrets to such heroic men, as he said simply, while over his face came almost a womanly tenderness:

“Men, we have fought through the war together, and I have done the best I could for you.”

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On the 12th of April the Army of Northern Virginia had its last review, and as early as five o'clock on that morning a Federal division, under General Chamberlain, was formed in line of battle to receive the surrender of the arms and colors of the Confederates. The Federal line was nearly a mile in length, extending from the river bank along the streets of the village, almost to the court house. As they stood there they saw, through the morning mist, the Confederates breaking camp, and then slowly and reluctantly forming ranks for the last time. Then the Southern men wheeled into column of march and moved forward, with their battle flags, the stars and bars, flying. First came General Gordon, with Stonewall Jackson's corps, then Longstreet's corps, commanded by Heath. As the head of the Con-

federate column arrived opposite the Federal right the bugle sounded, and the National troops presented arms, while their officers saluted. The Confederate commander, General Gordon, noticing this courteous recognition, also brought his men to a present and saluted with his sword. Then the Confederates wheeled into line of battle, and the two former contending armies *stood facing each other in peace for the first time and the last!*

Amid not the sound of a trumpet, nor the roll of a drum, but in a stillness as if the dead were passing there, the Southern soldiers stepped forward in squads and stacked their arms and took off their cartridge boxes and placed them in heaps. And last of all, they furled their battle flags, and as they laid them in the dust—the colors they had risked their lives so often to defend—they knelt down and kissed them, while their eyes filled with burning tears. It was a touching scene, and many a heart was full, even on the Federal side. Then only the stars and stripes waved over the field. Thus throughout the day the men of division after division marched forward and surrendered their arms, then after they had given their word of honor never to take up arms against their country again, they were set at liberty. Meanwhile, during that entire day not a cheer, not a taunt, not even a whispered boast of vain glory escaped from a single Federal soldier. For there came over the victors a tender feeling of almost brotherly friendship for their former foes, as they felt they were *fellow soldiers and fellow countrymen at last!*

In this last closing scene General Grant was not present, and with a tenderness that will ever be

remembered by those vanquished men, he spared everything in his power that would wound their feelings, or that tended to imply the humiliation of a conquered foe. But, on the contrary, he received the surrender of the Southern men with a kind recognition that they were soon to be friends and countrymen again. Nor did General Grant's magnanimity end here, for he insisted that the private property of the Confederates should be respected, though the public property of the Southern army should be surrendered. And when asked if they should surrender their horses, he answered, "No, tell them to keep them! they will need them to plow their farms."

The Confederates, after having surrendered their arms and accoutrements, and taking the oath of allegiance, were allowed to roam at will. Then followed a remarkable scene, rarely, if ever, witnessed in the world's history before, victor and vanquished mingled in one great fraternal friendship, while the Federals divided with them their food, tobacco, etc. It was truly a wonderful scene of forgiving and forgetting.

There was one knot of soldiers collected near the right of the field, who would have especially attracted one's attention by their unusual jollity and good fellowship. And it needed but a single glance of the beholder to tell that they were former members of the Vandal club. Some were in blue uniforms, others in gray, but national differences had no effect on their hilarity and friendship. In their midst stood Tom Gleaton, distributing the food in his knapsack, and at the same



time discussing the edible qualities of sawdust pudding.

"Well," said a Vandal in gray, in answer to a question from Gleaton, "you know for the last two months we've been pretty hard up for food, in fact, we haven't had any at all. And the pangs of starvation have a very trying effect on a fellow's ingenuity, so when we came to an old saw mill, we resolved to make some sawdust pudding. We got some sawdust, stirred it up with water, put in some sugar, and baked it over a camp fire."

"Well, how did it eat?" asked Gleaton.

"It was a pretty tough dose. Little better than leather soup, but still it was better than nothing!"

At this moment the little group was joined by General Landon, who, after he had shaken hands with the Vandals in gray, distributed the food in his small bag among them, which was eagerly devoured.

"But," said Landon, in answer to their complaints, "didn't you have any meat?"

"Oh, once in a while we killed a mule, and I tell you it is wonderful how such small bits of meat stood so much chewing!"

At this juncture the men in gray were joined by a terrible hungry-looking African, who, attracted by General Landon's bright shoulder straps, poked a Vandal in the back and whispered in his ear:

"Ax de General if he has food of any description 'bout his pusson."

"Hush up, Sambo," replied the Vandal, "do you think the General's a traveling cook-shop?"

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"But he mought have a little extra bacon?" suggested the darkey.

"Hush up," said another Vandal, "you're always hungry."

The negro's pantomimic motions had not escaped Gleaton's observation, who said to Landon, "he's a terrible hungry looking African. The personification of starvation. I can tell by the drop of his under jaw."

"How about the size of his mouth?" suggested Landon.

"A fine opening for provisions."

General Landon had sent for a quantity of food, which now arrived, and the negro eagerly stepped forward to participate in the feast.

"Hold on," said Landon, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "you're an enemy, and it's against the laws of war to feed an enemy."

"I wuz, Massa General, but golly, I'ze loyal 'nough now."

"Well, then, we'll have to feed you."

And soon the negro was devouring the food with great gusto, as he rolled the whites of his eyes about.

A Vandal in gray was cutting the rind off some bacon, when a pompous officer of the commissary general's staff, passing, exclaimed: "Young man, it has been customary heretofore to eat bacon rind and all."

"All right, old man," replied the Vandal, amid a roar of laughter, "*I'm cutting it off for you!*"

After the Vandals in blue and gray had shaken hands all around they parted with the best of feelings toward each other, as Gleaton said, "Now

we'll forgive past animosities, and sheath the sword, bury the hatchet, close the temple of Janus, furl the battle flag, smooth grim visaged war's wrinkled front, extend the olive branch——"

"And," added Landon, "smoke the calumet of peace."

"Thank you for the suggestion," replied Gleaton, "and if any of you don't happen to have a calumet about your person, a clay pipe will answer all practical purposes just as well."

"Here she is," said a Vandal, pulling out a short, black pipe.

Leaving the St. Arlyle group General Landon walked down the Confederate line, eagerly scanning every knot of men in gray. At last his face lighted up with an unusual interest as he caught sight of Ned Wilberton, the object of his search, and hurried toward him. As the two friends met for the first time since the commencement of the war they clasped hands in silence, with hearts too full for words. Landon was the first to break the silence, as he said sympathetically:

"This is a sad ending for you, my dear fellow! And I am sincerely sorry for you, but perhaps it is for the best."

"I hope so," said Wilberton sadly. "But I can't say so yet. But I hope some time, with God's help, to be able to do so. But my heart is too full of sorrow, and, I'm afraid, of bitterness also, to say so now. Yet I know it is the duty of a soldier and of a true man to bear no enmity against his former foe. Yet you know all it has cost me; more than my country, the life of her I held dearer than my heart's blood. But I know it

would be her wish, if she were living, to speed the day of peace and friendship between the North and South, and so, with God's help, I shall try and fulfill her wish, on my humble part."

"Heaven bless you," said Landon, "and help you to bear your trials and afflictions. I know her death was a terrible blow to you, for she was as noble a girl as ever lived!"

After a short conversation the two friends parted, with hearts too full to longer trust themselves in each other's presence.

As General Landon walked onward he came to a clump of bushes in which a number of soldiers were collected. And there he saw one of the most touching sights—in its very pathetic sweetness—of all the sad scenes of war—the dead form of a little drummer boy of wondrous beauty. He was dressed in a full blue uniform, and as he lay he appeared like a dethroned statue of an Apollo. His face was as beautiful as a god's and as fair and delicate as that of a girl; his right arm grasped his drum and his left rested gently across his breast. He seemed rather as if sleeping than dead. Kneeling beside him was another little drummer boy in gray—no larger than the other—endeavoring to pour water from a canteen between the white, cold lips, but his efforts were vain, for the little fellow had been dead for an hour or more.

It was a wonderfully affecting scene in its pure, tender pathos, and grim old warriors' eyes were wet, that had not been moist before for years.

After gazing in silence for several moments at

the touching scene, General Landon said, as his voice grew husky with emotion:

"It is a sad sight, yet a beautiful omen of the lasting peace of the Republic, for it portends that the rising generation are forgiving and forgetting, ere the sounds of the conflict have died away."

Then as Landon stepped forward and gently raised the little Confederate in his arms, he said tenderly:

"My little fellow, you can do no more for him. He is dead!"

"Dead!" said the little drummer, as tears rolled down his cheeks. "*Dead!* Will he never wake again?"

"No, my child," replied Landon almost brokenly. Then the little fellow released himself from the young officer's grasp, and kneeling down by the dead boy, kissed him as he said in his childish simplicity and faith: "Good-bye! God will take care of you now!" Then General Landon bore him away from the sorrowful scene.

The next day they rolled the little form in a blanket and buried it beneath a willow, with a cross above the grave on which was carved the single word: "Harry."

On the morrow came the parting between the men of the former contending armies, and it was almost with a fraternal friendship that they bade each other farewell, for whoever began the war, and whatever their past differences might have been, they had fought the great battles together, and now they were *fellow soldiers together at last!*

Singly, in groups, on horseback and on foot, the Confederates left for their far-away homes, and the great Federal army was left supreme and alone. Then the Army of the Potomac faces northward and receives its last orders before it begins its homeward march. As one of the adjutant-generals' assistants reads them he finishes with the following words:

"You will no longer be required to use the small tents, commonly called dog-tents (tents used in rapid marching), but you will be furnished with larger and better tents."

"Ah! that means," said Colonel Gleaton, pointing to the dog-tents with his sword, "that we're through with them to all *intents and purp-houses!*"

There was a burst of laughter from the men, while the officers shouted, "Silence in the ranks," though their own faces were wreathed in smiles.

Then the Federal army commenced its long march homeward. And it was dull and spiritless to those old soldiers to plod wearily along, without skirmishers ahead, and when they entered a valley to find no battery firing upon them from the heights beyond, but to feel they were a great army fully equipped for war, but without a foe.

Thus separated the two armies after four years of strife, and the men who met as foes parted at last as friends! They had learned to know each other better, and to love each other more, though the acquaintance had begun and ended on the blood-stained field of strife!

And now at last, through the dark, storm-lit clouds of war, were bursting the sweet beams of peace, like an angel of mercy heralding the happy

sunshine of future years; while from the homes in every part of the broad Republic were going up prayers of thanks that the scenes of blood and death were nearly over!

## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE LAST REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

“Bring out the flags before us,  
Unfurl them one by one;  
Ere laid in solemn silence,  
Away from sight and sun,  
With name and date of service,  
So men to come may read  
How sped the loyal forces,  
When brave hearts took the lead.”

The clear, silvery sunshine of the 23d of May, 1865, was sweeping over Washington City, bathing the huge capitol with a crowning splendor from its massive columns of dazzling whiteness to the very summit of the immense dome that rested majestically on its massive stone base like some giant monarch on his throne.

It was a day memorable for one of the great events in the closing scenes of the war—the last review and march of the Army of the Potomac.

Upon the broad expanse of Pennsylvania Avenue was drawn up in line the immense Army of the Potomac, numbering over 85,000 soldiers. It was the greatest display of martial strength the capital of the nation had ever yet witnessed, but as the morning sunbeams flashed on the gleaming arms of the long lines of men in blue, they fell

for the last time on that proud army, for now its work was through.

Early in the day there was a slight commotion among those veteran soldiers, then the bugle sounded and the Army of the Potomac wheeled into column of march, and with General Mead riding proudly at its head, filed in long and stately array through the streets of Washington City, from the capitol past the presidential mansion. Upon a platform erected in front of the White House stood President Andrew Johnson, and by his side stood General Grant, the commander of the armies of the United States. Around these two central figures were grouped the judges of the Supreme Court and the various officers of state.

Along the line of march immense crowds gazed upon the war-worn soldiers from every sidewalk, window, door-way and available house-top. Besides the thousands who had congregated through curiosity were hundreds of men, women and children who had flocked to Washington City with beating hearts, to welcome back from the army brothers, husbands, sons and fathers they had not seen for years. And as they caught sight—from the windows or sidewalks—of the loved ones, the wild cries of delight and fluttering of handkerchiefs announced the fact, while the answering cheers from the ranks told that the joy was mutual.

No wonder those brave men's steps were light and their hearts were gay as they realized it was their *last march!* What words they were to them. They meant no more terrible marches under a hot



southern sun, carrying heavy knapsacks. They meant farewell to tent and field and weary nights of picket duty. They meant an end to fields of blood and death, with the dangers of war leaving them crippled or dead. But, best of all, they meant a speedy reunion around the old hearthstones of home, amongst those they loved so dearly and tenderly.

Near the middle of the long column rode General Charlie Landon, at the head of his division, and at the rear of it came the St. Arlyle regiment, with Colonel Gleaton riding proudly at its head. Gleaton's explanation of the regiment being in the extreme rear was that it was not because the regiment was of the least importance, but, like the good things at a banquet, the best always came last.

As the regiment was passing a street corner a delegation from St. Arlyle, who had come to welcome back their soldier-boys, caught sight of them and instantly broke into cheer after cheer. So wild was their enthusiasm that even Gleaton for several moments was so overcome by the sight of their joyous faces and their wild huzzas that he could only wave his hat. The situation had become trying, when a soldier and whilom member of the Vandal club came to the rescue by slightly changing the old rallying cry on the battle field of Gettysburg: "We've come here to stay," to the words:

"We're going home to stay!" Instantly the cry rang along the ranks:

"We're going home to stay!" "We're going home to stay!"

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By this time Gleaton had regained his composure, as he remarked:

"Yes, Othello's occupation's gone. So we'll beat our swords into plowshares, and our spears into pruning hooks, and go home to stay!"

At this juncture the regimental band struck up the strains of "Pat Malloy," and immediately the whilom Vandals in the ranks began singing over and over again the familiar lines:

"But now I'm going home again, as poor as I began,  
To make a happy girl of Moll, and sure I think I can."

But instead of "Moll" they substituted various other girls' names, such as Belle, Nell, Em, etc. Perhaps these were the names of the sweethearts they had left behind them, but we will not try to pry into their private affairs.

At the end of the march the Army of the Potomac was drawn up in line once more, and the bands struck up their farewell strains, one near the center of the line playing the tune of "Roslyn Castle," the old air that had disbanded the Continental army at Newburg, more than eighty years before. And as the final strains floated on the air the men broke ranks for the last time, and the great Army of the Potomac disappeared from view forever; though its memory will ever live in the hearts and affections of the country, its soldiers fought so bravely to preserve.

As they heard the order to break ranks for the last time, and knew their toils and dangers were through, and felt that home and friends were near, it was a wonderful sight to see how differently these strong men expressed their delight.

Thousands broke into wild cheers, while some were too overcome with happiness to speak, and stood like statues, as their eyes filled with joyous tears as they felt they were near the realization of their greatest hopes and dreams!

A colonel when he heard the order sprang into the air, struck his heels together and turned a complete somersault. And as he regained his feet he shouted: "Hurrah for Peace! I never loved you half as well as now!"

A large captain sprang forward, clasped his wife—who had come to meet him—in his arms, and as he lifted her off her feet and kissed her a dozen times or more, cried: "Emily, you've either grown smaller or else my heart has grown bigger. I feel it's big enough to envelope a Colossus of Rhodes!"

"But," said Gleaton, who was standing behind him, "a pyramid, or perhaps old snowy-peaked Mount Blanc, might cool his ardor!"

A soldier had been standing calmly in the ranks, but when he heard the order to break ranks his face lit up with an unusual brightness as he exclaimed, aptly and tersely, even above the tumult:

"Great Heavens! Those are the words I've been listening for, for the last four years. They mean wife, home and children!"

What a world of meaning there was in that soldier's simple words. It was the order the whole army had been hoping for after many a long campaign, and after many a desperate battle. In fact, it was the order for which the entire nation of heart-sickened people was praying and longing.

But with the joys of Peace came the sad fare-

wells between comrades forever. Comrades who for weary years had shared their common meals and tents together, or marched side by side through many a long campaign, or stood shoulder to shoulder on many a bloody field, or nursed and encouraged each other through sickness and wounds, till they were endeared to each other by almost family ties!

Then also came the soldiers' last tender parting from their commanders, the officers who had led them with noble example and encouragement while sharing their common dangers and sufferings, too. Between none of the officers and the men was the parting more tender and sincere than between Charlie and the soldiers of his division. For there was a boyish frankness and generous good-heartedness about him that held a peculiar magnetism that very rarely failed to win its way to others' hearts. This, added to his dashing gallantry, his handsome face and fine commanding figure, and his brilliant flashes of conversation, showing his great depth of learning, and the easy, light and ingenuous way he had of imparting it, that won the attention and confidence of those about him, and above all, the sweet, tender expression that filled his eyes when his sympathies were aroused for a wounded soldier, or their daring glitter when facing a foe, that threw a charm about him few could resist.

At last the parting words were said, and the men scattered over the country to find rest in happy homes, surrounded by wife and children, or those they loved the best. And in the joys of peace and home old comrades were forgotten and

forever separated, except to meet by chance now and then as they talked over the thrilling scenes they had passed through together. What a world of meaning there is in the word home! It means more than the house we inhabit; it means those we love the dearest and the best! And over Charlie Landon there came a feeling of sadness, as he felt he had no home in the truest sense of the word; for she he loved dearer than life was separated from him, perhaps forever. So in his grim despair he took charge of a geological expedition, to explore for six months in South America, in hopes that amid the new life his heart would lose some of the weary pain that was ever gnawing at it, for he felt he never could forget or control his love for her.

The next day after the review of the Army of the Potomac, General Sherman rode proudly through Washington City at the head of 150,000 sunburned and toil-worn soldiers, who had just returned from that long, remarkable march from Atlanta to the sea. And that day they broke ranks forever, and ere sunset that mighty army was only a thing of the past. And now again the stars and stripes floated in peace over the Republic, from its northern boundry to its extreme southern line. And may Heaven speed the day when time has calmed the sorrows and benumbed the bitterness and regrets, and the heart is touched and softened by that tranquil and beautiful feeling, the memory of the dead—those brave soldiers in blue and gray, who fought for what they deemed the right—that feeling that arouses the better thoughts of our nature by the winning

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charm of sweet, pure sympathy, linked by the silver chord of memory and the golden chain of love to the everlasting world of peace; as if our souls had joined in mystic intercourse with the spirits of those across the waves of time?

Thus when the years have fallen, silent, calm and still—like the sunlight floods the globe—with an impartial touch on all, then will the laurels of victory have intertwined with the bliss of peace and love!

### CHAPTER XLIII.

#### SAD AND SWEET MEMORIES.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!  
How like quivering flames they start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearthstone of my heart.

—*Longfellow.*

Slowly the train was moving out of Rome on a beautiful afternoon in early June, as Bertha sat at an open car window on her way to her native land. The golden summer sunlight was floating over the Eternal City in all its splendor, mingling with the clear, balmy Italian air, and as the train wound through the city, she caught last views of the rare old ruins and structures of ancient Rome as they lay slumbering in the clear, warm air, while there thronged before her mental vision scenes from their wondrous history when Rome was the capital of the world. There before her view stood the gigantic Colosseum, within whose walls for ages were enacted brutal sports for the

amusement of the Roman populace. Its huge interior, once capable of holding 80,000 people, and its massive walls, once towering high into the air, but now nearly half in ruins, yet amid the debris on the floor can still be found the bronze ring to which Christian martyrs and other captives were chained, while beneath the partly ruined spectators' galleries are still to be seen the vast ranges of cells where the wild beasts—panthers, tigers, leopards and lions—were kept that tore and mangled the human captives in mortal combat, while the multitude looked on and applauded.

"But," she thought, "what a change Christianity has produced! For there, where the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral looms high in the sky, were the gardens of Nero—the most cruel of all the Roman tyrants. It was there during his reign that the silent obelisks in the square before the cathedral witnessed the awful sights of human suffering. For it was there on summer nights that gay crowds—with the cruel Emperor among them—gathered to watch the ghastly human torches blacken the ground with pitch, while in each was a Christian martyr in his mantle of fire! And in the Colosseum near by, immense crowds were watching the purest of Christian men and women torn to pieces by wild beasts. No wonder, then, this gay capital—bathed as it was in human blood—met at last a terrible fate at the hand of the barbarian!"

Out of Rome the train wound slowly northward, through the Campagna, brilliant with the array of scarlet and yellow flowers, toward Florence, a hundred and fifty miles distant. And as

she gazed from the car windows it was a beautiful and entrancing sight that unfolded before her view, for this was Tuscany, the ancient Etruria of wondrous history. She catches glimpses of mountain heights, of cool, shady ravines, then of quaint old walled towns, slumbering in the dreamy, balmy Italian air. And there arises before her mind as if by magic, visions of that glorious past recorded on the glowing pages of Arnold, Gibbon and Sesmondi. And farther back yet her imagination wanders, ere Rome's regal and imperial glory was born, and while yet the lance and shield of the Middle Ages had more than two thousand years to wait, when the Etruscan commonwealth of twelve fair cities formed a confederacy that required all the early strength of Rome to subdue. And as the train whirls along there passes like a panorama the ruins of these cities of bygone glories and the tombs of Porsena and Lucomo and the other heroes of that departed age, sleeping unconscious of the two thousand years and more of history that has since elapsed.

And again her thoughts sweep over those later years, when Tuscany was bathed in blood, successively by the Roman rulers, the Gothic conquerors, and the Frankish and the German warriors, but on whose gallant deeds the curtain of the past has fallen forever. Thus under the effects of the warm, balmy air a dreamy languor has stolen over her, when suddenly she was aroused from her reverie just as the train was leaving a little sleepy Italian station, by a gentle tap on the shoulder. Instantly her thoughts,



which had floated far away into time and space, were brought back to the consciousness of the present.

Bertha looked up, and with a start of surprise she saw Colonel Edward Wilberton standing by her side. Over her lovely face there came an expression of pleasure, mingled with sadness as she thought, "now I shall hear of poor, dear May's death, and"—with a slight blush—"of Charlie Landon, too."

After they had exchanged a few words of greeting, he seated himself by her side in silence. For over the minds of each rolled a flood of memories of those stirring bygone years—sad and tender thoughts that seemed almost too deep for words.

At last Bertha with a woman's gentleness and tact broke the silence with a commonplace question and quickly and skillfully led to the subjects nearest her heart.

"How long have you been in Italy?" she asked.

"About two months," he replied. "Are you going to Florence?"

"Yes," she answered, "on my way home to America. For I shall ever consider it home, for around it cling the dearest and sweetest memories of all!"

"It will also," he said, "be home to me, though I fought against its flag. But it cost me dearly; all that I loved tenderest in this world. And my severe chastening, I think, has gone far toward atoning for my willfulness. And though my heart at first was filled with a bitter desire for revenge, time has calmed and mollified it, and my wishes now are for the welfare of the whole country.

For I feel it holds the grave of her I loved better than all the world beside. My noble, true-hearted May."

"Sweet, gentle May!" exclaimed Bertha, as her dark eyes grew moist. "It seems so cruel that war's rude hand should have claimed her as one of its victims. She, whose every thought was one of love for others, and whose every deed seemed an act of kindness for those around her. But I'm sure her faith, like her life, was perfect to the last!"

"Indeed it was. And her last wishes, like the acts and thoughts of her life, were for the welfare of those she loved. For even the approach of Death's cold, icy hand could not still her loving heart, till it had ceased to beat!"

"She was mortally wounded at Gettysburg?" said Bertha, as her beautiful dark eyes grew wet with tears.

"Yes," he replied, as over his face came an almost womanly tenderness, mingled with sadness. He then gave a graphic description of May's tragic death.

"But," he continued, "before her noble, loving heart was stilled forever, she said:

"'Tell Bertha, when you see her, that my last moments were calm and happy. And tell her to crush her pride, and be true to her own heart and Heaven will bless her.'"

"God bless her," said Bertha, "if He can, more than He already does in her happy home in Heaven," she continued, as the tears filled her dark eyes and fell upon the fragrant blossoms on

her bosom, while there came a wonderful tenderness over her lovely face.

"May grew rapidly weaker," Wilberton continued, "as she said with a strong effort: 'Good-bye, Ned! Don't cry! We've had a happy life together. It seems hard to go, yet God's will be done. But I shall meet you on the shining shore of Peace!'

"Then her arm tightened convulsively and passionately around my neck, and her sweet blue eyes sought mine with a last, wild, loving glance! Then the little hand relaxed its hold on my neck, and the eyelids drooped heavily forever over the sweet blue eyes! I bent my head quickly and kissed her lips, as with her parting breath 'the light of immortal beauty silently covered her face.' Then as my head sank upon her breast I heard the last beat of her heart, and I knew the rosy lips would never smile upon me again, and that the sweet blue eyes would *never greet me more!*

"Like one in some horrible dream, I saw the last rays of twilight solemnly fade and darkness shroud the Pennsylvania hills, and sad and gloomy it fell upon me! In that long, sorrowful night that closed around me there sprang forth grim spectres of sweet memories, hopes and loves that haunted me but to remind me that they were dead, till there came upon me a feeling of desolation like one lost forever in a dark wilderness, as I realized that my brightest hopes, dreams and wishes were shattered forever! And in that awful night there sprang out of the darkness many vivid scenes of suffering and agony, till I felt like the lost soul in the old Greek mythology as it is borne

by the ghastly ferryman, Charon, across the Stygian River!

"There long after midnight they found me, still clasping her inanimate form. They bore her form into camp, and I followed like one in some horrible dream. I had all that was mortal of her buried in St. Arlyle. Then I joined my regiment again, with a heart maddened with anger and with a thirst for revenge *no words can express!* And I resolved to fight the war out to the *bitter end!*"

"The battle of Gettysburg," continued Wilber-ton, "was the turning point of the war, but we fought on as desperately as ever. After that battle we had one more chance for victory, on the terrible battle field of the Wilderness. But we failed, and after that we saw the star of Confederacy gradually but surely sinking, until it disappeared forever on an April day on the field at Appomattox, nearly a year later!"

"During the last battles around Richmond we were reduced to but eight thousand men, while the great Federal army numbered nearly two hundred thousand, but we struggled on with a bravery that surprised the enemy and with a success at resistance that even astonished us. But what the result would be of that last protracted struggle was as evident to the commonest soldier as it was to the commander himself—it meant *annihilation* or surrender! But those few men of that once great army of Northern Virginia were fighting with a desperation akin to death, for most of them had lost their all—and in the grimness of despair they little cared what the end would be! The end came on an April day, when we stacked our

arms forever, and laid our colors in the dust! But the end was a surprise to us, for we found the Federal soldiers wonderfully kind and tender. They gave more than a generous half of their food to our starving men, and they endeavored in every way not to hurt our feelings, or to make us feel like a humiliated foe. For, said they, have we not fought the great battles together, and are we not *fellow soldiers at last*? And in those few days we learned to know and like them better than we ever had before!

"I was standing," continued Wilberton, "on the field of surrender, when Charlie Landon came to me with his old winning, boyish frankness, and as he grasped my hand, he said with a kind expression on his handsome face and a tenderness in his voice that won my heart:

" 'This is a sad ending, my dear fellow! And I am sincerely sorry for you, but it is perhaps for the best?'

"He is," continued Wilberton, "a noble fellow; generous, true and kind; incapable of a mean action or word, for he has a heart as far above meanness and envy as the heavens are above the earth. He is the most brilliant scholar I ever knew, for so young a man. He is a noble, generous soldier, and as brave as a lion! In fact, he has just the qualities of a hero. For I have met him as a foe, and tried him as a friend, and he realizes in all its fullness the poet's line of 'Truest friend and noblest foe.' "

Bertha looked up, as a blush mantled her beautiful face, and the lovelight sparkled in her dark, velvety orbs, as she said:

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"You are very generous in the praise of your friends."

"Not always," he said. "But in my admiration of Charlie Landon I am only just, for he deserves it all, and more."

After a moment's silence Wilberton continued: "So Charlie Landon and I parted, but I hope ere long to meet him again, in a united country. For one of my greatest wishes now is to see my country united in hearts as well as bonds. One of the great philosophers and wise men of Greece was once asked: 'What is the most grateful of all things?' and he answered, '*Time*.' His answer was a very true one, for time is a great softener of asperities, as well as a corrector of judgments. For though even now when I catch sight of the stars and bars, there arises a tender, true memory of the stormy days when I rallied under its folds, still when I see the stars and stripes, there arises the love of my boyhood and early manhood, and older and dearer love even still!"

"And," said Bertha archly, "old loves are always the strongest and the best!"

"True," he replied smiling. "I have found it so, for there were moments in the early days of the Civil War when, as I looked across the battle line and saw the old flag floating there, I almost felt as Homer depicts the feelings of Helen, while she gazed from the ramparts of Troy, as with 'former fires'

"Her country, parents, all that once were dear,  
Rush to her thoughts, and force a tender tear."

"For it was the flag of my boyhood, of my

early manhood, too, and the tenderest impulses of my heart still clung to the dear old flag, *for under its folds the sweetest years of my life had been passed*, when 'Hope was life's sweet sovereign, and the heart and step were light.' "

At last the fair city of Florence dawns in view, that Tuscan lily, which Italy wears like a blossom upon her breast. And in that lovely June afternoon the beautiful city lay shining in the sunlight like a gem in a beautiful setting of green. They catch sight of the many gilded palaces and watch the sunlight glitter on the immense dome of the Duomo, and flash in fiery corruscations from the hundreds of spires of that wonderful city. And while they yet gaze in admiration the Angelus bells of the world-famed Cathedral of Campanile peal forth their sweet melody on the perfumed air—arising from the array of flowers of every hue—sending forth, as it were, a double welcome to the fair, ancient city.

"This is my station," said Colonel Wilberton, arising as the train approached a small station. "Do you intend to tarry in Florence?"

"No, I am going home to the United States," she replied smiling, "*for despite the sunny skies of Italy, my heart is roving there!* For I never loved my country better than I do now. And," she added, as a warm tint mantled her lovely face and a beautiful light filled her dark, lustrous eyes, "one of the greatest wishes of my heart is to see the men who wore the blue and gray, mingled in as perfect fellowship as the gray dawn of a summer morning is mingled with the perfect blue of a summer day."

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"And I think the omens are propitious toward realizing your wish," he replied with a smile. "For a short time before I left America I went over the old battle fields and I found, just as the North and South were forgiving and forgetting, so nature, too, was hiding the old scars of enmity, and the lilies of love and peace were springing *where the laurels used to grow!* For on the field of Gettysburg the Federal and Confederate monuments of valor are standing *almost side by side!*"

### CHAPTER XLIV.

#### THE VANDAL CONGRESS ONCE AGAIN.

I see a chief who leads my chosen sons,  
All armed with points, antitheses and puns.  
—*Pope.*

After the close of the Civil War and the return of the absent Vandals to St. Arlyle the Vandal club, or Congress (as they themselves called it), was reorganized and placed in a more flourishing condition. Although during the war its organization had been continued, the club had gradually lost one member after another, until the interest in it had sunk to a very low ebb. But with the return of the old members and the addition of new ones there came a new era in its prosperity, until, to use the words of Gleaton, "it transcended its pristine glory."

An adjunct that had materially assisted in increasing its membership was the rapid growth of the village, since it had become a popular bathing resort. The club had so far progressed toward



placing its organization on a permanent basis as to be able to build a clubhouse on the lot which they had purchased. The source from which the Vandals had obtained their funds was at first somewhat enveloped in mystery, but it gradually became known that several prominent persons had assisted them. Among the number was Richard Lex, who had been elected a county judge, for he had become a sober and useful citizen. Colonel Tom Gleaton had also sent them a present of fifty dollars. Charlie Landon had, to use their own words, "kindly interested himself in their affairs, and materially assisted them with pecuniary emoluments." And last to be mentioned, but not least in giving, was Miss Bertha Merton, who had not forgotten how intimately they were intertwined with those troublous days of the past, and how nobly and manfully they had come to her assistance. Her gifts consisted of money and books, both of which they received with many thanks, expressed by means of the most grandiloquent letters the club could compose, which when she read she would remark with a smile that "they are good fellows and deserving of encouragement, though somewhat addicted to compliments and high flown language."

As we have remarked, one of Miss Merton's gifts consisted of books, and this formed the nucleus of their constantly increasing library. Their library was a heterogeneous collection of works on law, science, literature and philosophy. Pre-eminent among their books were several full sets of encyclopedias and three large dictionaries. These latter volumes, they claimed, were very es-

sential to the Congress' progress, as we shall also see if we attend a session of the club.

It was Saturday night, and the Vandal Congress was in full session. There are many changes in their ranks since last we chronicled their proceedings, but still we recognize many familiar faces—grown older, it is true—but still with the same felicitous, jolly expression on them as of yore.

It was a large room and extending entirely across the floor were rows of chairs in which the members ensconced themselves during a session. Facing the chair, and against the wall, was a raised platform, covered by a crimson plush canopy and on this dais was a large armchair, which was occupied by the President during their deliberations. Directly in front of this platform were two desks, where the two secretaries sat who recorded the proceedings of the Congress. On one side of the room was a huge desk piled with books and papers, at which the reference clerk sat, whose duties we shall learn of by and by. The walls, where not occupied by book cases, were covered with pictures, maps and charts. In one corner of the room stood a glass case filled with minerals, swords, belts, guns, balls, and various other souvenirs of the war. In another corner stood a large brass-knobbed wooden safe, painted green, on which was delineated in vivid colors, a huge bull dog—evidently the Cerberus of the treasury. What the safe contained was a mystery—for it was very heavy and was never opened—but the tradition ran that it was filled with bricks.

The club had elected a new president, named Samuel Verbum, who was remarkable for two

characteristics, his great and grandiloquent command of language and his sempiternal ability to smoke an immense pipe. He seemed to be acquainted with all the words in the dictionary, and to be able to use them on any occasion with a volubility that was wonderful. But a new or rare word was his delight, and he caught it in a moment and enfolded in his tenacious memory with a grip like Nessus's shirt on the body of Hercules.

During the session of the club Verbum smoked the huge pipe, with a bowl the size of a teacup, into which he would pour a quarter of a pound of tobacco, and then seating himself in the President's chair, would puff forth immense volumes of smoke, like a human steam engine. It was said that he only smoked during a meeting of the club, but anyhow it was on these occasions alone he smoked the immense pipe. Several Vandals, in Sam's absence, had surreptitiously obtained the meerschaum, and after filling it with tobacco, had endeavored to smoke it, but after nearly killing themselves, had yielded to him the palm as a smoker, just as they had long since admitted him to be the chief in the use of rare words and grandiloquent language.

Samuel Verbum was a reporter on the village paper. He was of medium height, about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with a full, good natured face, brown eyes, dark, wavy hair, a black, curling moustache, and—in opposition to the prevalent idea of a hard student—a full, rounded figure, for, notwithstanding Sam's hard study in devouring an English unabridged dictionary and most of a standard encyclopedia, he had

literally grown fleshy during his great feast of words. These members of the Vandal club who had entered the army had found Sam in another regiment in their brigade, or perhaps he had discovered them, or, rather, the discovery was mutual, for he had affiliated with them as instinctively as a duck takes to water. He had obtained his transfer from his regiment to their company, and at the close of the war he had drifted back with them to St. Arlyle.

As we have remarked, it was Saturday night, and the Congress was in full session. It was a grand occasion, being their first gala meeting since the war, and there were present by invitation a number of ex-Vandals, among others Colonel Tom Gleaton. Those invited guests were to make a few remarks, to give "*eclat*," as the Vandals expressed it, to the occasion. After Samuel Verbum had taken the chair and sent forth a few huge puffs of smoke from his immense meersch-chaum, he called the meeting to order and requested the clerk to call the roll and read the minutes of the last session, after which he announced:

"We will now proceed to the profluent order of business, and the secretary will peruse the communication addressed to the Vandal Congress."

The secretary then read a brief communication from Miss Merton, tendering a gift of a hundred dollars to the Vandal *Club*.

"It should be addressed to the Vandal *Congress*," said Verbum. "What is the sense of the assembly?"

"Suspend the rules and accept the donation," moved a member.

"But that will not assist us," said Verbum. "It is not according to parliamentary usages."

"Suspend the name and take in the appropriation," shouted a Vandal.

And the name was accordingly suspended, and the appropriation taken in.

A resolution of thanks to Miss Merton was then offered and unanimously adopted, after it had undergone numerous emendations and additions, until it was invested with the most grandiloquent language possible.

"She is," said Verbum, referring to Miss Merton, "a noble little lady, and in the words of the Roman proverb, *Author pretiosa facit*—the giver makes the gift more precious."

"Yes," said Ed Thorne, the reference clerk, "she is an example of the Latin apothegm, *Gratior ac pulchro veniens in corpore virtus*, which we may freely translate: Beauty lends grace even to intrinsic worth."

"She fulfills," said Joe Percival, the philosopher of the club, "the ancient sage's definition that 'Beauty is a sovereignty that stands in need of no guards.'"

"And also," said Will Anderson, "Aristotle's definition of beauty: 'The gift of a fair appearance.'"

"To see her," said Joe Percival, "and to wonder why all praise her, is to exclaim with Aristotle, when some one asked him 'why all people admire beauty.' 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'it is the question of a blind man!'"

"Or," said a member near the door, "to use the words of Plato, 'Beauty is the privilege of nature,' and in the words of Theocritus, 'An ivory mischief,' and in those of Socrates, 'A short lived tyranny.' "

There was instantly cries of dissension and hisses, while over Verbum's face came an expressions of surprise and anger, as he exclaimed: "Sergeant-at-arms, carefully eliminate that member from the assembly!"

The sergeant-at-arms seized his huge stuffed club, nearly as large as himself, and instantly made a charge on the obnoxious member, who was endeavoring to escape, but the club came in contact with his posterior and elevated him about ten feet into the street. As the officer of order closed the door he exclaimed:

"In the words of the Bard of Avon, 'How are we tossed on fortune's fickle flood!' "

"Nothing in this world," said President Verbum, as he rapped for order, "excels a fool with too long a tongue!

"'Nothing exceeds in ridicule no doubt,  
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's *out*.' "

"No one," said Will Johnson, "but an idiot would make such frivolous remarks about a young lady who has been such a true friend to the members of this body. She is a noble little lady. I saw her the other day, and she looked irresistibly and bewitchingly beautiful, without a thought of the entrancing thrill she sent darting through many a fellow's heart!"

As the last speaker finished, Verbum gave a

long puff on his large pipe, then laid it aside for a crowning effort, as he began:

"She's a dainty, bewitching little lady; she's a charming, bonny girl; she's a sweet, darling little maid; she's as beautiful as a Hebe, as lovely as a Venus, as graceful as a Peri, as fair as a lily, and as dazzling as a goddess! She's truly gorgeous, superb, magnificent, sublime, grand! In a sentence, she realizes the artist's fancy, and the poet's dream, when he wrote:

"When life looks lone and dreary,  
What light can expel the gloom?  
When Time's swift wing grows weary,  
What charm can refresh his plume?  
'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth  
O'er all that we feel and see,  
And if man of heaven e'er dreameth,  
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee."

When Verbum ceased speaking there was a silence for several moments, broken at last by the President asking: "Has anyone anything more to add?"

"I think not," said Thorne, as he gazed in despair at the ponderous volumes before him. "I guess you've nearly tested the power of the English language."

"Are there any other communications?" asked Verbum.

"Yes," replied the clerk, reading one from the trustees of the town library, asking for a donation of books.

"It seems to me," said Verbum, "that charity should inaugurate proceedings on its own native heath. But I merely throw this out as a super-

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erogatory, metaphysical suggestion. What are the wishes of the assembly?"

"I move," said a member, "that the communication lie on the table." And it was accordingly tabled.

"There being no other messages before the house," said the President, "we will now take cognizance of the protocol of the chairman of the committee on 'News About Town.'"

"In our last report," began Will Stoakes, "we gave an account of an attempt by some of the musically inclined boys to whip the clergyman, and also the outcome. But we were unable at that time to state the cause of the belligerent attitude of the parties. It seems, a short time ago the St. Arlyle amateur brass band attended the funeral of one of the firemen, and when they had squelched out, at the side of the grave what they called 'The Sweet By and By' in a tune that resembled a cross between the howl of a hyena and the whine of a dying pup (in fact it was such a dismal discord that several persons in the rear looked over the other's shoulders to see what kind of an animal they were torturing), the minister in his address said that 'the deceased was, in one respect, fortunate in being thus called early.' That was all he remarked, but a great many people grinned, and the amateur 'wind-jammers' said that his infernal sarcasm was entirely out of place at a funeral."

"Perhaps," said Ed Thorne, "the minister merely threw it out as a supererogatory, metaphysical suggestion."

"Maybe he did," replied Stoakes, "but the



'wind-jammers' felt exceedingly warlike about it, and called upon the minister, with the results we have already related.

At this juncture one of the Vandals, who was standing in the doorway holding a whispered conversation with some one outside, advanced to the middle of the room and raised his hand, to attract the President's attention.

"Mr. Brown has the floor," said Verbum.

"There's a nigger out there," said the member, with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, "who wishes to be admitted to the floor. He says he was in the war."

"That is not the way to speak, sir. You should say 'gentleman of color.'"

"Yes, he's got the color, for he's as black as the ace of spades!"

"What is the wish of the assembly?" asked Verbum.

"Admit him!" shouted the members, who had a penchant for anyone who had served in the war.

The negro entered, and as he took a seat and gazed at Verbum in wonder, he exclaimed: "Golly! don't he smoke a big pipe!"

Then President Verbum, without noticing his remark, began to interrogate him as follows:

"What is your name?"

"James Cæsar, sah."

"Where were you born?"

"In Norf Carolina, sah."

"How long were you in the war?"

"Nine months, sah."

"Where were you? In what army, I mean."

"I wuz five months in de hospital, sah."

"Where were you the other four months?"

"I wuz—I wuz looking for de hospital, sah."

"Sergeant-at-arms!" shouted Verbum, "carefully eliminate the gentleman of color from this assembly."

The sergeant-at-arms sat his huge stuffed club by the door and then went for the darkey, and as he caught him by the ear, he said in a stage whisper: "Come, Mr. Cæsar! Get! Skip! Shake a leg! Make your conge!" He led the black-amoor to the door, and seizing his club, he gave him a blow in the rear that hoisted him a dozen feet into the street.

As the colored gentleman gathered himself out of the dust he exclaimed:

"Golly! Boss, dat wuz a terrible *hist!* But I'll clean out de whole institution!"

"In the words of Homer," said Verbum, "'Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.' And I hope your conge is a supererogatory, metaphysical suggestion that no imposters can foist themselves upon this body."

## CHAPTER XLV.

## THE VANDAL CONGRESS, CONTINUED.

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen!  
 And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?  
 Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,  
 Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?  
 Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!  
 The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!

—O. W. Holmes.

"The report of the Chairman of the Hymeneal Committee is now in order," said Verbum.

Pete Hale began: "Mr. President: During the past week there have been several marriages, or, to express it more poetically, several youths and maidens have caught the ethereal fragrance of love, or, to use the words of Homer, have themselves been caught by the 'The old, yet still successful cheat of love.'

"The marriage we have to report is that of James King to Nelly Slave. They are of a nubile age and new people in the village, and we have not been able to learn much about them; but in the words of the poet:

"Love thou are not a King alone;  
 Both *Slave* and *King* thou art.  
 Who seeks to sway, must stoop to own  
 The Kingdom of the heart.'

"It is with pleasure," continued Hale, "that we announce the marriage of Charles Havens to

Emily Thorne, for it is the consummation of a life-long love. He is generous, brave and handsome; a man and a scholar, with a noble, tender and true heart, that the girl who has won it must dearly prize.

"She is a charming, accomplished little brunette, with a sweet, winning way. She is a noble little lady, with a warm, pure heart, an originality about her that is ever fresh and pure, while her sunny smile and sympathy have won the love of young and old. And to him who has won her she is more than a golden prize, for she is a treasury of sympathy, courage and love!

"And undoubtedly they have both realized their ideals; he in the fair, sweet girl, with a noble heart; and she in the man who, despite the world's sordid touch, still possesses a bright record, without a blot! And may he long realize the sweetness of the lines:

'Oh, pleasant is the welcome kiss,  
When the day's dull round is o'er,  
And sweet the music of the step  
That meets us at the door.'

"There is," continued Hale, "a prospective marriage on the tapis; that of our esthetic friend Fred Stone to a city girl. I saw him out buggy riding with his inamorata the other day, driving a piebald horse, and as the poet says:

'I saw the curl of his waving lash,  
And the glance of his knowing eye,  
And I knew he thought he was cutting a dash,  
As his steed went thundering by.'

As Pete Hale finished speaking there came a

series of loud raps at the door, and the sergeant-at-arms hastened to it. When he opened the door and gazed out, there came over his face a strong expression of surprise, which each moment increased, as he dropped his club and his eyes and his mouth opened in wonder to their full extent. Then, recovering his self-possession, he flung the door wide open, and in stepped Professor Phantom, tall, gaunt, grim, ghostly as ever! In an instant every member of the club was on his feet in amazement, for it had been reported that Phantom had died, and had been buried nearly a year before; in fact, several persons in the village claimed that they had attended his funeral. When the Vandals recovered from their momentary surprise they eagerly crowded around Phantom, and as they shook hands with him they greeted him with such expressions as: "How are you, Ghost?" "Hello, Goblin! What's the news from Hades?" "How are you, Professor Spook? You're the same old rattlebones." "Why, you're as fat as a match!" and numerous similar expressions. But Phantom bore their raillery and gibes good-naturedly, and even seemed pleased at their hearty welcome. When order had been restored Phantom said:

"Mr. President and members of the Vandal Congress: It is with a world of pleasure that I receive your kindly greeting, and my heart tells me that I am again among friends. Life has many trials and vicissitudes, but I feel, to use a classical phrase, *Post tot naufragia portum*—after many shipwrecks, I have found a harbor. I am growing old, and cannot bear the fluctuating

tide of fickle fortune as in former years. And I am aware that the rejuvenescence of youth has departed, and I shall never begin in the incipency of things again."

"No," said Verbum, "when nature makes a miscalculation, she never repeats the identical experiment, at least not with the same material."

"Exactly," said Phantom, "and I'm content to say, in the words of the poet:

'Fortune and Hope, farewell! I've gained the port;  
You've fooled me long—make others now your sport.'

"Or, in the words of Homer," replied Verbum:

"The field of combat fits the young and bold;  
The solemn council best becomes the old."

"Very appropriate, Mr. President, very appropriate!"

"I merely threw it out as a supererogatory, metaphysical suggestion."

"I move," said a Vandal, "that Professor Phanton be elected a member of the Vandal Congress."

"He was a whilom member, was he not?" asked Verbum.

"Yes," replied the clerk, after he had examined the roll.

"Then he is already a Vandal. For, like the College of Cardinals, once a Cardinal, always a Cardinal, so it is with this body, once a Vandal, always a Vandal. Only the King of Terrors can remove a member."

At this moment a card was sent in from the

door, bearing a request to see Verbum. He immediately called Will Stoakes to the chair and left the room.

As Verbum left the room Ed Thorne arose and said: "Mr. President: I was never so surprised in my life as when I saw our illustrious friend Professor Phantom enter the room, after so many of our citizens had attended his funeral, and it reminds me forcibly of a story, which runs as follows:

"Two sailors with a tame parrot one night went to a sleight-of-hand show, held in the upper part of a warehouse in New Orleans. Although the three constituted the entire audience, the showman proceeded with the performance. He was very clever and performed some very wonderful tricks, so that he greatly excited the amazement of one of the sailors, who after every feat of jugglery would exclaim:

" 'That's pretty good! I wonder what he'll do next?'

"After awhile the silent sailor asked leave to smoke his pipe, which was granted, 'seeing,' as the magician remarked, 'there were no ladies present.' Thus the performance proceeded, one of the sailors smoking his pipe in silence, while the other would exclaim after every trick:

" 'That's pretty good! I wonder what he'll do next?'

"At last the sailor of few words grew tired of smoking, and knocked the hot ashes from his pipe through a knot-hole in the floor, all unconscious that four hundred tons of gunpowder were stored below!

"In an instant they were all, with the exception of the parrot, blown to the kingdom to come. The parrot was blown about three miles into the air and across the Mississippi River, where it came down with the loss of its wings, one eye and a leg, while its tail feathers were burned off. As the bird flopped down on a post on its only remaining leg, it shrieked wildly:

"That's pretty good! I wonder what he'll do next?" "

Just as Thorne concluded his narrative Verbum entered, and in answer to Stoake's offer to vacate the chair, he said: "No, retain the chair; I wish to make a few remarks. I was never so astonished in my life," he began, "as when our quondam and illustrious compatriot, Professor Phantom, appeared before us. That mortal man could appear again after so many of the denizens of our village had attended his obsequies, and after the Vandal Congress had given him such a brilliant obituary, is astounding to a marvelous degree! And I can only portray my wonderment by the ensuing apologue, which, with the acquiescence of this august body, I will proceed to announce:

"Two mariners, accompanied by a domesticated scansorial avis, on a nocturnal occasion, attended an exhibition of the Theurgic art in the metropolis of New Orleans. Although they constituted the entire audience, nevertheless the nomadic prestidigitator inaugurated proceedings in the esoteric science. The disciple of magic eventuated to very expert and dædalian, in performing remarkable mysticism, so that he engendered the prodigious amazement of one of the sons of Neptune, who,



subsequent to every conguration, would vociferate:

“‘Trismegistus! but that trenches on the admirable. My curiosity becomes procreated to become cognizant of what he will effectuate in the futurity?’

“Subsequently the taciturn mariner solicited permission to produce the ebolition of a jag of tobacco in his chibouque, as it was his assuetude to do, which, owing to the fair daughters of Eve being reduced to nihility, was accordingly conceded. Thus proceeded the concatenation of events in the accrescent mystical seance, one of the sons of Neptune performing an ebolition on his nargile, or dudeen, while the other vociferated in the sequel of each prestidigitation:

“‘Trismegistus! but that trenches on the admirable. My curiosity becomes procreated to become cognizant of what he will effectuate in the futurity?’

“By way of a denouement, or finale, the pauciloquent sailor became surfeited with the ebolition of tobacco, and insidiously collided the glowing embers from his calumet, through an aperture in the floor, unaware of the existence beneath of four hundred tons of a highly explosive material. In an infinitesimal duration, they were evaporated across the Stygian torrent into the Elysian arena, with the subduction of the scansorial bird, who was ejaculated a league into space, over the Mississippi cataclysm, minus his pennate attachments, also an orb of sight and one pedal extremity, while his plumage was considerably incinerated. As he descended upon a timber projecting from this ter-

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restrial sphere, on his only remaining pedal extremity, he pragmatically vociferated, with a Machiavelian sneer:

“Trismegistus! but that trenches on the admirable. My curiosity becomes procreated to become cognizant of what he will effectuate in the futurity!”

When Verbum ceased speaking Jake Metzler (whom the reader will remember as the hero of the long retreat from Bull Run), arose and remarked: “Mr. Bresident: If I don’t vas mistaken, it seems to me dot I’ve heard dot sthory before.”

This remark was the signal for a roar of laughter, while Jake looked around in wonder at their merriment.

Verbum resumed the chair, and said: “We will now hear the report of the Chairman of the Committee on Revenge.”

Joe Hart, the Chairman of the Committee, arose and began: “Mr. President: Old Jack Hall made various defamatory and threatening remarks concerning the Vandals, so the other night we greased and soaped his back porch. And the next morning, when the old codger went out to get a pail of water his heels flew out from under him and he made an attempt to stand on his head.

“Did he succeed?” asked a Vandal.

“I think the old buccaneer did pretty well, for he’s had his neck wrapped in flannel ever since.

“Mrs. Daggletail Brown says she is going to have us all arrested for slander.”

“I move,” said a Vandal, “that the matter be

referred to the Judiciary Committee, with power to act."

It was so ordered.

"And," said the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, "we'll give the old potwolloper all the law she wants.

As Hart sat down President Verbum said: "I have been consulting with a number of the members of this body, and I would throw out as a supererogatory, metaphysical suggestion, that with this meeting the duties of the Committee on Revenge be discontinued—in other words, that its labors cease. There is an old Latin proverb which says, *Miserrima fortuna est quæ inimico caret*—That is a most miserable fortune, which is without an enemy. And undoubtedly there is a great deal of truth in the aphorism. For a person without an enemy would be a kind of nonentity—anyhow he would not be apt to have a great deal of conviviality. And the person who revenges every injury that is done him has no time for anything else. If we wish to make our lives a success we can afford to let the dogs bark as we go by. In every community there is always a class of popinjays and old idiots who are envious of anyone whom they think is superior to them in education and intelligence, and they think it necessary to wag their slanderous tongues. The Chinese have a maxim that somewhat illustrates this point; it is: Towers are measured by their shadows, great men by those who are envious of them."

"That's *us*," said a Vandal in the rear.

"Not exactly," replied Verbum. "Fools rush

in where angels fear to tread.' But still this exemplifies the trite fact that idiots are always envious of those whom they believe to be their superiors. But the best way is to treat this class—be they tatterdemalions, walleeters or plutocrats—with silent contempt. Though, at the same time, it is well, to use the words of the philosopher Pittacus, 'To watch your opportunity.' "

The motion of Stoakes to discontinue the Committee on Revenge was then put and carried, and Verbum then called for the report of the Chairman of the Committee on Temperance.

For the Vandal Congress had become a temperance organization. Who had been the prime mover in effecting it was an enigma none could solve. But one night, at a special meeting, they resolved themselves into a temperance body, and they did it with a great deal of style and eclat. They made speeches on temperance, and repeated and read all the Bacchanalian poetry they knew or had ever heard. Then they brought out the famous "little brown jug," full of whiskey, and put into it aquæ ammonia, aloes, asafœtida and various other nauseous mixtures, then, filling their glasses from its contents, they invited each other to drink.

After their carnival of fun they proceeded to business—and they did not do things by halves. They passed a set of laws making the penalty for the first offense (drinking liquor) suspension from the club for six months, and for a second, and each succeeding offense, suspension for a year. But they allowed the accused a trial before a jury of his peers, and also counsel, but at the same

time they took the precaution to elect a prosecuting attorney, whose duty it was to proceed against the accused. Ed Thorne, who was a law student, had been chosen for this office.

The Chairman of the Temperance Committee arose and said: "We have but one offender to report—Jake Metzler. He was discovered in *flagrate delicto*—in the very act of drinking a glass of lager beer."

"Has any information been filed against him?" asked Verbum.

"Yes, Mr. President," replied Thorne.

"Has the accused counsel?"

"Yes," replied Pete Hale, a law student, "I am acting for the defense. And I will state that the accused pleads not guilty, and that the ground of defense is impulsive or emotional insanity." Then, turning to Bill Stoakes, a medical student, he said in a whisper: "Bill, you had better read up on 'Insanity in its Relation to Crime,' as I shall call you as an expert."

"Then," said Verbum, "the trial is set for the next regular meeting of the Congress, at which time you are expected to have your witnesses and experts here.

"Owing to the lateness of the evening," continued the President, "and the somnolence of some of the members, we will postpone the report of the Committee on Incidents of the War, and hear the report of the librarian, after which we will prorogue this session of the Congress."

Ed Thorne, the librarian, arose and said: "Since the last session we have purchased the Encyclopedia Britannica, the Imperial Dictionary,

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and Froissart's Chronicles, and have received by donation eight volumes."

As Thorne resumed his seat Verbum said: "The motion to adjourn is now in order."

And in a few minutes more the lights were extinguished, and the Vandals were filing into the dark street. And now, gentle reader, wishing them godspeed and prosperity, we bid farewell to the budding potentates of the future!

### CHAPTER XLVI.

#### HOME AGAIN IN ST. ARLYLE.

I've wandered on through many a clime where flowers  
of beauty grew,  
Where all was blissful to the heart and lovely  
to the view—  
I've seen them in their twilight pride, and in their  
dress of morn,  
But none appeared so dear to me as the spot where  
I was born.  
—*Anonymous.*

General Charlie Landon, after his return from the geological expedition in South America, about four months before, had been residing in the city near St. Arlyle, but the fame he had won as a scientist had preceded him, until his renown as a scientist rivaled and even exceeded his brilliant career as a soldier. Fortune, too, that fickle goddess, had smiled generously upon him. But despite his fame and fortune, there came an almost irresistible longing to go back to the quiet little village of St. Arlyle, the home of his boyhood and early manhood, around which clung the sweetest and dearest memories of all the halcyon days of

his youth, when "life seemed bathed in Hope's romantic hues." Those happy, careless days, colored in sweetest memories by the golden light of love!

Some one has said that little villages are the nearest to earthly atoms of shattered paradise, and I think that no truer words were ever written. There is a charm about a little village that a city can never possess. For in a great metropolis one's individuality is so completely buried in the large mass of people that if he falls from the ranks he is as little missed—except by his nearest circle of friends—as would be a wave on a mighty ocean's breast; but in a village there is a personality—the whole village know each other; they may gossip about one, and, to use a hyperbole, know one's own business better than he does himself. But, after all, it shows an interest in one, and often not an unkindly feeling, though sometimes roughly expressed, but still never with that careless viciousness we too often see in a city. As we have said, the village people know nearly all about each other's affairs, and take more than a passing interest in them. The last marriage has been weighed and discussed by them, even when the young people first became engaged, and then they always throw a tinge of romance around the young couple's matrimonial bliss, with sincere wishes for their future welfare. Births, too, received their share of attention, for when Ned and Nelly become the parents of a baby the event is thoroughly discussed. And lastly, when death reaps one of the town's citizens there are always true regrets at his loss; for, unlike the busier

world, they have time to feel and soothe another's woe.

Nearly all men keep some little village in reserve for a home in case of mischance or misfortune, or when they become tired of the worry of society. And what a sweet rest it often proves to bankrupts in trade, mortified pleaders in courts and senates, victims of idleness and pleasure, or men who have brilliantly succeeded in the great world, but found at last that the world's greatest honors were simply dross, and what their hearts needed most was *peace and love!*

And so they are all given—regardless of their former glories, mischances or defeats—a place in the little commonwealth, and they soon learn to like the little world far better than they ever did the great one. For we nearly always find that little things are the sweetest. Little cottages are generally the most cozy, little farms the best tilled, little books the most read, little songs the most sung, little words the sweetest, little lakes the stillest, and little hearts the fullest. Everyone calls that little which he loves best and dearest on earth. And Nature, too, when she makes anything supremely beautiful and rare, makes it little—little diamonds, little pearls and little rubies. And so I shall always think that *little villages* are the nearest earthly atoms of shattered paradise!

As we have remarked, there came a longing, an irresistible desire in Landon's heart to roam again among the hills and vales of St. Arlyle. The spot around which his heart's sweetest and tenderest memories of bygone years still clung; and though he felt Bertha's love was lost to him forever, still



there came a longing in his heart to revisit the old scenes, where they had spent such blissful days together, and to live them over in imagination, if not in reality. Days, as he looked back to them, that seemed embalmed with a touch of paradise. And no words can express how deeply and sincerely he regretted his rash act of doubting Bertha's constancy, and flinging away her love. "It was," he thought over and over again, "a mad, foolish course to pursue, but I have suffered dearly for it. But I deserve it all, and even more."

So one fine summer day Charles Landon left his office and turned down a street of the city leading toward the railway station, from whence the cars ran to St. Arlyle. When he reached the station he glanced at his watch and found that he had nearly an hour to wait before the departure of the train. Nearly opposite the station stood the Academy of Art, and as he gazed toward it, he noticed an announcement in front of the building that there was then being held a grand exhibition of paintings by local and foreign artists. He was very fond of art, and quite a connoisseur of paintings, so he crossed the street and entered the Academy. There was a large crowd of spectators present and he found the exhibition of paintings a very valuable and extensive one, so he strolled along for some time, examining them, when his attention was attracted by an unusual crowd around a painting at the farther end of the hall, which, from the attention it attracted, seemed to be the gem of the collection. As he approached it, almost at the first glance there was something that struck him as unusually familiar about the

scene it represented. In a few moments he recognized the painting as a representation of the room in which he had lain wounded so many weeks after the battle of Gettysburg. That room, he felt he could never forget, for every lineament of it was indelibly impressed on his mind during those long days of suffering and weeks of convalescence.

The painting was simply entitled, "For His Country," and represented a medium-sized apartment, with a bed in one corner, upon which a wounded soldier was lying, while in the distance, through the open window, could be seen a battle raging, amid fire and smoke. The wounded man was attired in the full uniform of an officer, and the blood from his wounds was yet fresh, bespattering the breast of his dark blue coat, and partly crimsoning the golden star in the insignia of his rank, on one of his shoulders. His head was resting on one arm, and the face was partly turned toward the wall, but there were enough of its lineaments portrayed for Charles Landon to recognize it as a copy of his own face. The picture had evidently been painted by a master hand, and it was fascinatingly realistic to Landon, as he observed that not a particular of the scene had been omitted. The old-fashioned chairs, the stand, and the pictures on the walls, were all portrayed there, while even the red climbing roses, nodding in at the window, had not been forgotten. How well he remembered them, when, after nights of pain and delirium, he awoke and saw them on their long, pendant stems waft through the open window in the warm July air, till in his feverish imagination they seemed like human

heads nodding him a good morning and endeavoring to encourage him in his struggle with death. And the mythological picture on the wall—Hercules's contest with the Nemean lion—had been reproduced with all the fidelity of the original. What memories, too, that picture awakened of those bygone days—when the spark of life flickered but feebly in his body, and his feverish brain in its semi-consciousness often took the shadow for the substance—and he gazed upon it like one under a spell, till in his feverish fancy the actors became endowed with life, and the struggle between the hero and the beast became an actual one. Then how he sympathized with the hero, and longed for his victory.

Charles Landon had become so absorbed in the contemplation of the painting that he had grown oblivious to all around him, when he was aroused from his reverie by becoming aware that others beside himself had noticed his resemblance to the portrait. Not wishing to attract attention, he modestly turned away, but not before he had learned that the artist's name was *Bertha Merton!*

"Ah," he thought, as he saw her name in one corner of the painting, "that accounts for its fidelity to the original! Perhaps," he thought, "there may be a lingering spark of the old love in her heart. But it is hardly possible, after the brutal way I acted toward her. But still, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.' "

Just then the last warning peals of the locomotive's bell sounded, and he hurried from the building and entered a car.

As the train approached St. Arlyle there arose before him, as if by magic, the old scenes of his boyhood he knew so well, lying clear and calm in the light of that beautiful summer afternoon. And what an association of delightful memories each hill, brook and meadow brought back to him.

At last the church spires and the taller buildings of the village came full in view, lying calm and peaceful in the summer sunshine. And in his heart what a wealth of memories clung around them. There was the old Haunted House on the hill, around which many a bright fancy clung, and there were the college buildings, in which he had passed many a happy day, and there, too, was the cottage on the rising ground above the river, a spot doubly dear and sweet to him, for it was Bertha's old home. At last the train ran over the bridge across the river, whose waters rippled cool and clear beneath the shadows that fringed its banks. And as the old beloved scenes broke before him, his spirits arose as if by enchantment, and he repeated almost passionately the lines of the poet:

"I am come again with summer,  
It is lovely to behold,  
Will it welcome the new-comer,  
As it used to do of old?  
Within those dark green covers,  
Whose shade is downward cast,  
How many a memory hovers  
Whose light is from the past!"

When the train reached the station and Landon was yet stepping from the car, he was met by Colonel Tom Gleaton.

"Ah, General," said Gleaton, "welcome back to St. Arlyle! You see the town has improved since last you saw it. It has become quite a fashionable watering-place. We publish the village paper twice a week now, and I'm its editor."

"That's the very profession that will suit your genius. In fact, the one you've been looking for for years."

"No," replied Gleaton, in his facetious way, "it is journalism that has been searching for me. And I've no doubt it would have languished, had it not discovered your humble servant."

At that moment Landon was surrounded by a host of old friends, who profusely expressed their delight in welcoming him back again.

He left the station and strolled through the village, everywhere meeting with friends, who greeted him with joyous delight, for he had ever been a favorite with young and old in St. Arlyle. He visited the college and strolled past the Haunted House—no longer haunted now, but converted into a village museum and library. He stopped in front of Bertha's old home and gazed into the garden, as there arose in his heart sweet memories of those happy bygone days. Then he wandered through the tangled wood to the river, and along its bank, watching its clear, rippling waters till his heart grew buoyant and joyous, and he lived over in imagination—if not in reality—those old, enchanted days again! At last he reached the bridge, where he and Bertha first had met, and though its association aroused a host of pleasant memories, still there came just a tinge of sadness on his handsome face, as he felt she was

lost to him forever, though her image would ever remain stamped on his heart. But then he thought:

“’Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.”

Man bewails, but God directs in His mysterious way. For though he dared not even dream it, he should live the old life over again, in all its fullness and all its sweetness, too!

Toward the close of the afternoon he strolled back to the bay and, wandering along the sandy beach until he came to a ledge of granite—towering fully forty feet above the beach—he climbed to the summit of the huge rocks and stood carelessly gazing at the blue expanse of water, and over the green fields and pebbly beach. At his feet ran the curving beach, covered with boulders and pebbles, that had been washed shoreward by many a winter’s storm. In front lay the blue waters of the bay, reflecting the color of the azure sky above, stretching miles away, and sleeping its peaceful summer sleep, with only the low rumble of the surf to tell of the pent up fury and mighty power that lay dormant in its peaceful bosom. On the little wharf in front of the hotel nearly three-quarters of a mile away, were several parties of ladies and gentlemen, the gay garments of the former adding a charm to the picture, while the whole was far enough removed from the spectator to produce a pleasing and dreamy effect, viewed in the fading light of that summer afternoon. As he yet stood watching the pier a little steamer left it with a pleasure party on board

and bore directly toward the immense granite boulders. As the boat approached there was the figure of a lady with brown, curly hair leaning on the railing of the quarter-deck that particularly attracted his attention. Although her back was toward him there was something unusually familiar about her handsome figure.

As the little steamer was passing within thirty yards of the cliff on which he stood the lady suddenly turned by some unaccountable impulse and gazed in his direction. In an instant he recognized her—*it was Bertha!*

As she saw him she seemed surprised and laid her hand upon her bosom as if to still her fluttering heart while the face she had schooled and controlled so often, for once played her false, for over her sweet face came a crimson blush. What a depth of mystery there is in a blush, that a word, a look, or a thought will awaken, sending the carnation over brow and cheek like the soft tint of a sky at sunset. Wonderful, too, that it is only the face, the *human face*, that can blush. It has been said that the blush of modesty tinted the first fair woman's cheek when she first awoke in the sunny garden of Eden, and that it has lingered with Eve's fair daughters ever since. It has also been truly remarked that the face is the tablet of the soul, whereon it records its actions and its feelings. And so thought Charles Landon as he saw her beautiful face flush, and it emboldened him and he resolved that before another day's sunset he would win her heart or know his fate!

In a few moments Bertha recovered her self-possession and saluted him with a graceful bow

and smile. Instantly Charles Landon raised his hat in courteous recognition of her greeting, while a tender light broke over his face and a smile played about his lips which was plainly visible, for the steamer in passing was not more than thirty yards distant. And standing there, high among the rocks, with the waning light of that summer afternoon falling full upon his handsome face and figure, he formed a picture that an artist would have loved to paint! And no wonder, then, that a thrill of admiration crossed Bertha's face as she noted his fine, soldierly bearing and the erect poise of his head, crowned with its dark brown, curly hair, while his handsome face was lit with a rare, sweet tenderness she remembered so well. But there came a remembrance of another time, when she had seen that face glitter with daring amid fire and smoke on the battle field of Gettysburg, but she could not help thinking that she liked it better illuminated by the light of *peace* than she did by the glitter of war.

As the little steamer glided away the last beams of the sun were throwing a subdued glory over the dark blue water and distant hills, while amid the dying light he watched Bertha's beautiful girlish figure on the hurricane deck fade from view in the gathering gloom. The sun had already sunk like a great ball of refulgent fire, leaving clouds of the brightest crimson, shading into the daintiest of roses amid borders of purple and gold, with all the changing splendor of Alcinous's golden-portaled cities in his empire of the clouds!

Night had closed around and the little figure



on the hurricane deck had faded from his view as Landon turned to leave the rock, as he thought sadly: "I've little hope of winning back the old place in her heart—but still:

"He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who fears to put it to the touch  
To win or lose it all!"

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### UNDER THE LIGHT OF PEACE.

He might have took his answer long ago.—*Shakespeare.*

Oh, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turned when he rose.  
—*Moore.*

The next day was clear and bright, and the beautiful country around lay in the summer sunshine as a vivid picture before him, with its dark green woods, sloping to the winding river, while the rocky hills above, at whose bases lay the green meadows, gradually slanting till they dipped into the bright blue waters of the bay, forming a fitting frame for the rose-embowered cottages of the village. And in his heart, what a world of memories clung around those familiar scenes of the happy days gone before. So deeply had he become interested in the old scenes, lit by their sweet memories, that it was not till in the afternoon that he returned to the seaside hotel. After lunch he lit a cigar, and strolling into the park

attached to the hotel, turned into a path that led through a tangle of wild roses and thick pines, toward the river. When he reached the end of the path he came to a small terrace on the bank of the river, and there, to his surprise, on a rustic bench beneath the shadow of an oak, Bertha was sitting. He stopped suddenly, and with a wildly beating heart, leaning against a tree behind a cluster of bushes that hid him from view while he feasted his eyes on the lovely picture she formed as she sat thoughtfully gazing into the river.

He had always considered her pretty in the happy bygone days in St. Arlyle, but the succeeding years since then had lavishly ripened and perfected the girlish beauty of face and form, till now she was more than pretty—she was magnificently beautiful in all the full splendor of a woman's perfection and glory! From the small arched foot, peeping beneath her robe, to the crowning mass of curly hair that clustered around her brow—which had grown several shades darker than in former years, but which, in its contrast with her pure white face, only added to her beauty—she appeared a model that would have pleased the most fastidious artist's taste. Her face was as clear and white as marble and almost of as fine a texture; her lips were finely moulded, and when they parted, showed perfect curves, of carmine's brightest hue; her chin was dainty and dimpled; the cheeks were finely moulded, with a shadowy dimple in each, while the straight, Grecian nose, with its delicate red nostrils would have served for a sculptor's model.

The large liquid eyes, of midnight's dreamy hue, magnificently crowned the beauty of her face, while the long, drooping lashes that fringed the white lids, only gave a deeper, darker and more unfathomable splendor to the velvety orbs! But yet there was a magic spell about her face that even overshadowed its loveliness—that was its rare sweetness!

But as he turned and moved toward her he noticed a sad expression on her sweet young face that grieved him deeply. She did not notice him till he stood quite close to her, then as she turned her head the sad, far-away look in her soft dark eyes gave place to one of surprise.

"Ah, my lady," he said pleasantly, "building castles in the air? Or, as the French say, constructing chateaux des Espagne?"

"Oh, no," she replied smiling, "I have been painting all morning and came out in the open air to enjoy my *Dolce far niente*. But," she added, naively, "I fear I fell into thinking, or, perhaps, dreaming of the past!"

"Why fear," he asked.

"Because, though pleasant moments, still they haunt, but to remind that they did not last!"

As he reached her side she arose and held out her hand, as her heart gave a wild throb of excitement and her face grew even paler. As he grasped her extended hand he could not help noticing how lovely her face looked in its marble-like paleness, framed by the soft brown curls. The old saucy archness was gone, but there was a sad sweetness in the large liquid eyes and about the small mouth and dimpled cheek that made him

long to take her in his arms and caress her. He sat down beside her and threw his hat on the bench beside her with a boyish carelessness, as she noticed that his dark hair curled in ringlets upon his white brow just as she had loved to watch it in those bygone years. There was a tinge of sadness on his handsome face despite his sweet, boyish flow of spirits, showing that he, too, had suffered. And when he spoke it was in an awkward, constrained manner, contrasting strangely with his usual open, frank way and his customary brilliant and natural flow of language.

After a moment's silence he plunged into his subject like one would plunge into a stream where he was not sure of his footing, or as one would do who had a matter in hand that he was eager to get through with, and seemed at a loss how to begin.

"Miss Merton," he commenced, "I wish to ask a favor of you. Will you grant it?"

"Certainly," she replied, noticing his embarrassment and eager to help him, "if it lies in my power?"

"I love a certain young lady, and will you help me win her. I think you can aid me materially."

"Yes, if my humble efforts can assist you," she replied, dazed and bewildered, while a fearful pain seized her heart that made her struggle for breath. "Does he know?" she thought, "what he is asking? Can he imagine the pain he is inflicting? Has he no mercy. Oh, how desperately I love him. May Heaven help me to bear it!"

Then, after a desperate effort to control her

feelings, she asked in a voice almost choked with tears:

"Do I know this young lady? What is her name?"

"It is *Bertha Merton!*"

Over her face there broke a light, such as a Raphael, or a Murillo, often dreamed of giving an angel, but never fully succeeded in leaving on canvas. A tranquil, joyous light that rendered her face grandly beautiful. He saw the sweet light of joy on her countenance and his tongue became suddenly free and words rushed rapidly to his thoughts, as he exclaimed:

"Bertha, darling, will you forgive me? I know I don't deserve it! But still I love you dearly! You, and you only, have held the tenderest spot in my heart's affection, and it has never flagged even for a moment all the while we were at cross-purposes. I tried to forget you, but the more I tried, the more my heart clung to you! 'For the heart that has truly loved never forgets but as truly loves on to the close.' Will you forgive me, Bertha? And I promise you I'll never grow jealous again. Not even doubt you for a moment."

"Forgive you," she said with a smile, as there came over her a feeling that set her nerves quivering with a strange sweet rapture. "There is nothing to forgive! And if there were I should say in the words of good Dr. Granville, 'The noblest lesson I've learned in life is to forgive, and, as far as the heart can, to forget.' But it would be an easy task for me to forgive you, if there were anything to forgive, for my heart has clung to

you tenderly through all these years in spite of myself And you know," she added, laughingly, "Leonidas, the bravest of the Greeks, was compelled to yield when the enemy gained his rear; and so with my own heart against me, and your own noble appeal what else can a poor girl do, but surrender? But," she added, with the old sauciness, "are you sure you love me truly?"

For her answer he took her in his arms and gently kissed her rosy lips for the first time in many a long day, as the little head nestled against his shoulder, while the hot blood suffused her cheeks and bosom till they rivaled the red rose on her breast.

"So," he said, "we have been playing at cross purposes all these years. But as the old proverb says, 'As gold must be tried by fire, so hearts must be tried by pain,' perhaps it was Heaven's way of teaching us the lesson we ought to have learned before—the lesson of faith and trust. And let us hope that our hearts, in the crucible of pain, have been more refined and purified. But," he added teasingly, "I was not entirely without hope ever since that day you slyly kissed me when I lay wounded on the battle field of Gettysburg and you thought me dying."

"So you think I kissed you when you lay so fearfully wounded!" she exclaimed, with all the old, sweet archness. "Why, what an *absurd fancy!* Why, the very idea is *preposterous!* What a conceited fellow you are! But then," she added, noticing the quizzical expression on his countenance, "you were so badly wounded that your mind wandered and you imagined many ridic-

ulous things. But as to kissing you, it is the most delightfully unreasonable fancy in the world! I can't even imagine how you obtained such a wild, absurd, droll and ridiculous idea! Why, your mind must have been wandering in the most visionary of dream lands!"

"I see," he said, laughingly, "you are determined to deny that kiss. But the thought of it has been sweet to me ever since, though perhaps my mind did wander."

"Of course it did! *You know it did!* What a foolish, inconsistent idea it was!"

As she finished speaking she took up her hat, with its long white feather, and placed it jauntily on her little curly head.

"Ah," he said, banteringly, "I see you've changed the scarlet plume for a white one."

"Yes," she replied, with the old sweet archness he remembered so well, "I've had a taste of war and learned the full value of tranquility, so 'I've changed the crimson plume of battle for the virgin white of peace!'"

"True," he replied, smiling, "as the old Roman proverb says, *Dulce bellum inexperto*—war is sweet to him who has not tried it. And I have found it so, for my experience in four years of strife has only taught me to hate war the more, and love peace the better."

"By the way, Bertie," he continued after a moment's silence, "what became of the blue mob cap, with gold band, you wore so long on the tented field?"

"Oh, my foraging cap, as you used to call it. I lost it, I think, at Gettysburg."

"Yes, I think you did," he said roguishly, as he drew the cap from his pocket.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's the identical foraging cap! The officers of your regiment presented it to me and I wore it in their honor. I know it was rather gaudy. But then," she added with a sly glance at General Landon, "where men wore blue uniforms with crimson sashes, not to take into consideration gilt buttons and gay epaulettes—why a girl was justified in being a little bit flashy, too!"

"Why certainly she had, providing——" and he stopped.

"Providing what?" she asked demurely.

"Providing she didn't kiss wounded soldiers."

"I tell you," she said saucily, with a stamp of her little foot, "your mind was wandering when you imagined such an absurd thing! Why, the very idea is *perfectly preposterous!*"

They arose from the rustic bench, and arm in arm, strolled up the path along the river, beneath the shade of the trees and trailing vines. As they came in view of the bridge across the river Bertha said:

"They have built a new bridge, but otherwise the place is little changed. The old oak is still standing, throwing its shade as in years gone by."

"Yes," he said teasingly, "they have built a new one to prevent young ladies on horseback from falling into the river."

"It may be," she said demurely, "but I don't think they need to have troubled themselves about that. For most young ladies are capable of tak-



ing care of themselves—at least,” she added slyly, “I know of one.”

When they reached the bridge they walked partly across it till they reached the shade of the old oak, and then, leaning upon the railing, stood side by side gazing into the stream for several moments in silence, watching the shining trout dart about in the clear waters of the river, when suddenly Bertha looked up and repeated archly the poet's familiar lines:

“I see the bright trout springing,  
Where the wave is dark yet clear,  
And a myriad flies are winging,  
As if to tempt him near.”

“Finish the stanza, my little lady,” he said sportively.

“I don't remember the rest,” she answered, smiling.

“Then I'll repeat it for you,” he said good-humoredly:

“With the lucid waters blending,  
The willow shade yet floats,  
From beneath whose quiet bendings  
I used to launch my boats.”

They crossed the bridge and almost instinctively turned their steps toward Bertha's old home. As they walked up the hill together on that beautiful summer afternoon, with their hearts beating wildly happy, there arose a flood of memories almost too deep for words. Memories sweet of those happy bygone days that they had passed together in the little village; days that ever seemed

bathed in radiant sunshine, that each familiar spot and hill in St. Arlyle brought vividly back to their mental view; blissful years, when she took her first lessons in science and he learned his first in love! Peaceful years, but to be succeeded by those sad, thrilling years of war, out of which arose, as if by magic, the well remembered faces and forms of those who were sleeping under the sod on the battle fields of the sunny South. Sad and thrilling scenes that touched their very hearts' core, till the walls of their memories seemed so written over—so crossed and recrossed by the events of the years that had fled, that there seemed no room for the thoughts of the present.

When they reached the brow of the hill they met Colonel Tom Gleaton, and as he extended a hand to each he said, in his old, impulsive way:

"Ah, the Heracleids have returned at last!"

"Yes," replied Bertha smiling, "but it has not taken us quite three generations to do it, as it did the Greeks of old."

"True," said Gleaton, "the fates were propitious this time. And," he added, with a sly glance at each, "I think no plague will follow."

"Why," said Landon, "have you consulted the Oracle of Delphi?"

"No," he said quickly, and with an artfulness that caused the warm blood to suffuse both their faces, "I've consulted the Oracle of Cupid!"

"By the way," said Bertha, addressing Colonel Gleaton, and demurely and dexterously changing the subject, "I understand you have entered the field of journalism? How do you like it?"

"Very well indeed! It gives me a chance to perpetrate a would-be-joke in print."

"They are more than would-be jokes," said Landon. "You have written some good things."

"I hope so," he replied:

"For a little fun now and then,  
Is relished by the best of men."

As Gleaton finished speaking he turned around, and as they strolled along their conversation naturally turned to the missing links in the village's little commonwealth—those who had fallen in the Civil War—as Colonel Gleaton said:

"You remember poor Tom Kelly's death and burial near the banks of the Potomac River? Well, not long since, we had his last resting place marked by a stone with the proper inscriptions cut on it. As you undoubtedly recall, he was the first of our St. Arlyle men to fall in battle."

"Yes," said General Landon, "he was a wild, erratic fellow, but he fully deserves all the tributes we can give him, for he had a warm Irish heart, and he fell bravely in the defense of his country at duty's post."

"True," said Bertha, "he had his faults; but who has not? But, poor fellow, he was always a firm and true friend to me! And," she added warmly, "I shall ever hold a tender place in my heart for his memory!"

"Yes," said General Landon, "as we look back to the old days of the war and recall its martyrs, Jeremiah Marshall, noble Dr. Granville, and sweet May Wilberton, his is ever among the fa-

miliar faces that arise like an apparition through the haze of history that is beginning to gather around the men and events of that troublous time!"

"True," said Bertha, "at the mention of their names, their well-known faces seemed to beam upon us as they used to do in life. But let us think," she added tenderly, "that they are all at rest in God's kingdom beyond the skies; that erratic Tom Kelly has been called from the post of duty to ranks of peace in Heaven; that Jeremiah Marshall has found—after his sad and troublous life—the everlasting rest he longed so often to find; and that noble, generous Dr. Granville has found the reward he so truly deserved; and that sweet, gentle May, too, is waiting among the blest!"

"But there is one name," said General Landon, "of those old days, that of James Shackle, I'm afraid I never can recall without an anathema. For Bertha," he continued, "he came too near ruining your life and mine for me ever to easily forgive him!"

In Bertha's large liquid eyes there came a sweet forgiving tenderness as she said: "Let us not condemn him too harshly, for perhaps the great troubles and trials he had passed through had overbalanced his mind, and he was not really accountable for his later acts. Anyhow," she added, "we in our great happiness can easily afford to forgive him!"

"Ah, Bertha," said Charles, smiling, "spoken like your own true, noble self—ever forgiving and forgetting!"

When they reached the garden gate of Bertha's old home the star-spangled banner was floating from the tall flag-pole in front of it; for it was the Nation's birthday. And as they watched the gentle breeze waft out in the balmy sunlight, the gay folds of the bonny red, white and blue, Bertha said:

"The old flag floats as proudly as if it had never been riddled by shot and shell in internal strife."

"Yes," said Gleaton, in his facetious way, "I never see the old flag, but it reminds me of bullets and balls coming in my direction."

"Or," said Bertha, mischievously, "riding off the battlefield on a cannon."

"Perhaps," he said, smiling good-humoredly, though the joke was at his expense, "but I hope," he added, "those days are over forever."

"God grant that they are," said Charles Landon earnestly, "and that unlike the nations that have gone before, suicide may never be the fate of the American Republic!"

And kind reader, let us, too, hope that if war comes in this passing generation it will find the Blue and the Gray in the same line of battle, fighting side by side a common foe!

As Landon finished speaking Gleaton turned down the hill, while Charles and Bertha entered the gate hand in hand, and in the waning light of that glorious summer afternoon, strolled along a familiar rose-bordered path, and there, gentle reader—whilst his arm is encircling her dainty waist, and her dark, golden head is nestling on his shoulder—we leave them, under the sway of the

greatest magic wand of all—the transforming  
*light of love!* So their hearts, like their country's  
flag, had passed through *War to Peace!*

THE END.







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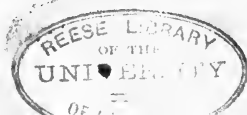
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